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THE LIFE OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Robert Louis Stevenson
At the Age of 20

THE LIFE OF
ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON

BY

GRAHAM BALFOUR

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MAP

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION

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P R E F A C E

THIS book is intended to supplement the volumes of Stevenson's *Letters* already published. Originally it was to have been written by Mr. Colvin, and to have appeared simultaneously with the two volumes of correspondence, so admirably edited by him ; but when health and opportunity unfortunately failed him, Mrs. Stevenson requested me to undertake the task. The reason for this selection was that during the last two years and a half of my cousin's life, I had on his invitation made Vailima my home and the point of departure for my journeys, and, apart from the members of his own family, had been throughout that period the only one of his intimate friends in contact with every side of his life.

In Stevenson's case, if anywhere, the rule holds, that all biography would be autobiography if it could, and I have availed myself as far as possible of the writings in which he has referred to himself and his past experience. To bring together the casual allusions to himself scattered widely throughout his works was an obvious duty ; at the same time my longer quotations, except in two or three manifest and necessary instances, have been taken almost entirely from the material which was hitherto either unpublished or issued only in the limited Edinburgh Edition. Whenever I found any passage in his manuscripts or ephemeral work bearing upon his

life or development, I employed it no less readily than I should have used a letter or a hasty note, and in exactly the same fashion, regarding it as a piece of direct evidence from the best possible source. Such use of documents, I need hardly point out, differs entirely from challenging admiration for the literary form of immature or unfinished compositions. Where so much taste and discretion have been shown in preparing the final edition of his works, I should be the last to transgress the bounds imposed upon publication.

Since autobiography is wont to deal at some length with the first memories of its author, there seemed no occasion unduly to restrain this tendency in the case of the singer and interpreter of childhood, whose account of his early years is not only interesting in itself, but also of additional value for its illustration of his poems and essays. Again, in the representation of his adolescence, it must be remembered that he never wholly ceased to be a boy, that much that belonged to him in early youth remained with him in after-life, and that enthusiasms and generous impulses would sweep in and carry him away till the end.

Much of course he did outgrow, and that almost entirely his worse part. I feel that I should have done him a very ill service if I had refrained from showing the faults of the immaturity from which the character and genius of his manhood emerged. He had many failings, but few or none that made his friends think worse of him or love him any the less. To be the writer that he was, amounted to a great exploit and service to humanity; to become the man that in the end he became, seems to me an achievement equally great, an example no less eloquent.

Many persons, both friends and strangers to me, have rendered my task far easier than I could have hoped. There is hardly one of Stevenson's intimate friends but has helped me in a greater or less degree, and if I were here to repeat my thanks to all to whom I am indebted for information, I should have to record more than sixty names. Those to whom we owe most are often those whom formally we thank the least; and to Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne I can never express my indebtedness for their suggestions and their knowledge, their confidence, their patience, and their encouragement. But, of course, for everything that is here printed I alone am responsible.

The references to Stevenson's writings are necessarily to the pages of the Edinburgh Edition, as being the most complete collection of his works.

CONTENTS

CHAP	PAGE
PREFACE,	v
I. HIS ANCESTORS,	1
II. HIS PARENTS,	16
III. INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD—1850-59,	29
IV. BOYHOOD—1859-67,	52
V. STUDENT DAYS—1867-73,	69
VI. LIFE AT FIVE-AND-TWENTY—1873-76,	110
VII. TRANSITION—1876-79,	144
VIII. CALIFORNIA—1879-80,	164
IX. DAVOS AND THE HIGHLANDS—1880-82,	179
X. THE RIVIERA—1882-84,	203
XI. BOURNEMOUTH—1884-87,	217
XII. THE UNITED STATES—1887-88,	240
XIII. THE EASTERN PACIFIC—1888-89,	257
XIV. THE CENTRAL PACIFIC—1889-91,	290
XV. VAILIMA—1891-94,	320
XVI. THE END—1894,	362
XVII. R. L. S.,	380

APPENDICES

	PAGE
A. ADDRESS TO SAMOAN STUDENTS, 1890,	403
B. ADDRESS ON MISSIONS, 1893,	409
C. VAILIMA PRAYERS,	412
D. SAMOAN AFFAIRS,	417
E. FOUR DRAFTS OF THE BEGINNING OF 'WEIR OF HERMISTON,'	423
F. CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,	427
INDEX,	441

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF R. L. STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 26. Redrawn by T. BLAKE WIRGMAN from a charcoal drawing by MRS. STEVENSON, <i>Frontispiece</i>	
MAP ILLUSTRATING STEVENSON'S LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS,	257

THE LIFE OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER I

HIS ANCESTORS

‘The ascendant hand is what I feel most strongly ; I am bound in and in with my forbears. . . . We are all nobly born ; fortunate those who know it ; blessed those who remember.’—R. L. S., *Letters*, ii. 230.

‘The sights and thoughts of my youth pursue me ; and I see like a vision the youth of my father, and of his father, and the whole stream of lives flowing down there far in the north, with the sound of laughter and tears, to cast me out at the end, as by a sudden freshet, on these ultimate islands. And I admire and bow my head before the romance of destiny.’—R. L. S., *Dedication of Catriona*.

‘It is the chief recommendation of long pedigrees,’ as Stevenson once wrote, ‘that we can follow back the careers of our component parts and be reminded of our ante-natal lives.’¹ But the threads are many and tangled, and it is hard to distinguish for more than a generation or two the transmission of the characteristics that meet in any individual of our own day. The qualities that would be required by other ages and for other pursuits are often unperceived, and the same man might scarce be recognised could he renew his life in three several centuries, and be set to a different task in each. Moreover, when any one has been dead for a hundred years, it is seldom that anything is remembered of him but his name and his occupation ; he has become no more than a link in a pedigree, and the personal disposition is forgotten which made him loved or feared, together with the powers that gained him success or the weaknesses that brought about his failure. Therefore it is no unusual

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, p. 162.

2 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

circumstance that, while we can trace the line of Stevenson's ancestors on either side for two and four hundred years respectively, our knowledge of them, in any real sense of the word, begins only at the end of the eighteenth century. After that date we have four portraits, drawn in part by his own hand, together with the materials for another sketch; in these may be discerned some of the traits and faculties which went to make up a personality so unusual, so fascinating, and so deeply loved.

The record of his father's people opens in 1675 with the birth of a son, Robert, to James Stevenson, 'presumably a tenant farmer' of Nether Carsewell in the parish of Neilston, some ten miles to the south-west of Glasgow. Robert's son, a maltster in Glasgow, had ten children, among whom were Hugh, born 1749, and Alan, born June 1752.

'With these two brothers my story begins,' their descendant wrote in *A Family of Engineers*.¹ 'Their deaths were simultaneous; their lives unusually brief and full. Tradition whispered me in childhood they were the owners of an islet near St. Kitts; and it is certain they had risen to be at the head of considerable interests in the West Indies, which Hugh managed abroad and Alan at home,' almost before they had reached the years of manhood. In 1774 Alan was summoned to the West Indies by Hugh. 'An agent had proved unfaithful on a serious scale; and it used to be told me in my childhood how the brothers pursued him from one island to another in an open boat, were exposed to the pernicious dews of the tropics, and simultaneously struck down. The dates and places of their deaths would seem to

¹ Except where it is otherwise stated, the quotations in this chapter and most of the facts about his father's people are drawn from the unfinished fragment of *A Family of Engineers*, printed in the volume of *Biography* in the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's works.

indicate a more scattered and prolonged pursuit.' At all events, 'in something like the course of post, both were called away, the one twenty-five, the other twenty-two.'

Alan left behind him a wife and one child, Robert, aged two, the future engineer of the Bell Rock, who was destined to be the grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson. The widow was daughter of David Lillie, a Glasgow builder, several times Deacon of the Wrights, but had lost her father only a month before her husband's death, and for the time, at any rate, mother and son were almost destitute. She was, however, 'a young woman of strong sense, well fitted to contend with poverty, and of a pious disposition, which it is like that these misfortunes heated. Like so many other widowed Scotswomen, she vowed her son should wag his head in a pulpit; but her means were inadequate to her ambition.' He made no great figure at the schools in Edinburgh to which she could afford to send him; but before he was fifteen there occurred an event 'which changed his own destiny and moulded that of his descendants—the second marriage of his mother.'

The new husband was 'a merchant burghess of Edinburgh of the name of Thomas Smith,' a widower of thirty-three with children, who is described as 'a man ardent, passionate, practical, designed for affairs, and prospering in them far beyond the average.' He was, among other things, a shipowner and under-writer; but chiefly he 'founded a solid business in lamps and oils, and was the sole proprietor of a concern called the Greenside Company's Works—"a multifarious concern of tinsmiths, coppersmiths, brassfounders, blacksmiths, and japanners."' Consequently, in August 1786, less than a year before his second marriage, 'having designed a system of oil lights to take the place of the primitive coal fires before in use, he was dubbed engineer to the newly-formed Board of Northern Lighthouses.'

The profession was a new one, just beginning to grow

4 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

in the hands of its first practitioners; in it Robert Stevenson found his vocation and so entered with great zest into the pursuits of his stepfather. 'The public usefulness of the service would appeal to his judgment, the perpetual need for fresh expedients stimulate his ingenuity. And there was another attraction which, in the younger man at least, appealed to, and perhaps first aroused a profound and enduring sentiment of romance; I mean the attraction of the life. The seas into which his labours carried the new engineer were still scarce charted, the coasts still dark; his way on shore was often far beyond the convenience of any road, the isles in which he must sojourn were still partly savage. He must toss much in boats; he must often adventure on horseback by the dubious bridle-track through unfrequented wildernesses; he must sometimes plant his lighthouse in the very camp of wreckers; and he was continually enforced to the vicissitudes of outdoor life. The joy of my grandfather in this career was strong as the love of woman. It lasted him through youth and manhood, it burned strong in age, and at the approach of death his last yearning was to renew these loved experiences. Snared by these interests, the boy seems to have become at once the eager confidant and adviser of his new connection; the Church, if he had ever entertained the prospect very warmly, faded from his view; and at the age of nineteen I find him already in a post of some authority, superintending the construction of the lighthouse on the isle of Little Cumbrae in the Firth of Clyde. The change of aim seems to have caused or been accompanied by a change of character. It sounds absurd to couple the name of my grandfather with the word indolence; but the lad who had been destined from the cradle to the Church, and who had attained the age of fifteen without acquiring more than a moderate knowledge of Latin, was at least no unusual student. From the day of his charge at Little Cumbrae he steps

before us what he remained until the end—a man of the most zealous industry, greedy of occupation, greedy of knowledge, a stern husband of time, a reader, a writer, unflagging in his task of self-improvement. Thenceforward his summers were spent directing works and ruling workmen, now in uninhabited, now in half-savage islands; his winters were set apart, first at the Andersonian Institution, then at the University of Edinburgh, to improve himself in mathematics, chemistry, natural history, agriculture, moral philosophy, and logic.'

His mother's marriage made a great change also in his domestic life: an only child hitherto, he had become a member of a large family, for his stepfather had already five children. However, 'the perilous experiment of bringing together two families for once succeeded. Mr. Smith's two eldest daughters, Jean and Janet, fervent in piety, unwearied in kind deeds, were well qualified both to appreciate and to attract the stepmother,' just as her son found immediate favour in the eyes of her husband. Either family, it seems, had been composed of two elements; and in the united household 'not only were the women extremely pious but the men were in reality a trifle worldly. Religious the latter both were; conscious, like all Scots, of the fragility and unreality of that scene in which we play our uncomprehended parts; like all Scots, realising daily and hourly the sense of another will than ours, and a perpetual direction in the affairs of life. But the current of their endeavours flowed in a more obvious channel. They had got on so far, to get on further was their next ambition—to gather wealth, to rise in society, to leave their descendants higher than themselves, to be (in some sense) among the founders of families. Scott was in the same town nourishing similar dreams. But in the eyes of the women these dreams would be foolish and idolatrous.'

The connection thus established was destined yet further to affect the life of the young man, and this

6 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

contrast in the household was still to be perpetuated. 'By an extraordinary arrangement, in which it is hard not to suspect the managing hand of a mother, Jean Smith became the wife of Robert Stevenson. The marriage of a man of twenty-seven and a girl of twenty, who have lived for twelve years as brother and sister, is difficult to conceive. It took place, however, and thus in 1799 the family was still further cemented by the union of a representative of the male or worldly element with that of the female and devout.

'This essential difference remained unabridged, yet never diminished the strength of their relation. My grandfather pursued his design of advancing in the world with some measure of success; rose to distinction in his calling, grew to be the familiar of members of Parliament, judges of the Court of Session, and "landed gentlemen"; learned a ready address, had a flow of interesting conversation, and when he was referred to as "a highly respectable *bourgeois*," resented the description. My grandmother remained to the end devout and unambitious, occupied with her Bible, her children, and her house; easily shocked, and associating largely with a clique of godly parasites. . . .

'The cook was a godly woman, the butcher a Christian man, and the table suffered. The scene has been often described to me of my grandfather sawing with darkened countenance at some indissoluble joint—"Preserve me, my dear, what kind of a reedy, stringy beast is this?"—of the joint removed, the pudding substituted and uncovered; and of my grandmother's anxious glance and hasty, deprecatory comment, "Just mismanaged!" Yet with the invincible obstinacy of soft natures, she would adhere to the godly woman and the Christian man, or find others of the same kidney to replace them.'

Readers of *Weir of Hermiston* will recognise in this picture the original of Mrs. Weir in all her piety, gentleness, and incompetence, yet in real life 'husband and

sons all entertained for this pious, tender soul the same chivalrous and moved affection. I have spoken with one who remembered her,' her grandson continues, 'and who had been the intimate and equal of her sons, and I found this witness had been struck, as I had been, with a sense of disproportion between the warmth of the adoration felt and the nature of the woman, whether as described or observed.'

It is no part of my purpose to follow the professional life of Robert Stevenson, which was, moreover, written by his son David. In 1807 he was appointed sole engineer to the Board of Northern Lights and in the same year began his great work at the Bell Rock, the first lighthouse ever erected far from land upon a reef deeply submerged at every tide.¹ He built twenty lighthouses in all, and introduced many inventions and improvements in the systems of lighting. He did not resign his post until his powers began to fail in 1843, and he died in 1850, four months before the birth of the most famous of his grandsons.

'He began to ail early in that year, and chafed for the period of the annual voyage, which was his medicine and delight. In vain his sons dissuaded him from the adventure. The day approached, the obstinate old gentleman was found in his room, furtively packing a portmanteau, and the truth had to be told him ere he would desist—that he was stricken with a malignant malady, and that before the yacht should have completed her circuit of the lights must himself have started on a more distant cruise. My father has more than once told me of the scene with emotion. The old man was intrepid; he had faced death before with a firm countenance; and I do not suppose he was much dashed at the nearness of our common destiny. But there was something else that would cut him to the quick—the loss of

¹ The Eddystone was scarcely covered at high tide, whereas the Bell Rock was twelve feet below water at such times.

8 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

the cruise, the end of all his cruising; the knowledge that he had looked his last on Sumburgh, and the wild crags of Skye, and that Sound of Mull, with the praise of which his letters were so often occupied; that he was never again to hear the surf break in Clashcarnock; never again to see lighthouse after lighthouse (all younger than himself, and the more part of his own device) open in the hour of dusk their flowers of fire, or the topaz and the ruby interchange on the summit of the Bell Rock. To a life of so much activity and danger, a life's work of so much interest and essential beauty, here came a long farewell.¹

'My grandfather was much of a martinet, and had a habit of expressing himself on paper with an almost startling emphasis. Personally, with his powerful voice, sanguine countenance, and eccentric and original locutions, he was well qualified to inspire a salutary terror in the service. . . . In that service he was king to his finger-tips. All should go in his way, from the principal lightkeeper's coat to the assistant's fender, from the gravel in the garden-walks to the bad smell in the kitchen, or the oil-spots on the storeroom floor. It might be thought there was nothing more calculated to awake men's resentment, and yet his rule was not more thorough than it was beneficent. His thought for the keepers was continual, and it did not end with their lives. . . . While they lived, he wrote behind their backs to arrange for the education of their children, or to get them other situations if they seemed unsuitable for the Northern Lights. When he was at a lighthouse on a Sunday he held prayers and heard the children read. When a keeper was sick, he lent him his horse and sent him mutton and brandy from the ship. "The assistant's wife having been this morning confined, there was sent ashore a bottle of sherry and a few rusks—a practice which

¹ 'Scott's Voyage in the Lighthouse Yacht,' by R. L. S., *Scribner's Magazine*, October 1893, vol. xiv. p. 493.

I have always observed in this service." . . . No servant of the Northern Lights came to Edinburgh but he was entertained at Baxter's Place to breakfast. There at his own table my grandfather sat down delightedly with his broad-spoken, home-spun officers. His whole relation to the service was, in fact, patriarchal; and I believe I may say that throughout its ranks he was adored. I have spoken with many who knew him; I was his grandson, and their words may very well have been words of flattery; but there was one thing that could not be affected, and that was the look and light that came into their faces at the name of Robert Stevenson.'

In such a character a love of the picturesque is a trait quite unexpected, and yet in him it existed as a very genuine and active feeling. In the destruction of old buildings and the interference with scenery, inevitable to the engineer, he was careful to secure the best effect and to produce the least possible disfigurement. One road that in the course of his practice he had to design was laid out by him on Hogarth's line of beauty;¹ and of another of his works, the eastern approaches to Edinburgh, Cockburn wrote that 'the effect was like drawing up the curtain of a theatre.'

Sir Walter Scott accompanied the Commissioners and their officer on one of the annual voyages of the *Pharos* round the coasts of Scotland; his *Journal*, published by Lockhart, shows that he found Robert Stevenson an appreciative and intelligent companion. *The Pirate* and *The Lord of the Isles* were a direct result of this cruise; and it is a curious link in the history of our literature that Scott then visited Skerryvore, the future site of the lighthouse which, as one of the greatest achievements of the Stevenson family, gave its name long afterwards to the only home that their representative in letters ever found in this country.

¹ Cf. 'Roads,' *Juvenilia*, p. 119.

While the great engineer was the man of action that his grandson longed to be, he also essayed authorship to some purpose. He wrote and published an *Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse*, which 'is of its sort a masterpiece, and has been so recognised by judges; "the romance of stone and lime," it has been called, and "the Robinson Crusoe of engineering," both happy and descriptive phrases. Even in his letters, though he cannot always be trusted for the construction of his sentences, the same literary virtues are apparent—a strong sense of romance and reality, and an almost infallible instinct for the right detail.'¹

Traits are obliterated and the characteristics of a family may change, but the old man's detestation of everything slovenly or dishonest, 'his interest in the whole page of experience, and his perpetual quest and fine scent for all that seems romantic to a boy,' were handed down, if ever taste was transmitted, to his grandson. Of the one as of the other it might well have been said that 'Perfection was his design.' But when we come to Thomas Stevenson, we shall find in him even more of the habits of mind and temper which distinguished his more celebrated son.

Stevenson's mother was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Lewis Balfour, D.D., minister of Colinton, a parish on the stream known as the Water of Leith, four miles to the south-west of Edinburgh. The earliest known member of this family was one Alexander Balfour, placed in charge of the King's Cellar by James IV. in 1499, and of the Queen's Cellar in 1507; he held the lands of Inchrye in Fife, and was in all probability one of the Balfours of Mountquhannie, a numerous family, high in the favour of King James.² The descendants of Alexander³ were chiefly ministers, advocates, or merchants.

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, xiv. p. 490.

² His eldest son was David, a name otherwise unknown in the family; this fact was only re-discovered several years after the publication of *Kidnapped*.

³ See *The Balfours of Pilrig: A Family History*, by B. Balfour Melville. Edinburgh, 1906.

John Balfour of Kinloch, the Covenanter whom Scott in *Old Mortality* designates Balfour of Burley, may possibly have belonged to this family, but of this there is absolutely no evidence. In the direct line of descent, James Balfour, one of the ministers of St. Giles', Edinburgh, from 1589 to 1613, married a niece of Andrew Melville the Reformer, and was, as a brass in his church now records, 'one of those who, summoned by James VI. to Hampton Court in 1606, refused to surrender their principles to his desires for the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland.' James, born 1680, whose father was one of the Governors of the Darien Company, bought the estate of Pilrig, lying between Edinburgh and Leith, with which the family has ever since been connected, and to which David Balfour is brought in *Catriona*. The laird whom David met was James, born 1705, who, having studied at Leyden, became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and then exchanged this Chair for that of the Laws of Nature and Nations. His wife was a daughter of Sir John Elphinstone of Logie and granddaughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, known as Lord Minto, a judge of the Court of Session. It was through this connection that Stevenson was able to say, 'I have shaken a spear in the Debateable Land and shouted the slogan of the Elliots.' The Professor's son, John Balfour, father of the minister of Colinton, married his cousin Jean Whyte; and so by this marriage Stevenson's mother was a second cousin of the novelist, Major George Whyte-Melville.

Lewis Balfour was born at Pilrig in 1777; about the age of twenty he showed symptoms of a weak chest, and was sent for a winter to the Isle of Wight with the most entire success. On returning, he took orders, went to his first Ayrshire parish, and there fell in love with and married a daughter of Dr. Smith of Galston, the Dr. Smith who in Burns's *Holy Fair* 'opens out his cauld harangues on practice and on morals.' In 1823 he came

to the parish of Colinton, and there remained until his death thirty-seven years later. In 1844 he lost his wife, a woman of great personal beauty and force of character, and the care of the household fell into the hands of his eldest unmarried daughter. His is the manse of *Memories and Portraits*, the favourite home of his grandson's childhood. The essay in question describes him 'as a man of singular simplicity of nature; unemotional, and hating the display of what he felt; standing contented on the old ways; a lover of his life and innocent habits to the end. We children admired him—partly for his beautiful face and silver hair, for none more than children are concerned for beauty, and, above all, for beauty in the old; partly for the solemn light in which we beheld him once a week, the observed of all observers, in the pulpit. But his strictness and distance, the effect, I now fancy, of old age, slow blood, and settled habit, oppressed us with a kind of terror. . . . He had no idea of spoiling children, leaving all that to my aunt; he had fared hard himself, and blubbered under the rod in the last century; and his ways were still Spartan for the young. . . . When not abroad, he sat much alone, writing sermons or letters to his scattered family in a dark and cold room with a library of bloodless books—and these lonely hours wrapped him in the greater gloom for our imaginations. But the study had a redeeming grace in many Indian pictures, gaudily coloured and dear to young eyes. I cannot depict (for I have no such passions now) the greed with which I beheld them; and when I was once sent in to say a psalm to my grandfather, I went, quaking indeed with fear, but at the same time glowing with hope that if I said it well, he might reward me with an Indian picture.

"Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps,"

it ran—a strange conglomerate of the unpronounceable, a sad model to set in childhood before one who was

himself to be a versifier, and a task in recitation that really merited reward.

‘And I must suppose the old man thought so too, and was either touched or amused by the performance; for he took me in his arms with most unwonted tenderness and kissed me, and gave me a little kindly sermon for my psalm; so that, for that day, we were clerk and parson.’ The picture was not given (how should it have been?) but on that, and more than one other occasion, the minister showed himself in a very kind and sympathetic mood to his little kinsman. ‘Try as I please,’ wrote the grandson in later days, ‘I cannot join myself on with the reverend doctor; and all the while no doubt, and even as I write the phrase, he moves in my blood, and whispers words to me, and sits efficient in the very knot and centre of my being.’ Yet even if no individual traits or physical resemblances can be traced to the old minister, much of the general Scottish cast of character in Stevenson—the ‘strong Scots accent of the mind’—was confirmed by this strain; and it is evident that his intensity, his ethical preoccupations, and, as he himself says, his ‘love of preaching’ were due, at all events in part, to the fact that he was a ‘grandson of the manse.’

Such, at any rate, was the history of his maternal ancestors, the Balfours, a family who possessed in a high degree the domestic virtues of the Lowland Scot. The laird of Pilrig in *Catriona*, who was drawn (as far as possible) from existing records, was no unfair representative of them all: when good or evil, honour or dishonour, were presented to them as alternatives, there would be no hesitation in their choice, but they were rarely surprised in so distressing a dilemma. Till after the date I have reached, few of the cadets ever sought their fortunes abroad, though the next generation was more enterprising, and four out of Mrs. Stevenson’s five brothers spent much of their lives in India or New Zealand. But for the most part the family were stay-at-home folk, and adventures,

14 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

which are to the adventurous, came not near their peaceful dwellings.

From Stevensons, Balfours, and the two families of Smiths, their descendant turned to see if he could find no trace of any origin more stimulating or more romantic. The name of Stevenson seemed to him Norse; or again, he clung to a very vague tradition that his father's family was 'somehow descended from a French barber surgeon who came to St. Andrews in the service of one of the Cardinal Beaton's.'

Even more fascinating was the theory based on nothing more than the fact that Stevenson was used permanently as a surname by some of the proscribed Macgregors. To have proved himself a disguised clansman of Rob Roy, and to have had James Mohr for the black sheep of the family, was a dream which it was worth a world of pains to verify; and the possibility that James Stevenson in Glasgow 'may have had a Highland *alias* upon his conscience and a claymore in his back parlour' was too delightful to be let go without a struggle. But death interrupted these inquiries, and for these shadowy speculations there seems to be no ground in history. Mr. J. H. Stevenson of Edinburgh, a namesake, and a specialist in these matters, has investigated the question dispassionately and thoroughly, and his conclusion¹ is that all theories of a possible Norse, Highland, or French origin are vain; that this family can be traced only to the stock of Westland Whigs settled in the end of the seventeenth century in the parish of Neilston; and that it is impossible to say anything about the date or origin of their first settlement in the locality. The most striking fact about them as a whole is, after all, the contrast between 'this undistinguished perpetuation of a family throughout the centuries, and the sudden bursting forth of character and capacity' that began with Robert Stevenson.

¹ *Family of Engineers*, p. 201, note.

If it be difficult to follow his ancestors, it is manifestly impossible to find any safe ground for speculating on the race to which Stevenson belonged. None of his forbears for many centuries, so far as we can tell, were newcomers to Scotland; and it is probable that in him, as in almost any other native of the same region, several strains of the long-established races were combined. The word 'Balfour,' as Cluny reminds us in *Kidnapped*, is 'good Gaelic,' its meaning being 'cold croft or farm.' The place of that name is in Fife. The estate was held by the Bethunes for five hundred years, until recently it passed again into the hands of a Balfour 'of that ilk.' But the appellation of a family need signify no more than the former possession of some holding to which the Celts had already given a name, and the Balfours of Pilrig belonged apparently to an East Lowland type. Renfrew, on the other hand, was part of the Celtic kingdom of the Britons of Alclyde, and it was in that territory that the name of Stevenson has been chiefly found, and that this particular family was settled. Neither name nor locality, however, is any sure guide to an origin so remote; and we can be certain of no more than this, that Louis Stevenson and his father and grandfather exhibited many moods and tendencies of mind attributed to the Celtic race.

CHAPTER II

HIS PARENTS

'We are the pledge of their dear and joyful union, we have been the solicitude of their days and the anxiety of their nights, we have made them, though by no will of ours, to carry the burden of our sins, sorrows, and physical infirmities. . . . A good son, who can fulfil what is expected of him, has done his work in life. He has to redeem the sins of many, and restore the world's confidence in children.'—R. L. S., 'Reflections and Remarks on Human Life,' *Miscellanea*, p. 27.

'Peace and her huge invasion to these shores
 Puts daily home ; innumerable sails
 Dawn on the far horizon and draw near ;
 Innumerable loves, uncounted hopes
 To our wild coasts, not darkling now, approach :
 Not now obscure, since thou and thine are there,
 And bright on the lone isle, the foundered reef,
 The long, resounding foreland, Pharos stands.
 These are thy works, O father, these thy crown.'

R. L. S., *Underwoods*, xxviii.

WITHOUT a knowledge of his parents it would be hard to understand the man whose life and character are set forth in these pages. Yet of Thomas Stevenson, at any rate, I should despair of presenting any adequate image, were it not for the sketch in *Memories and Portraits*, and an account of his boyhood, written by his son in 1887, and as yet unpublished, which would have formed a later chapter of *A Family of Engineers*.

He was born in 1818, the youngest son of Robert Stevenson, and one of a family of thirteen children.

'He had his education at a private school, kept by

a capable but very cruel man called Brown, in Nelson Street, and then at the High School of Edinburgh. His first year was in the old building down Infirmary Street, and I have often heard him tell how he took part in the procession to the new and beautiful place upon the Calton Hill. Piper was his master, a fellow much given to thrashing. He never seems to have worked for any class that he attended; and in Piper's took a place about half-way between the first and last of a hundred and eighty boys. Yet his friends were among the duxes. He tells most admirably how he once on a chance question got to the top of the class among all his friends; and how they kept him there for several days by liberal prompting and other obvious devices, until at last he himself wearied of the fierce light that beat upon the upper benches. "It won't do," he said. "Good-bye." And being left to his own resources, he rapidly declined, and before that day was over was half-way back again to his appropriate level. It is an odd illustration of how carelessly a class was then taught in spite of the many stripes. I remember how my own Academy master, the delightful D'Arcy Thompson, not forty years later, smelling a capable boy among the boobies, persecuted the bottom of the class for four days, with the tawse going at a great rate; until the event amply justified his suspicion, and an inveterate booby, M—— by name, shot up some forty places, and was ever afterwards a decent, if not a distinguished pupil.

'On one occasion my father absented himself from the idle shows of the Exhibition day, and went off rambling to Portobello. His father attributed this escapade to social cowardice because of his humble position in the class. It was what in his picturesque personal dialect the old man called "Turkeying"; he made my father's life a burthen to him in consequence; and long after (months, I think—certainly weeks) my grandfather, who was off upon his tour of inspection, wrote home to Baxter's

Place in one of his emphatic, inimitable letters: 'The memory of Tom's weakness haunts me like a ghost.' My father looked for this in vain among the letter-books not long ago; but the phrase is expressly autochthonic; it had been burned into his memory by the disgrace of the moment when it was read aloud at the breakfast table.

'At least it shows, at once and finally, the difference between father and son. Robert took education and success at school for a thing of infinite import; to Thomas, in his young independence, it all seemed *Vanity of Vanities*. He would not have been ashamed to figure as actual booby before His Majesty the King. Indeed, there seems to have been nothing more rooted in him than his contempt for all the ends, processes, and ministers of education. Tutor was ever a by-word with him; "positively tutorial," he would say of people or manners he despised; and with rare consistency, he bravely encouraged me to neglect my lessons, and never so much as asked me my place in school. . . .

'My father's life, in the meantime, and the truly formative parts of his education, lay entirely in his hours of play. I conceive him as a very sturdy and madly high-spirited boy. Early one Saturday, gambolling and tricksying about the kitchen, it occurred to him to use cayenne pepper as snuff; no sooner said than done; and the rest of that invaluable holiday was passed, as you may fancy, with his nose under the kitchen spout.

'No. 1 Baxter's Place, my grandfather's house, must have been a paradise for boys. It was of great size, with an infinity of cellars below, and of garrets, apple-lofts, etc., above; and it had a long garden, which ran down to the foot of the Calton Hill, with an orchard that yearly filled the apple-loft, and a building at the foot frequently besieged and defended by the boys, where a poor golden eagle, trophy of some of my grandfather's Hebridean voyages, pined and screamed itself

to death. Its front was Leith Walk with its traffic; at one side a very deserted lane, with the office door, a carpenter's shop, and the like; and behind, the big, open slopes of the Calton Hill. Within, there was the seemingly rather awful rule of the old gentleman, tempered, I fancy, by the mild and devout mother with her "Keep me's." There was a coming and going of odd, out-of-the-way characters, skippers light-keepers, masons, and foremen of all sorts, whom my grandfather, in his patriarchal fashion, liked to have about the house, and who were a never-failing delight to the boys. Tutors shed a gloom for an hour or so in the evening, . . . and these and that accursed school going were the black parts of their life. But there were, every Saturday, extraordinary doings in Baxter's Place. Willie Swan, my father's first cousin, and chief friend from boyhood, since Professor of Natural Philosophy at Saint Andrews, would be there; and along with him a tribe of other cousins. All these boys together had great times, as you may fancy. There were cellars full of barrels, of which they made fortifications; sometimes on the stair, at a great risk to life and limb. There was the eagle-house in the garden, often held and assaulted as a fort. Once my father, finding a piece of iron chimney-pot—an "auld wife," as we say in Scotland—brought it home and donned it as a helmet in the next Saturday's wars. I doubt if he ever recovered from his disappointment over the result; for the helmet, far from rendering him an invulnerable champion, an Achilles of the field, turned him into a mere blind and helpless popinjay, spurned and hustled by every one; and, as well as I remember the story, he was at last ignominiously captured by the other side.

'They were all, I gather, quaint boys, and had quaint enjoyments. One diversion of theirs was to make up little parcels of ashes, labelled "Gold Dust, with care, to Messrs. Marshall & Co., Jewellers," or whatever the name

might be, leave them lying in a quiet street, and conceal themselves hard by to follow the result. If an honest man came by, he would pick it up, read the superscription, and march off with it towards Marshall's, nothing fearing; though God knows what his reception may have been. This was not their quarry. But now and again there would come some slippery being, who glanced swiftly and guiltily up and down the street, and then, with true legerdemain, whipped the thing into his pocket. Such an one would be closely dogged, and not for long either; his booty itched in his pocket; he would dodge into the first common-stair, whence there might come, as my father used to say, "a blaff of ashes"; and a human being, justly indignant at the imposition, would stalk forth out of the common-stair and go his way.

'Every summer the family went to Portobello. The Portobello road is rather a dreary one to ordinary mortals, but to my father it was, I believe, the most romantic four miles of all Christendom; he had looked at it so often from the carriage-windows during the annual family removal, his heart beating high for the holidays; he had walked it so often to go bathing; he knew so many stories and had so rich a treasure of association about every corner of the way. . . . He had a collection of curiosities, like so many other boys, his son included; he had a printing-press, and printed some sort of dismal paper on the *Spectator* plan, which did not, I think, ever get over the first page. He had a chest of chemicals, and made all manner of experiments, more or less abortive, as boys' experiments will be. But there was always a remarkable inconsequence, an unconscious spice of the true Satanic, rebel nature, in the boy. Whatever he played with was the reverse of what he was formally supposed to be engaged in learning. As soon as he went, for instance, to a class of chemistry, there were no more experiments made by him. The thing then ceased to be a pleasure, and became an irking drudgery.'

Robert Stevenson had intended only one of his sons to follow his own profession. But in the end their natural tastes prevailed, and no less than three of the brothers entered the business, practised it at large with great ability and success, and were all three, conjointly or in turn, appointed to the official post their father and grandfather had held of Engineer to the Board of Northern Lights. Though Stevenson did much valuable work in lighthouse building and in the improvement of rivers and harbours, but it is in connection with the illumination of lighthouses that his name will be remembered. He brought to perfection the revolving light, and himself invented 'the azimuthal condensing system.' More familiar to the world at large, if less remarkable, are the louvre-boarded screens which he applied to the protection of meteorological instruments. He became moreover a recognised authority on engineering; he gave much weighty evidence before Parliamentary committees; and his position in the scientific world was marked in 1884 by his election to the Presidentship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

His entire life was devoted to the unremitting pursuit of a scientific profession, in which it was his dearest wish to see his son following in his footsteps; yet it was from him that Louis derived all the romantic and artistic elements that drew him away from engineering, and were the chief means by which he became an acknowledged master of his art.

The apparent inconsistencies of the father were numerous, but all of them were such as add force and picturesqueness to a character, and only increased the affection of those who knew and understood him most thoroughly.

'He was a man,' writes his son,¹ 'of a somewhat antique strain; with a blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish and at first somewhat be-

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, p. 175.

wildering; with a profound essential melancholy of disposition and (what often accompanies it) the most humorous geniality in company; shrewd and childish; passionately attached, passionately prejudiced; a man of many extremes, many faults of temper, and no very stable foothold for himself among life's troubles. Yet he was a wise adviser; many men, and these not inconsiderable, took counsel with him habitually. . . . He had excellent taste, though whimsical and partial; . . . took a lasting pleasure in prints and pictures; . . . and, though he read little, was constant to his favourite books. He had never any Greek; Latin he happily re-taught himself after he had left school, where he was a mere consistent idler; happily, I say, for Lactantius, Vossius, and Cardinal Bona were his chief authors. The first he must have read for twenty years uninterruptedly, keeping it near him in his study, and carrying it in his bag on journeys. Another old theologian, Brown of Wamphray, was often in his hands. When he was indisposed, he had two books, *Guy Mannering* and *The Parent's Assistant*,¹ of which he never wearied. He was a strong Conservative or, as he preferred to call himself, a Tory; except in so far as his views were modified by a hot-headed chivalrous sentiment for women. He was actually in favour of a marriage law under which any woman might have a divorce for the asking, and no man on any ground whatever; and the same sentiment found another expression in a Magdalen Mission in Edinburgh, founded and largely supported by himself. This was but one of the many channels of his public generosity; his private was equally unrestrained. The Church of Scotland, of which he held the doctrines (though in a sense of his own), and to which he bore a clansman's loyalty, profited often by his time and money; and though, from a morbid sense of his own unworthiness, he would never consent to be an office-bearer, his advice

¹ His copy of Miss Edgeworth's book is filled with amusing notes.

was often sought, and he served the Church on many committees. What he perhaps valued highest in his work were his contributions to the defence of Christianity; one of which, in particular, was praised by Hutchison Stirling, and reprinted at the request of Professor Crawford.¹

‘His sense of his own unworthiness I have called morbid; morbid, too, were his sense of the fleetingness of life and his concern for death. He had never accepted the conditions of man’s life or his own character; and his inmost thoughts were ever tinged with the Celtic melancholy. Cases of conscience were sometimes grievous to him, and that delicate employment of a scientific witness cost him many qualms. But he found respite from these troublesome humours in his work, in his lifelong study of natural science, in the society of those he loved, and in his daily walks, which now would carry him far into the country with some congenial friend, and now keep him dangling about the town from one old book-shop to another, and scraping romantic acquaintance with every dog that passed. His talk, compounded of so much sterling sense and so much freakish humour, and clothed in language so apt, droll, and emphatic, was a perpetual delight to all who knew him before the clouds began to settle on his mind. His use of language was both just and picturesque: and when at the beginning of his illness he began to feel the ebbing of this power, it was strange and painful to hear him reject one word after another as inadequate, and at length desist from the search and leave his phrase unfinished rather than finish it without propriety. It was perhaps another Celtic trait that his affections and emotions, passionate as these were and liable to passionate ups and downs, found the most eloquent expression both in words and gestures. Love, anger, and indigna-

¹ *Christianity confirmed by Jewish and Heathen Testimony and the Deductions of Physical Science.* D. Douglas, 1879.

tion shone through him and broke forth in imagery, like what we read of Southern races. For all these emotional extremes, and in spite of the melancholy ground of his character, he had upon the whole a happy life; nor was he less fortunate in his death, which at the last came to him unaware.'

The characteristics of the father in his boyhood might be ascribed with little alteration to his son. The circumstances differed, but the spirit, the freaks, and the idleness were the same. To increase the truth or to add to the beauty of the later picture is almost beyond the power of any one, but in the present connection it may be permissible to dwell a little upon the romantic side of Thomas Stevenson. Every night of his life he made up stories by which he put himself to sleep, dealing perpetually 'with ships, roadside inns, robbers, old sailors, and commercial travellers before the era of steam.' With these and their like he soothed his son's troubled nights in childhood, and when the son grew up and made stories of his own, he found no critic more unsparing than his father, and none more ready to take fire at '*his* own kind of picturesque.' Many were the changes adopted on his proposal; and his suggestions extended to words and style as well as matter. 'Mercy on us!' he wrote in 1885, 'your story should always be as plain as plumb porridge.' He was fanatical in the heresy that art should invariably have a conscious moral aim, but except in this his judgments were serviceable and shrewd.

The differences between the pair were slight, the points of resemblance many. The younger man devoted his life to art and not to science, and the hold of dogma upon him was early relaxed. But the humour and the melancholy, the sternness and the softness, the attachments and the prejudices, the chivalry, the generosity, the Celtic temperament, and the sensitive conscience passed direct from father to son in proportions but slightly varied, and to some who knew them both

well the father was the more remarkable of the two. One period of misunderstanding they had, but it was brief, and might have been avoided had either of the pair been less sincere or less in earnest. Afterwards, and perhaps as a consequence, their comprehension and appreciation of each other grew complete, and their attachment was even deeper than that usually subsisting between father and only son. In the conditions of their lives there was this further difference: if the son missed the healthy boyhood, full of games and of companions, he was spared at the last the failure which he also dreaded; no less fortunate than his father in the unconsciousness of his death, he died before his prime and the fulness of his power, 'in mid career laying out vast projects,' and so, 'trailing with him clouds of glory,' he was taken away as one whom the gods loved.

Of Mrs. Thomas Stevenson not a line of any sketch remains among the work of her son: a want easily explained by the fact that she survived him. It is the more necessary to supply in some measure this deficiency, as the warmth of Louis' gratitude to his nurse has unjustly reacted to the prejudice of his mother, and has quite wrongly been supposed by those who did not know them to indicate neglect on one side and on the other a lack of affection.

In person she was tall, slender, and graceful; and her face and fair complexion retained their beauty, as her figure and walk preserved their elasticity, to the last. Her vivacity and brightness were most attractive; she made on strangers a quick and lasting impression, and the letters written on the news of her death attest the devotion and number of her friends. As a hostess she had great social tact, and her hospitality was but the expression of her true kindness of heart.

Her undaunted spirit led her when nearly sixty to accompany her son, first to America, and then, in a racing schooner, through the remotest groups of the Pacific,

finally to settle with him in the disturbed spot where he had chosen his home.¹

She had in the highest degree that readiness for enjoyment which makes light of discomfort, and turns into a holiday any break of settled routine. Her desire to be pleased, her prompt interest in any experience, however new or unexpected, her resolute refusal to see the unpleasant side of things, all had their counterpart in her son, enabling him to pass through the many dark hours that would have borne far more heavily upon his father's temperament.

Frail though his own constitution was, his early visits to various health-resorts were due in the first instance to the need of securing a better climate for his mother, who unfortunately fell into ill-health during the ten or twelve years of his boyhood. When he was ailing, she was often ill at the same time, and was frequently disabled from performing for him the services it would have been her greatest delight to render.

But of her devotion and of her incessant thought for the boy there can be no question. I have before me as I write a series of pocket-diaries, complete (but for the second year) from 1851 until the year of her death. The earlier books are occupied exclusively with her husband and her child, and in the later volumes these two are still the staple of her entries. Louis' place in class is scrupulously noted, and that, we may be sure, with no encouragement from his father. When he was small, she read to him a great deal, and to her he owed his first acquaintance with much that is best in literature. Almost every scrap of his writing that ever passed into her hands was treasured. His first efforts at tales or histories, taken down by herself, or some other amanuensis, before he was able or willing to write; nearly every letter he ever sent her; every compliment to him, and every word

¹ Her letters to her sister from the South Seas have been published. *From Saranac to the Marquesas*, 1903; *Letters from Samoa*, 1891-5: 1906, Methuen and Co.

of praise—all were carefully preserved, long before he showed any definite promise of becoming famous; and by her method and accuracy she was able to record for his biographer, with hardly an exception, where he spent each month of his life. The story of almost the only letter she did not keep bears so directly on her character that I must set it down in her words. 'In the spring of 1872 Louis was in a very depressed state; he wrote one terribly morbid letter to me from Dunblane, all about death and churchyards—it vexed me so much that I put it in the fire at once. Years after, when he was writing his essay *Old Mortality*, he applied to me for that letter, and was quite vexed when I told him that I had destroyed it.'

The son's attachment to his mother was no less deep and lasting. The earliest record of it goes back to his very infancy, when, at three years old, he was left alone with her one day in the dining-room after dinner. He had seen his nurse cover her mistress with a shawl at such times; so he took a doyley off the table, unfolded it, and carefully spread it over her, saying, 'That's a wee bittie, Mama.' Another speech of his two years later was, 'I'm going to call you "Mother" sometimes, just that I may remember to do it when I'm a big man.' And he ended the same day with 'Good-night, my jewelest of mothers.' This loving attention to her continued during his whole life. Through all her illnesses and whenever she needed his care, he was always most sedulous and affectionate, displaying at times a tenderness almost feminine. The most irregular of correspondents, he was well-nigh regular to her; master of his pen though he was, several times after he had become a man of letters he bursts out into impatience at the difficulty he finds in expressing to her and to his father the depth of his affection and gratitude to them both. He kept numbers of her letters, even of those received during the most migratory periods of his life; and

soon after his marriage, though his wife was the most devoted and capable of nurses, on the outbreak of an illness, like a child he turned to his mother and would be satisfied with nothing short of her presence.

After his father's death, when the doctors had ordered him to go to America, if he wanted to live, he wrote to her : ' Not only would we not go to America without you ; we should not persist in trying it, if we did not believe that it would be on the whole the best for you.' From that time, but for two absences in Scotland, she made her home with him and his family, and had the reward of realising that the exile which severed him from so many of his friends had brought her to an even more intimate knowledge of his life and an even closer place in his affection.

CHAPTER III

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD—1850-59

‘I please myself often by saying that I had a Covenanting childhood.’—R. L. S., MS. fragment.

‘I am one of the few people in the world who do not forget their own lives.’—R. L. S., *Letters*, ii. 107.

ROBERT LEWIS BALFOUR STEVENSON was born at No. 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, on the 13th November 1850, and a few days after his birth was baptized by his grandfather, the minister of Colinton, according to the Scots custom, in his father’s house. He was called after his two grandfathers, and to their names that of his mother’s family was added.¹

¹ It was as Robert Louis Stevenson that he was known to all the world, and the earlier variations of his name, remembered but by few, are of small importance. Nevertheless it may be as well to set them down here.

In his earliest letters, and down to 1865, the boy signed himself ‘R. Stevenson.’ After that he occasionally used ‘R. L. B. Stevenson,’ but in 1868 asked his mother in place of this to address him as ‘Robert Lewis.’ For the next five years he was generally but not invariably ‘R. L. Stevenson,’ until about 1873 the final change is marked by his usage and an undated letter to Mr. Baxter belonging to this period (now the property of the Savile Club). ‘After several years of feeble and ineffectual endeavour with regard to my third initial (a thing I loathe), I have been led to put myself out of reach of such accident in the future by taking my first two names in full.’

The Pentland Rising was published in 1866, without the author’s name; the first magazine article, ‘On Roads,’ in the *Portfolio* for December 1873, was signed ‘L. S. Stoneven,’ and *Treasure Island* and *The Black Arrow* appeared in *Young Folks* as ‘by Captain George North.’ With these exceptions, all his work, but the very small part of it which was anonymous, was formally announced as by ‘Robert Louis Stevenson,’ or, in the case of the *Cornhill Magazine*, by ‘R. L. S.’; initials, says Mr. Barrie, ‘the best beloved in recent literature.’

The change of the name of Lewis from the Scots form to the French was

His birthplace was the home which Thomas Stevenson had prepared for his bride two years before; a small, unpretentious, comfortable stone house, forming part of a row still standing, situated on low ground just to the north of the Water of Leith. Two and a half years later this was changed for No. 1 Inverleith Terrace, a more commodious dwelling on the other side of the same road; but that, having three outside walls, proved too cold for the delicate boy. Accordingly, in 1857, the little family of three—for Louis remained an only child—moved half a mile further south into what was then the centre of the New Town, and occupied No. 17 Heriot Row, which continued to be their home in Edinburgh for thirty years. This was a substantial house of grey stone, built with the solidity so customary in Scotland and so unusual in the South, looking across the Queen Street Gardens, where the lilacs bloom in spring and the pipe of the blackbird may still be heard; while from its back windows could be seen the hills of 'the kingdom of Fife.'

For the first year of his life the infant seemed healthy and made satisfactory progress. He climbed a stair of eighteen steps at nine months, at eleven months walked freely, and in two months more called people by their

made when he was about eighteen; the exact date is not easy to fix on account of his practice of using the initial only in his signature at that period. The alteration was due, it is said, to a strong distaste, shared by his father, for a fellow-citizen, who bore the name in the form in which Lewis had received it. But it was only the spelling that Stevenson changed and never the pronunciation. Lewis he remained at all times in the mouth of his family and of his intimate friends.

From his infancy his father called him 'Smout' or 'Smoutie' (*i.e.* smolt, young salmon, small fry), and this continued to be his pet name through childhood. When he was in his tenth year, his mother changes finally to 'Lou' in her diary; but the early name was only abolished several years later by means of the fine of a penny, which the boy exacted for each offence from every one who employed it.

'Robert,' says his mother, 'was his school name, but it was never used at home,' one reason perhaps being that his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, was already known in the family as 'Bob.'

names. But with his mother's brightness of disposition he had unfortunately inherited also from her a weakness of chest and a susceptibility to cold, which affected the whole course of his life. When he was a little over two he had a severe attack of croup, and from that time until he was eleven, there was no year in which he was not many days in bed from illness—bronchitis, pneumonia, feverish cold, or chills affecting his digestion, as well as one severe gastric fever, and all the ordinary maladies of childhood in rapid succession. In the summer month he kept fairly well, and was then for most of his time away from Edinburgh at Portobello, Lasswade, Bridge o Allan, Burntisland, North Berwick, Aberdour, or some other of the Edinburgh summer resorts as yet frequented by few visitors. It was to the manse at Colinton, however, that he most frequently went until the death of his grandfather in 1860, and it was here, as we shall see, that the happiest days of his childhood were passed.

Of his earliest memories he speaks thus:—

'I remember with particular pleasure running upstairs in Inverleith Terrace with my mother—herself little more than a girl—to the top flat of this our second house, both of us singing as best we could "We'll all go up to Gatty's room, to Gatty's room, etc.," *ad lib.*; Gatty being contracted for Grandpapa, my mother's father, who was coming to stay with us. I mention that because it stands out in stronger relief than any other recollection of the same age. I have a great belief in these vivid recollections: things that impress us so forcibly as to become stereotyped for life have not done so for nothing.

'I believe I was what is called a good child: I learned large passages of Scripture and hymns, and recited them, I understand, with very good action and emphasis. After I was in bed I used to be heard lying awake and repeating to myself—crooning over to myself in the dark—certain curious rambling effusions, which

32 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I called my "songstries." One of these, which was taken down by my father, who stood outside the door for the purpose, I have seen ; it was in a sort of rhythmic prose, curiously approximating to ten-syllable blank verse, and was religious in its bearing ; I think it is now lost.¹

The following appears to be the songstry in question :² it is dated April 23rd, 1857 :—

‘ Had not an angel got the pride of man,
No evil thought, no hardened heart would have been
seen.
No hell to go to, but a heaven so pure ;
That angel was the Devil.
Had not that angel got the pride, there would have
been no need
For Jesus Christ to die upon the cross.

‘ That I was eminently religious, there can be no doubt. I had an extreme terror of Hell, implanted in me, I suppose, by my good nurse, which used to haunt me terribly on stormy nights, when the wind had broken loose and was going about the town like a bedlamite. I remember that the noises on such occasions always grouped themselves for me into the sound of a horseman, or rather a succession of horsemen, riding furiously past the bottom of the street and away up the hill into town ; I think even now that I hear the terrible *howl* of his passage, and the clinking that I used to attribute to his bit and stirrups. On such nights I would lie awake and pray and cry, until I prayed and cried myself asleep ; and if I can form any notion of what an earnest prayer should be, I imagine that mine were such.³ . . .

‘ All this time, be it borne in mind, my health was of

¹ Unpublished ms., dated 18th May 1873.

² There is a singular parallel at an even earlier age in the *Life of Charles Kingsley*.

³ Cf. ‘ Nuits Blanches,’ *Juvenilia*, p. 35.

the most precarious description. Many winters I never crossed the threshold ; but used to lie on my face on the nursery floor, chalking or painting in water-colours the pictures in the illustrated newspapers ; or sit up in bed, with a little shawl pinned about my shoulders, to play with bricks or whatnot. I remember the pleasant maternal casuistry by which I was allowed to retain my playthings of a Sunday, when a pack was sewn on to the back of one of the wooden figures, and I had then duly promised to play at nothing but "Pilgrim's Progress." . . . Although I was never done drawing and painting, and even kept on doing so until I was seventeen or eighteen, I never had any real pictorial vision, and instead of trying to represent what I saw, was merely imitating the general appearance of other people's representations. I never drew a picture of anything that was before me, but always from fancy, a sure sign of the absence of artistic eyesight ; and I beautifully illustrated my lack of real feeling for art, by a very early speech, which I have had repeated to me by my mother : "Mamma," said I, "I have drawn a man. Shall I draw his soul now?"

'My ill-health principally chronicles itself by the terrible long nights that I lay awake, troubled continually with a hacking, exhausting cough, and praying for sleep or morning from the bottom of my shaken little body. I principally connect these nights, however, with our third house, in Heriot Row ; and cannot mention them without a grateful testimony to the unwearied sympathy and long-suffering displayed to me on a hundred such occasions by my good nurse. It seems to me that I should have died if I had been left there alone to cough and weary in the darkness. How well I remember her lifting me out of bed, carrying me to the window, and showing me one or two lit windows up in Queen Street across the dark belt of gardens ; where also, we told each other, there might be sick little boys and their nurses waiting, like us, for

the morning.¹ Other night scenes connected with my ill-health were the little sallies of delirium that used to waken me out of a feverish sleep, in such agony of terror as, thank God, I have never suffered since.² My father had generally to come up and sit by my bedside, and feign conversations with guards or coachmen or inn-keepers, until I was gradually quieted and brought to myself; but it was long after one of those paroxysms before I could bear to be left alone.'

When Louis was a little child, he accidentally locked himself into a room alone one day. He could not turn the key again as he was directed; darkness was coming on, and his terror became extreme. His father sent for a locksmith to open the door, and during the period of waiting talked to Louis through the keyhole, the child becoming so engrossed by the charm of his father's conversation that he forgot all his fears.

His nurse was, it will already be seen, even more than is usual with children, an important factor in his life. When he was eighteen months old, Alison Cunningham — 'Cummie' to him for the rest of his days — came to him and watched over his childhood with the most intense devotion. She refused, it is said, an offer of marriage, that she might not have to leave her charge, and she remained with the family long after the care of him had passed out of women's hands, never taking another

¹ Cf. *Underwoods*, No. xxvi., 'The Sick Child.'

² One of the causes of his panic 'seems to indicate,' as he says, 'a considerable force of imagination. I dreamed I was to swallow the world, and the terror of the fancy arose from the complete conception I had of the hugeness and populousness of our sphere. Disproportion and a peculiar shade of brown, something like that of sealskin, haunted me particularly during these visitations.' For a further description of these early dreams the reader may refer to *Additional Memories and Portraits*, p. 318. To the sense of disproportion may be ascribed the version for the *Child's Garden*, xxiv. :

'The world is so great and I am so small,

I do not like it at all, at all,'

which afterwards passed into the well-known brave and characteristic 'Happy Thought.'

place, as indeed she had no need to do. Her true reward has been a monument of gratitude for which a parallel is hard to find. At twenty (an age when young men are not generally very tender to such memories) Louis wrote the paper on Nurses printed in *Juvenilia*. Fifteen years later the dedication of the *Child's Garden* was 'To Alison Cunningham, From Her Boy,' and this was but the preface to one of the happiest sets of verses in one of the happiest of books. Alison Hastie, the lass at Limekilns, who put David Balfour and Alan Breck across the Forth, was, he told her, an ancestress of hers, just as David was a kinsman of his own. Of all his works he sent her copies; throughout his life he wrote letters to her; when he had a house, he had her to stay with him, and even proposed to bring her out on a visit to Samoa. In another fragment of autobiography he has again described her services: 'My recollection of the long nights when I was kept awake by coughing are only relieved by the thought of the tenderness of my nurse and second mother (for my first will not be jealous), Alison Cunningham. She was more patient than I can suppose of an angel; hours together she would help and console me . . . till the whole sorrow of the night was at an end with the arrival of the first of that long string of country carts, that in the dark hours of the morning, with the neighing of horses, the cracking of the whips, the shouts of drivers, and a hundred other wholesome noises, creaked, rolled, and pounded past my window.'

Thus she tended his bodily life, watchfully and unweariedly: to his spiritual welfare, as she conceived it, she gave, if possible, even greater care. His father and mother were both genuinely religious people: the former clung, with a desperate intensity, to the rigid tenets of his faith; the latter was a true 'child of the manse,' and visited and befriended churches and missions wherever she went. But if Louis spent, as he tells us, 'a Covenanting childhood,' it was to Cummie that this was due.

Besides the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, which he had also from his mother, Cummie filled him with a love of her own favourite authors, M'Cheyne and others, Presbyterians of the strictest doctrine. It was she, in all probability, who first introduced him to 'The Cameronian Dream.'¹ That poem, he afterwards told Mr. Gosse, made the most indelible impression on his fancy, and was the earliest piece of literature which awakened in him the sentiment of romantic Scottish history.

From her, too, he first heard some of the writings of the Covenanters, Wodrow, Peden, and others, who directly influenced his choice of subjects, and according to his own testimony (*Letters*, ii. 312) had a great share in the formation of his style. A special favourite also was an old copy of *A Cloud of Witnesses*, which had belonged to his nurse's grandmother.

In matters of conduct Cummie was for no half-measures. Cards were the Devil's books. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson played whist, decorous family whist—the mother had the keenest zest for all games—and Louis could remember praying fervently with his nurse that it might not be visited on them to their perdition. The novel and the playhouse were alike anathema to her; and this would seem no very likely opening for the career of one who was to be a novelist and write plays as well. For her pupil entered fully into the spirit of her ordinances, and insisted on a most rigorous observance of her code.

'I was brought up on *Cassell's Family Paper*,' he wrote, 'but the lady who was kind enough to read the tales aloud to me was subject to sharp attacks of conscience. She took the *Family Paper* on confidence; the tales it contained being Family Tales, not novels. But every now and then, something would occur to alarm her finer sense; she would express a well-grounded fear that the

¹ This poem of fourteen stanzas was written by James Hyslop (1798-1827), originally a herdsman in the Cameronian country, and may be found in Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature* (3rd edition, vol. ii. p. 216).

current fiction was "going to turn out a regular novel," and the *Family Paper*, with my pious approval, would be dropped. Yet neither she nor I were wholly stoical; and when Saturday came round, we would study the windows of the stationer, and try to fish out of subsequent woodcuts and their legends the further adventures of our favourites.¹

In spite of her restrictions, Cummie was full of life and merriment. She danced and sang to her boy, and read to him most dramatically. She herself tells how, the last time she ever saw him, he said to her 'before a room full of people, "It's *you* that gave me a passion for the drama, Cummie." "Me, Master I ou," I said; "I never put foot inside a playhouse in my life." "Ay, woman," said he; "but it was the grand dramatic way ye had of reciting the hymns."'

When he was just three, his mother's diary contains this entry:—

'Mr. Swan at dinner. Smout recited the first four lines of "On Linden" in great style, waving his hand and making a splendid bow at the end. This is Cummie's teaching.' And no doubt the trick of gesture, partly inherited from his father, which accompanied his conversation through life, received some of its emphasis from his nurse.

The diary just quoted records somewhat irregularly the development of the boy's powers and tastes and the working of his mind in childhood, but the nature and interest of the entries are fairly represented by the following extracts:—

'26th July 1853.—Smout's favourite occupation is making a church; he makes a pulpit with a chair and a stool; reads sitting, and then stands up and sings by turns.

'1st October 1853.—He is a great chatterbox, and speaks very distinctly; he knows many stories out of

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, July 1888.

38 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

the Bible, and about half of the letters of the alphabet, but he is not so fond of hymns as he used to be.

'6th November 1853.—I read the story of Samson once or twice out of the Bible to Smout, and was much surprised by his repeating it almost word for word.

'8th December 1854.—Lou said, "You can never be good unless you pray." When asked how he knew, he said with great emphasis, "Because I've tried it."

'22nd December 1854.—Lou prays every night of his own accord that God would bless "the poor soldiers that are fighting at Sebastopol."

'25th December 1854.—Smout gets a sword for his Christmas present. When his father was disparaging it, he said, "I can tell you, papa, it's a silver sword and a gold sheath, and the boy's very well off and quite contented."

'9th January 1855.—When made to wear a shawl above his sword, he was in distress for fear it would not look like a soldier, and then said, "Do you think it will look like a night-march, mama?"

'6th February 1855.—Lou dreamed that he heard "the noise of pens writing."

'17th February 1855, Sunday.—When I asked Lou what he had been doing, he said, "I've been playing all day," and then when I looked at him, he added, "at least, I've been making myself cheerful."

'18th April 1856.—Smout can't understand the days getting longer, and says he "would rather go to bed at the seven o'clock that used to be."

'17th July 1856.—I heard to-day that what had made Smout so ill on the 5th was that he and Billy had been eating buttercups, which are poisonous; both were ill, so we may be thankful that they were not worse. Billy confessed, and Smout acknowledged whenever he was asked.' (Mrs. Stevenson, however, omits the true explanation—that the boys were shipwrecked sailors, and could get no other food to support life.)

It was in the end of 1856 that Louis was for the first time experiencing 'the toils and vigils and distresses' of composition. His uncle, David Stevenson, offered to his children and nephews a prize for the best history of Moses. Louis was allowed to try for it by dictating his version to his mother, and to this he devoted five successive Sunday evenings. A Bible picture-book was given to him as an extra prize, and, adds his mother, 'from that time forward it was the desire of his heart to be an author.'

For this he had already a qualification, which children either seldom possess, or of which at any rate they but seldom remember the possession. In a late reminiscence¹ he greatly applauds his nurse's ear and speaks of her reading to him 'the works of others as a poet would scarce dare to read his own; gliding on the rhythm, dwelling with delight on the assonances and alliterations.' So he tells us of the delight he already took in words for their own sake, and of the thrill which the mere sound of 'Jehovah Tsidkenu' produced in him without reference to any possible meaning. To the same source I must refer for his account of the imagery called up in his mind from local surroundings by the metrical version of the twenty-third Psalm; the 'pastures green' being stubble-fields by the Water of Leith, and 'death's dark vale' a certain archway in the Warriston Cemetery.

But in these suburbs only a part of his childhood was spent. Of other and happier playing-places he has left two records; the one a brief reference, with which the first description of his Edinburgh life, already quoted, terminates; the other, much more detailed, was written probably about 1872, and was manifestly the quarry from which was drawn most of the material for 'The Manse' in *Memories and Portraits*.

From these two essays it may be seen that Stevenson, alike at two-and-twenty and at five-and-thirty, remembered his childhood as it is given to few grown men

¹ 'Rosa quo Locorum': *Juvenilia*, pp. 303, 308.

and women to remember, and both papers contain the raw material or perhaps rather the prose version of many passages in the *Child's Garden of Verses*.

'One consequence of my ill-health was my frequent residence at Colinton Manse. Out of my reminiscences of life in that dear place, all the morbid and painful elements have disappeared. I remember no more nights of storm; no more terror or sickness. Beyond a thunder-storm when I was frightened, after a half make-believe fashion, and huddled with my cousins underneath the dining-room table; and a great flood of the river, to see which my father carried me wrapped in a blanket through the rain; I can recall nothing but sunshiny weather. That was my golden age: *et ego in Arcadia vixi*. There is something so fresh and wholesome about all that went on at Colinton, compared with what I recollect of the town, that I can hardly, even in my own mind, knit the two chains of reminiscences together; they look like stories of two different people, ages apart in time and quite dissimilar in character.'¹

In the 'Reminiscences of Colinton Manse,'² 'I take pleasure,' he says, 'in writing down these recollections, not because I fear to forget them, but because I wish to renew and to taste more fully the satisfaction that they have afforded me already.

'The Water of Leith, after passing under Colinton Bridge, makes a curve, following the line of the high, steep, wooded bank on the convex, but on the concave enclosing a round flat promontory, which was once, I suppose, a marsh, and then a riverside meadow. . . . Immediately after crossing the bridge the roadway forks into two; one branch whereof tends upward to the entrance of the churchyard; while the other, green with grass, slopes downward, between two blank walls and past the cottage of the snuff-mill, to the gate of the manse.

¹ Dated Swanston, Sunday, 18th May 1873.

² Unpublished MS., written probably about 1872-3.

‘There were two ways of entering the manse garden: one the two-winged gate that admitted the old phaeton, and the other a door for pedestrians on the side next the kirk. . . . On the left hand were the stable, coach-house, and washing-houses, clustered round a small paven court. For the interior of these buildings, as abutting on the place of sepulture, I had always considerable terror; but the court has one pleasant memento of its own. When the grass was cut and stacked against the wall in the small paven court at the back of the house, do you not remember, my friends, making round holes in the cool, green herb and calling ourselves birds? It did not take a great height, in those days, to lift our feet off the ground; so when we shut our eyes, we were free to imagine ourselves in the fork of an elm bough, or half-way down a cliff among a colony of gulls and gannets. . . .

‘Once past the stable you were now fairly within the garden. On summer afternoons the sloping lawn was literally *steeped* in sunshine; and all the day long, from the impending wood, there came the sweetest and fullest chorus of merles and thrushes and all manner of birds, that it ever was my lot to hear. The lawn was just the centre of all this—a perfect goblet for sunshine, and the Dionysius’ ear for a whole forest of bird-songs. This lawn was a favourite playground; a lilac that hung its scented blossom out of the glossy semicirque of laurels was identified by my playmates and myself as that tree whose very shadow was death. In the great laurel at the corner I have often lain *perdu*, with a toy-gun in my hand, waiting for a herd of antelopes to defile past me down the carriage drive, and waiting (need I add?) in vain.¹ Down at the corner of the lawn next the snuff-mill wall

¹ Another version runs: ‘Once as I lay, playing hunter, hid in a thick laurel, and with a toy-gun upon my arm, I worked myself so hotly into the spirit of my play, that I think I can still see the herd of antelope come sweeping down the lawn and round the deodar; it was almost a vision.’

In 1857, at Bridge of Allan, he was one day asked, ‘What are you doing?’ ‘Ah’m just hunting blaauwboks!’

there was a practicable passage through the evergreens and a door in the wall, which let you out on a small patch of sand, left in the corner by the river. Just across, the woods rose like a wall into the sky; and their lowest branches trailed in the black waters. Naturally, it was very sunless. . . . There was nothing around and above you but the shadowy foliage of trees. It seemed a marvel how they clung to the steep slope on the other side; and, indeed, they were forced to grow far apart, and showed the ground between them hid by an undergrowth of butter-bur, hemlock, and nettle. . . . I wish I could give you an idea of this place, of the gloom, of the black slow water, of the strange wet smell, of the draggled vegetation on the far side whither the current took everything, and of the incomparably fine, rich yellow sand, without a grit in the whole of it, and moving below your feet with scarcely more resistance than a liquid. . . . I remember climbing down one day to a place where we discovered an island of this treacherous material. O the great discovery! On we leapt in a moment; but on feeling the wet, slippy island flatten out into a level with the river, and the brown water gathering about our feet, we were off it again as quickly. It was a "quicksand," we said; and thenceforward the island was held in much the same regard as the lilac-tree on the lawn.

'The wall of the church faces to the manse, but the churchyard is on a level with the top of the wall, that is to say, some eight or ten feet above the garden, and the tombstones are visible from the enclosure of the manse. The church, with its campanile, was near the edge, so that on Sundays we could see the cluster of people about the door. Under the retaining wall was a somewhat dark pathway, extending from the stable to the far end of the garden, and called "The Witches' Walk," from a game we used to play in it. At the stable end it took its rise under a yew, which is one of the glories of the village. Under the circuit of its wide, black branches,

it was always dark and cool, and there was a green scurf over all the trunk among which glistened the round bright drops of resin. . . . This was a sufficiently gloomy commencement for the Witches' Walk; but its chief horror was the retaining wall of the kirk yard itself, about which we were always hovering at even with the strange attraction of fear. This it was that supplied our Arcady with its gods; and in place of classic forms and the split hooves of satyrs, we were full of homely Scottish superstitions of grues and ghosts and goblins. . . . Often after nightfall have I looked long and eagerly from the manse windows to see the "spunkies" playing among the graves, and have been much chagrined at my failure; and this very name of spunkie recalls to me the most important of our discoveries in the supernatural walk. Henrietta, Willie,¹ and I, just about dusk, discovered a burning eye looking out from a hole in the retaining wall, in the corner where it joins the back of the stable. In hushed tones we debated the question; whether it was some bird of ill omen roosting in the cranny of the wall, or whether the hole pierced right through into a grave, and it was some dead man who was sitting up in his coffin and watching us with that strange fixed eye. If you remember the level of the churchyard, you will see that this explanation suited pretty well; so we drew a wheelbarrow into the corner; one after another got up and looked in; and when the last was satisfied, we turned round, took to our heels, and never stopped till we were in the shelter of the house. We ourselves, in our after-discussions, thought it might have been the bird, though we preferred the more tremendous explanation. But for my own part, I simply believe that we saw nothing at all. The fact is, we would have given anything to have seen a ghost, or to persuade ourselves that we had seen a ghost. . . . I remember going down into the cellars of our own house

¹ Cf. *The Child's Garden of Verses*, Envoy I. His two favourite cousins, the children of his mother's sister, Mrs. Ramsay Traquair.

in town, in company with another, . . . and persuading myself that I saw a face looking at me from round a corner; and I may even confess, since the laws against sorcery have been for some time in abeyance, that I essayed at divers times to bring up the devil, founding my incantations on no more abstruse a guide than Skelt's *Juvenile Drama of Der Freischütz*. I am about at the end of horrors now; even out of the Witches' Walk, you saw the manse facing towards you, with its back to the river and the wooded bank, and the bright flower-plots and stretches of comfortable vegetables in front and on each side of it; flower-plots and vegetable borders, by the way, on which it was almost death to set foot, and about which we held a curious belief—namely, that my grandfather went round and measured any footprints that he saw to compare the measurement at night with the boots put out for brushing; to avoid which we were accustomed, by a strategic movement of the foot, to make the mark longer. .

'So much for the garden; now follow me into the house. On entering by the front-door you had before you a stone-paved lobby, with doors on either hand, that extended the whole length of the house. There stood a case of foreign birds, two or three marble deities from India, and a lily of the Nile in a pot; and at the far end the stairs shut in the view. . . With how many games of "tig" or brick-building in the forenoon is the long low dining-room connected in my mind.

. . 'But that room is principally dear to me from memories of the time when I, a sickly child, stayed there alone. First, in the forenoon about eleven, how my aunt¹

¹ 'I have mentioned my aunt. In her youth she was a wit and a beauty, very imperious, managing and self-sufficient. But as she grew up, she began to suffice for all the family as well. An accident on horseback made her nearly deaf and blind, and suddenly transformed this wilful empress into the most serviceable and amiable of women. There were thirteen of the Balfours as (oddly enough) there were of the Stevensons also, and the children of the family came home to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered,

used to open the storeroom at the one end and give me out three Albert biscuits and some calf-foot jelly in a black pot with a sort of raised white pattern over it. That storeroom was a most voluptuous place with its piles of biscuit boxes and spice tins, the rack for buttered eggs, the little window that let in sunshine and the flickering shadow of leaves, and the strong sweet odour of everything that pleaseth the taste of man. . . . But after my biscuits were eaten and my pot emptied (I am supposing one of those many days when I was not allowed to cross the threshold, what did there remain to do? . . . I would often get some one for amanuensis, and write pleasant narratives, which have fallen some degree into unjust oblivion. One, I remember, had for scene the Witches' Walk, and for heroine a kitten. It was intended to be something very thrilling and spectral; but I can now only recall the intense satisfaction (I illustrated these works myself) with which I contemplated three coats of gamboge upon the cat's supper of pease-brose. Another story was entitled *The Adventures of Basil*, and consisted mainly of bungling adaptations from Mayne Reid, to whom I was indebted even for my hero's name; but I introduced the further attraction of a storm at sea, where the captain cried out, "All hands to the pumps!" . . .

'Another time my aunt had brought me a large box of tin soldiers from town. I had only to drop the smallest hint of what I wanted and I had it the next from the infanticidal climate of India. There must sometimes have been half a score of us children about the manse; and all were born a second time from Aunt Jane's tenderness. It was strange when a new party of these fallow young folk came home, perhaps with an Indian ayah. This little country manse was the centre of the world; and Aunt Jane represented Charity. The text, my mother says, must have been written for her and Aunt Jane: "More are the children of the barren than the children of the married wife."—From an autobiographical fragment, written in San Francisco early in 1880. (For other portions *vide* pages 83, 86. For the use of this I am indebted to Mrs. Strong, to whom the early part of this manuscript was presented at Vailima by her step-father.) Cf. *Child's Garden*, Envoy III.

time the phaeton went in. . . . So after dinner on the first day of my new acquisition, I was told to exhibit my soldiers to grandpapa. The idea of this great and alarming dignitary stooping to examine my toys was a new one; and I ranged my wooden militia with excessive care upon the broad mahogany, while my grandfather took his usual nuts and port wine. Not only was he pleased to approve of the way in which I had "marshalled my array"; but he also gave a new light to me on the subject of playing with soldiers—a technical term, you observe. He told me to make the battle of Coburg. Now Waterloo I knew; and Crimean battlefields I knew (for they were within my own memory); but this Coburg was a new and grand idea, a novel vista of entertainment, an addition to my vocabulary of warlike sports; and so I have never forgotten it.

'But now I come to the crown of my dining-room reminiscences, for after dinner, when the lamp was brought in and shaded, and my aunt sat down to read in the rocking-chair, there was a great open space behind the sofa left entirely in the shadow. This was my especial domain: once round the corner of the sofa, I had left the lightsome, merry indoors, and was out in the cool, dark night. I could almost see the stars. I looked out of the back window at the bushes outside. I lay in the darkest corners, rifle in hand, like a hunter in a lonely bivouac. I crawled about stealthily watching the people in the circle of lamplight, with some vague remembrance of a novel that my aunt had read to me, where some fellow went out from "the heated ballroom" and moralised in the "Park."¹ Down in the corner beside the bricks, whether on the floor or on a book-shelf I do not remember, were four volumes of Joanna Baillie's plays. Now as Cummie always expatiated on the wickedness of anything theatrical, I supposed these books to be forbidden, and took every sly opportunity of

¹ Cf. 'A Gossip on Romance,' *Memories and Portraits*, p. 249.

reading them. But I don't think I ever read one through: my chief satisfaction was puzzling out, in the obscurity, the scenes—"a convent in a forest: the chapel lit: organ playing a solemn chant"—"a passage in a Saxon castle"—and the like; and then transforming my dark place behind the sofa into one and all of these. . . .

'Opposite the study was the parlour, a small room crammed full of furniture and covered with portraits, with a cabinet at the one side full of foreign curiosities, and a sort of anatomical trophy on the top. During a grand cleaning of this apartment I remember all the furniture was ranged on the circular grass-plot between the churchyard and the house. It was lovely still summer evening, and I stayed out, climbing among the chairs and sofas. Falling on a large bone or skull, I asked what it was. Part of an albatross, auntie told me. "What is an albatross?" I asked. And then she described to me this great bird nearly as big as a house, that you saw out miles away from any land, sleeping above the waste and desolate ocean. She told me that the *Ancient Mariner* was all about one; and quoted with great *verve* (she had a duster in her hand, I recollect)—

"With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

'Wonderful visions did all this raise in my imagination, so wonderful, that when, many years later, I came to read the poem, my only feeling was one of utter disappointment. Willie had a crossbow; but up till this date, I had never envied him its possession. After this, however, it became one of the objects of my life.'

His mother and his nurse read to him, as we have seen, indefatigably, and so it was not until he was eight years old that he took any pleasure in reading to himself. The consciousness of this delight came upon him suddenly; its coming was connected in his memory with a book called *Paul Blake*, 'a visit to the country, and an

48 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

experience unforgettable. The day had been warm; Henrietta and I had played together charmingly all day in a sandy wilderness across the road; then came the evening with a great flash of colour and a heavenly sweetness in the air. Somehow my playmate had vanished, or is out of the story, as the sagas say, but I was sent into the village on an errand; and, taking a book of fairy-tales, went down alone through a fir-wood, reading as I walked. How often since then has it befallen me to be happy even so; but that was the first time: the shock of that pleasure I have never since forgot, and if my mind serves me to the last, I never shall; for it was then that I knew that I loved reading.¹

This day must have been followed closely by the evening recorded in another essay.² 'Out of all the years of my life I can recall but one home-coming to compare with these (when he returned with some new play for his toy-theatre), and that was on the night when I brought back with me the *Arabian Entertainments* in the fat, old, double-columned volume with the prints. I was just well into the story of the Hunchback, I remember, when my clergyman grandfather (a man we counted pretty stiff) came in behind me. I grew blind with terror. But instead of ordering the book away, he said he envied me. Ah, well he might.'

Although an only child and rendered more solitary by illness, Louis was not without companions, drawn (as often happens in early years) chiefly from the crowded ranks of his cousins, of whom he was nearly sure to find some at Colinton.³ By them he seems to have been treated, as Mr. Colvin so happily says, 'as something of a small sickly prince'; over them he cast the spell of

¹ 'Rosa quo Locorum': *Juvenilia*, p. 307.

² 'A Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured': *Memories and Portraits*, p. 288.

³ He had more than fifty first cousins in all, forty being on his mother's side. Many of them were much younger than himself, but nearly all were born or bred in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

his imagination in devising games, and they submitted to the force of his character in accepting the rôles which he saw fit to allot. 'We children had naturally many plays together,' he says of Colinton; 'I usually insisted on the lead, and was invariably exhausted to death by the evening. I can still remember what a fury of play would descend upon me.' Of his games he wrote: 'I was the best player of hide and seek going; not a good runner, I was up to every shift and dodge, I could jink very well, I could crawl without any noise through leaves, I could hide under a carrot plant; it used to be my favourite boast that I always *walk'd* into the den.'¹

The country and the summer months gave him more companions, but the whole winter of 1856-57 was spent in Heriot Row by the most brilliant of them all, the one who had most in common with Louis, and of all his kin was his closest friend in after-life, Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, the only son of his uncle Alan. He was the cousin of *Child's Play*,² who ate his porridge 'with sugar, and explained it to be a country continually buried under snow,' while Louis took his 'with milk, and explained it to be a country suffering gradual inundation.'

'We lived together in a purely visionary state,' wrote Louis, 'and were never tired of dressing up.' One of their chief delights was in the rival kingdoms of their own invention—Nosingtonia and Encyclopædia, of which they were perpetually drawing maps. Nosingtonia was 'shaped a little like Ireland'; Encyclopædia, Louis' island, 'lay diagonally across the paper like a large tip-cat.' I have before me a state-paper of the period; the Latin must be the elder boy's, as Louis had not yet been to school: 'Received by me from Rex Encyclopædiæ: patent thickness 1 Air Gun of Grundrunga cloth and 1000 yards therefore in exchange for the Pine Islands.—R. Stevenson, Rex Nozzinton.'

¹ 'Child's Play,' *Virginibus Puerisque*, p. 162.

² P. 167. See this volume, p. 88 n.

It was during this winter and in this company that Louis, at the age of six, first entered the realms of gold described in 'A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured' (*Memories and Portraits*), the region of the toy-theatre and the 'scenery of Skeltdom.' The romance of purchasing the plays for himself came a little later, for during these months he could hardly leave the house; but now began the delight in the book and the *dramatis personæ*. Years afterwards he described himself as 'no melodramatist, but a Skelt-drunken boy; the man who went out to find the Eldorado of romantic comedy.' Now also began the joys of illumination. Now he painted the characters 'with crimson-lake (hark to the sound of it—crimson-lake!—the horns of elf-land are not richer on the ear)—with crimson-lake and Prussian blue a certain purple is to be compounded, which, for cloaks especially, Titian could not equal.'

The last of his reminiscences of childish days that I have to give was written in Samoa, and describes with all the resources of his perfected art a state of mind more subtle and tragic than any that we are accustomed to associate with the confines of infancy. From any one who less accurately remembered the sensations of his earliest years, it might seem fanciful and unreal; to those who know the truthfulness with which its author has depicted the successive stages through which he passed, it will be as convincing as it is delightful. On this page also we first meet his sentiment for the venerable city which to the end he thought of as his home.

'I was born within the walls of that dear city of Zeus,¹ of which the lightest and (when he chooses) the tenderest singer of my generation sings so well. I was born likewise within the bounds of an earthly city, illustrious for

¹ The reference is to 'Seekers for a City' in the volume of poems by Mr. Andrew Lang, entitled *Grass of Parnassus* (London: Longmans & Co., 1888). The quotation prefixed to the poem is from the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,' iv. 19. 'The poet says, *dear city of Cecrops*, and wilt not thou say, *dear city of Zeus?*'

her beauty, her tragic and picturesque associations, and for the credit of some of her brave sons. Writing as I do in a strange quarter of the world, and a late day of my age, I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys, and the long trail of her smoke against the sunset; I can still hear those strains of martial music that she goes to bed with, ending each day, like an act of an opera, to the notes of bugles; still recall, with a grateful effort of memory, any one of a thousand beautiful and specious circumstances that pleased me, and that must have pleased any one, in my half-remembered past. It is the beautiful that I thus actively recall—the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of the blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusky winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendours of the early dawn, the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards, by fresh grades and rises, city beyond city, a New Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven. . . .

‘Memory supplies me, unsolicited, with a mass of other material, where there is nothing to call beauty, nothing to attract—often a great deal to disgust. There are trite street corners, commonplace, well-to-do houses, shabby suburban tan-fields, rainy beggarly slums, taken in at a gulp nigh forty years ago, and surviving to-day, complete sensations, concrete, poignant and essential to the genius of the place. From the melancholy of these remembrances I might suppose them to belong to the wild and bitterly unhappy days of my youth. But it is not so; they date, most of them, from early childhood; they were observed as I walked with my nurse, gaping on the universe, and striving vainly to piece together in words my inarticulate but profound impressions. I seem to have been born with a sentiment of something moving in things, of an infinite attraction and horror coupled.’

CHAPTER IV

BOYHOOD—1859-1867

‘Not all roads lead to Rome—only that you have begun to travel.’
—R. L. S.

IT was not till 1859 that the boy's continuous schooling began, but to his formal education little or no importance attaches. The changes of his teachers were frequent, his absences from school innumerable, but both were due almost entirely to his health, and especially his susceptibility to colds. In the autumn of 1857 he had gone to Mr. Henderson's preparatory school in India Street, in the near neighbourhood of his home, as all his day-schools were. After a few weeks he had to give it up, and did not return there till October 1859. In 1861 he was transferred to the Edinburgh Academy, then, as now, the leading school of Edinburgh; there he spent a year and a half under Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, author of *Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster* and other works, a teacher with views far in advance of his day, and since for many years Professor of Greek in the Queen's College, Galway. Then for one term, his mother being abroad, he was sent to an English boarding-school at Spring Grove, Isleworth, in Middlesex. Finally, in 1864, he was again shifted—to a day-school kept by Mr. Thomson in Frederick Street, Edinburgh, which he attended with more or less regularity until he went to the University in 1867.

Besides his ordinary classes he had many tutors for longer or shorter periods, in Edinburgh and elsewhere,

both when he was unable to leave the house, and also in order to supplement and help his school-work, a custom prevalent in Scotland.

It is only of his experiences at his last two schools that anything definite seems to be remembered. The Spring Grove establishment has little interest for us beyond having been his only boarding-school and the source of his remarks on English schoolboys in 'The Foreigner at Home.'¹ He left home for Isleworth with mixed feelings, and of his breakdown before he went, and of 'the benevolent cat' that 'cumbered him with consolations' on a doorstep, he has told us in 'Random Memories.'² His misgivings were on the whole justified by the event, for the school seems to have been rather a nondescript place. A list given in one of his letters includes two parlour-boarders, three big boys, six of 'midling size,' of whom 'Stevenson' was one, and the enumeration ends with 'small-fry lots.' For the only time in his life he joined in games, he collected coins, and he wrote letters to his parents full of drawings, eked out with fragments of Latin exercises and attempts at French. His aunt had left Colinton, and was now living at Spring Grove, in charge of other nephews who attended the same school, and to her house he was often allowed to go. But he had been told to let his father know if he were not happy, and although he stayed to the end of the quarter, he then secured a promise that he should not again be sent from home.

Of Mr. Thomson's school we have an account from Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon,³ who was a pupil there during the same years.⁴

'I do not think there were at this little seminary more

¹ The first paper in *Memories and Portraits*.

² *Ibid.*, p. 289.

³ Sometime Lecturer on the English Language and Literature in the University of Vienna.

⁴ *Temple Bar*, March 1895; also *Robert Louis Stevenson: a Life Study in Criticism*, by H. Bellyse Baildon (Chatto and Windus, 1901).

than a dozen boys, ranging in ages from nine or ten to fourteen or fifteen, and our intellectual calibre varied fully as much as our years. For some of us were sent there for reasons of health, and others because they had not made that progress with their studies which their fond parents had hoped. Others were there, I fancy, because the scheme of education upon which the proprietor, Mr. Robert Thomson, proceeded fell in with the views of our parents. The main feature of this system was, so far as I can recollect, that we had no home lessons, but learned, in the two or three hours of afternoon school, what we were expected to remember next day.

‘Our freedom from home tasks gave us leisure for literary activities which would otherwise have been tabooed as waste of time. Perhaps with some of us they were, but not with Stevenson. For even then he had a fixed idea that literature was his calling, and a marvellously mature conception of the course of self-education through which he required to put himself in order to succeed. Among other things we were encouraged to make verse translations, and for some reason or other, I specially well remember a passage of Ovid, which he rendered in Scott-like octosyllabics, and I in heroic couplets, which I probably thought commendably like those of Mr. Pope. But, even then, Stevenson showed impatience of the trammels of verse, and longed for the compass and ductility of prose.’

The teachers who gave him private lessons spoke of his intelligence in high terms, but in large classes he evaded the eye of the master and drew on himself as little notice as possible. The Reverend Peter Rutherford, who taught him when he was at Mr. Henderson’s, says: ‘He was without exception the most delightful boy I ever knew; full of fun, full of tender feeling; ready for his lessons, ready for a story, ready for fun’; and the master of the Burgh School at Peebles,

who gave him lessons in 1864, found him the most intelligent and best informed boy in all his experience. A glowing interest in any subject that took his fancy marked his earliest boyhood no less than his later years. But if he was bright and ready when he was interested, his attention was often short-lived, and to many of the subjects in his curriculum it never was given at all. In every language that he ever learned, the rules of its grammar remained unknown to him, however correctly he might use its idioms, and the spelling of his own tongue was dark to him to the very last. Latin, French, and mathematics seem to have been everywhere the staple of his education. German he began with a private tutor in 1865 at Torquay, where he also received his only lessons in ordinary drawing. The only prize that ever fell to him was at Mr. Henderson's school for his reading, which was commended, as he tells us, with the criticism: 'Robert's voice, though not strong, is impressive.'¹

On the physical side of his education, dancing, despite the Covenanters, was persistently taught him with but scanty success: riding he learned chiefly in the summers of 1865 and 1866, though he first had a pony in 1856. In 1860 and 1864 he was bathing with great enjoyment, and in the latter year he was also rowing on the Tweed. But of games proper there is little mention. From Spring Grove he wrote: 'Yesterday I was playing at football. I have never played at cricket, so papa may comfort himself with that. I like football very much.' Against this we have to set his confession that even at football 'I knew at least one little boy who was mightily exercised about the presence of the ball, and had to spirit himself up, whenever he came to play, with an elaborate story of enchantment, and take the missile as a sort of talisman bandied about in conflict between two Arabian nations.'² And at North Berwick he says:

¹ *Juvenilia*, p. 308.

² 'Child's Play,' p. 168.

'You might golf if you wanted, but I seem to have been better employed.'¹

But if his health were unequal to constant school-work or severe exercise, it greatly improved after 1863, and did not disable him from other boyish pursuits. Already, in 1857, his mother had written: 'Louis is getting very wild and like a boy.' In 1864 she records that 'Whatever there was in him of "Puck"² came very much to the front this summer. He was the leader of a number of boys who went about playing tricks on all the neighbours on Springhill, tapping on their windows after nightfall,' and all manner of wild freaks. The following year at Peebles he became a reckless rider. A girl companion of those days recollects the time 'when my brother Bob, Louis, and I used to ride together. Bob had a black pony, and Louis called it "Hell"; his own was brown, and was called "Purgatory"; while mine was named "Heaven." Once the two boys galloped right through the Tweed on the way to Innerleithen, and I had to follow in fear of my life—poor "Heaven" had the worst of it on that occasion.'

'In this year, too,' says Louis himself, 'at the ripe age of fourteen years, I bought a certain cudgel, got a friend to load it, and thenceforward walked the tame ways of the earth my own ideal, radiating pure romance—still but a puppet in the hand of Skelt.'³

Nor was another element wanting. He speaks of Neidpath Castle in the close vicinity of Peebles, 'bosomed in hills on a green promontory: Tweed at its base running through the gamut of a busy river, from the pouring shallow to the brown pool. In the days when I was thereabouts, that part of the earth was made a heaven to me by many things now lost, by boats and bathing, and the fascination of streams, and the delights

¹ *Additional Memories and Portraits*, p. 349.

² See vol. ii. p. 160.

³ 'A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured,' p. 232.

of comradeship and those (surely the prettiest and simplest) of a boy and girl romance.¹

Earlier experiences belonging to North Berwick and the autumn of 1862 are described in *Memories and Portraits*²; these included fishing, bathing, wading, and 'crusoeing'—'a word that covers all extempore eating in the open air: digging, perhaps, a house under the margin of the links, kindling a fire of the sea-ware and cooking apples there.' But the crown of all was the business of the lantern-bearers, a sport which was afterwards to Stevenson the type of a life that was anti-realist and romantic.

'Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we certainly had an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, to certain story-books in which we had

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1888, p. 125.

² Pp. 349, 353.

found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

'When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes." That was the shibboleth, and very needful, too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognise a lantern-bearer, unless (like a polecat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked—or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk.

'Woe is me that I may not give some specimens—some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature—these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.'

Meanwhile, apart from his schools, the boy was gaining a wider knowledge of the world and having his first

experiences of travel. In Scotland his long summer holidays were spent in the country much as before, until the Manse at Colinton began to 'shield a stranger race.' Now at some time he paid a visit to one of his uncles in the parish of Stow, on which, perhaps, he afterwards drew in *Weir of Hermiston* for his knowledge of the Lammermuirs. In 1857 he had crossed the Border with his parents for the first time, and visited the English Lakes. In 1862, the year of the second International Exhibition, his father's health brought the family to London and the South of England, and Louis saw not only the sights of the capital, but also Salisbury, Stonehenge, and the Isle of Wight. In July, the same cause took them all for a month to Homburg, which Louis liked very well, though he wearied sorely for the company of other boys. But this was only the beginning of his wanderings: in the winter of the same year Mrs. Stevenson was ordered to Mentone, and it was decided that her husband, her son, and a niece of Mr. Stevenson's should accompany her. Thither they went in January, and there they stayed two months. In March they made a tour through Genoa, Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, and Innsbruck, returning home by the Rhine. His mother stayed behind in England, and Louis travelled from London by himself for the first time, reaching Edinburgh on the 29th of May.

In the autumn he accompanied his father on a brief tour of lighthouse inspection in Fife, and on one day they visited seventeen lights.

At Christmas 1863 Mrs. Stevenson was again at Mentone; there Louis joined her from his boarding-school and they remained in the Riviera till the beginning of May. The two next springs were passed by mother and son at Torquay, but after that it proved unnecessary for them to leave Scotland for any part of the winter. For the last three winters they were joined by Miss Jessie Warden, another niece of Mr. Stevenson, a clever and

original girl, just grown to womanhood. In 1867, to their great grief, she died; she had filled an important part in their small circle, had been a delightful companion to Louis, and always held a bright place in his memory.

The curious point about the foreign journeys is that they seem to have had very little manifest influence upon Stevenson, and to have passed almost entirely out of his mind. A boy of twelve, even if backward in his education, is generally a good deal impressed by experiences of this nature, and remembers them more or less distinctly throughout his life.

His cousin Mrs. Napier, who was one of the party in 1863, kindly tells me that she recollects distinctly how much he developed at this period. 'In some ways,' she says, 'he was more like a boy of sixteen. My uncle had a great belief (inherited from his father) in the educational value of travel, and to this end and for the benefit of Louis he devoted his whole energies in the five months abroad. In the hotel at Nice he began to take Louis to the smoking-room with him; there my uncle was always surrounded by a group of eager and amused listeners—English, American, and Russian—and every subject, political, artistic, and theological, was discussed and argued. Uncle Tom's genial manner found friends wherever he went, and the same sort of thing went on during the whole journey. Then in regard to what we saw, his keen admiration of art and architecture seemed to be shared by Louis; they would go into raptures over a cathedral, or an old archway, or a picture. I still remember Louis' eager interest in Pompeii and in the Catacombs at Rome; Venice, too, he specially enjoyed. In some of his books there are touches which his mother and I both recognised as due to places and persons seen in that long past journey. And in the Vailima prayers I seem to hear again an old melody that I know well—the echo of his father's words and daily devotions.'

Yet nowhere, so far as I know, did Louis allude to

any of the more famous towns he then visited, as if they had come within his personal ken. Mr. Horatio Brown frequently discussed Venice with him at Davos, but without even discovering that he had ever set foot in Italy. Rome meant to Stevenson in after-life a great deal: the Roman Empire was far more of a reality to him than to many better scholars and many frequenters of the city of Rome. Yet Mr. Lloyd Osbourne tells me that the only reference he ever heard his step-father make to this time was on one occasion when he recalled with delight the picturesque appearance of their military escort in horsemen's cloaks riding through the Papal States. Five years later his correspondence proves him already a keen observer, and yet half an hour with a guidebook would have furnished him with all the knowledge of Italian cities that he ever displayed.

With the country it was otherwise. 'The Rhone is the River of Angels,' he wrote to Mr. Low, 'I have adored it since I was twelve and first saw it from the train.' And the scenery of *Will o' the Mill* was taken in part from the Brenner Pass, which he never saw again after 1863.

But if his stores of experience were but little increased by these changes of scene, at least the boy was learning to exercise the *savoir-faire* which came very naturally to his disposition. At hotels he used to go to the table-d'hôte alone, if necessary, and made friends freely with strangers. On his return from Homburg, he made great friends on the steamer with a Dutchman, who kept saying over to himself, 'I loike this booy.' His French master at Mentone on his second visit gave him no regular lessons, but merely talked to him in French, teaching him piquet and card tricks, introducing him to various French people, and taking him to convents and other places. So his mother remarks of his other masters at home, 'I think they found it pleasanter to talk to him than to teach him.'

Of the other side of his character, of the solitary, dreamy, rather unhappy child, but little record survives, or little evidence which can be assigned with certainty to these years. He speaks in his essay on Pepys of the egotism of children and their delight in the anticipations of memory, as of an experience of his own. 'I can remember to have written in the fly-leaf of more than one book the date and the place where I then was—if, for instance, I was ill in bed or sitting in a certain garden; these were jottings for my future self; if I should chance on such a note in after years, I thought it would cause me a particular thrill to recognise myself across the intervening distance.'¹

In one of his books he touches a chord which thrills with a personal emotion as he describes 'a malady most incident to only sons.' 'He flew his private signal and none heeded it; it seemed he was abroad in a world from which the very hope of intimacy was banished.'² It was a slightly older lad of whom he was thinking at the moment, but the malady begins at an early age, and tends unfortunately to be chronic.

Of his appearance at this time Mr. Baildon says: 'Stevenson calls himself "ugly" in his student days, but I think this is a term that never at any time fitted him. Certainly to him as a boy of about fourteen (with the creed which he propounded to me that at sixteen one was a man) it would not apply. In body he was assuredly badly set up. His limbs were long, lean, and spidery, and his chest flat, so as almost to suggest some malnutrition, such sharp corners did his joints make under his clothes. But in his face this was belied. His brow was oval and full, over soft brown eyes that seemed already to have drunk the sunlight under southern vines. The whole face had a tendency to an oval Madonna-like type. But about the mouth and in the mirthful mocking

¹ 'Pepys,' *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, p. 275.

² *Weir of Hermiston*, p. 155.

light of the eyes there lingered ever a ready Autolycus roguery that rather suggested sly Hermes masquerading as a mortal. The eyes were always genial, however gaily the lights danced in them, but about the mouth there was something a little tricky and mocking, as of a spirit that already peeped behind the scenes of life's pageant and more than guessed its unrealities.'

His reading progressed: for the date of his first introduction to Shakespeare there seems to be no evidence, and but for the strength of its impression it may have belonged to the earlier period. 'I never supposed that a book was to command me until, one disastrous day of storm, the heaven full of turbulent vapours, the street full of the squalling of the gale, the windows resounding under bucketfuls of rain, my mother read aloud to me *Macbeth*. I cannot say I thought the experience agreeable; I far preferred the ditch-water stories that a child could dip and skip and doze over, stealing at times materials for play; it was something new and shocking to be thus ravished by a giant, and I shrank under the brutal grasp. But the spot in memory is still sensitive; nor do I ever read that tragedy but I hear the gale howling up the valley of the Leith.'¹

His first acquaintance with Dumas began in 1863 with the study of certain illustrated dessert plates in a hotel at Nice:² his first enthusiasm for Scott's novels belongs with certainty to the time when he had begun to select his books for himself.

'My father's library was a spot of some austerity; the proceedings of learned societies, some Latin divinity, cyclopædias, physical science, and, above all, optics, held the chief place upon the shelves, and it was only in holes and corners that anything really legible existed as by accident. The *Parent's Assistant*, *Rob Roy*, *Waverley*, and *Guy Mannering*, the *Voyages of Captain Woodes Rogers*,

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, July 1888, p. 125.

² *Memories and Portraits*, p. 236.

Fuller's and Bunyan's *Holy Wars*, *The Reflections of Robinson Crusoe*,¹ *The Female Bluebeard*, G. Sand's *Mare au Diable* (how came it in that grave assembly!), Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, and four old volumes of *Punch*—these were the chief exceptions. In these latter, which made for years the chief of my diet, I very early fell in love (almost as soon as I could spell) with the Snob Papers. I knew them almost by heart, particularly the visit to the Pontos; and I remember my surprise when I found, long afterwards, that they were famous, and signed with a famous name; to me, as I read and admired them, they were the works of Mr. Punch. Time and again I tried to read *Rob Roy*, with whom, of course, I was acquainted from the *Tales of a Grandfather*; time and again the early part with Rashleigh and (think of it!) the adorable Diana, choked me off; and I shall never forget the pleasure and surprise with which, lying on the floor one summer evening, I struck of a sudden into the first scene with Andrew Fairservice. "The worthy Dr. Light-foot"—"mistrysted with a bogle"—"a wheen green trash"—"Jenny, lass, I think I ha'e her"; from that day to this the phrases have been unforgotten. I read on, I need scarce say; I came to Glasgow, I bided tryst on Glasgow Bridge, I met Rob Roy and the Bailie in the Tolbooth, all with transporting pleasure; and then the clouds gathered once more about my path; and I dozed and skipped until I stumbled half-asleep into the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and the voices of Iverach and Galbraith recalled me to myself. With that scene and the defeat of Captain Thornton the book concluded; Helen and her sons shocked even the little schoolboy of nine or ten with their unreality; I read no more, or I did not grasp what I was reading; and years elapsed before I consciously met Diana and her father among the hills,

¹ *Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. The third part of *Robinson Crusoe*, by Defoe, containing moral reflections only.

or saw Rashleigh dying in the chair. When I think of that novel and that evening, I am impatient with all others; they seem but shadows and impostors; they cannot satisfy the appetite which this awakened.¹

What neither instruction nor travel could do for him was none the less coming about; the boy was educating himself; learning to write patiently, persistently, without brilliance or any apparent prospect of success. The *History of Moses* of 1856 had been followed the next year by a *History of Joseph*, after a brief interval devoted to a story 'in slavish imitation of Mayne Reid.' Two years later came an account (still dictated) of his travels in Perth. Before thirteen he wrote a description of the inhabitants of Peebles in the style of the *Book of Snobs*. When he was fourteen he developed a facility for extemporising doggerel rhymes, and composed the libretto of an opera called *The Baneful Potato*, of which only the names of two characters survive—'Dig-him-up-o,' the gardener, and 'Seek-him-out-o,' the policeman, and the first line of an aria sung by the heroine, 'My own dear casement window.'

At his last school and in his home circle he was always starting magazines. These were all in manuscript, generally illustrated with profusion of colour, and were sometimes circulated at a charge of one penny for reading. *The Schoolboys' Magazine* of 1863, of which one number survives, contained four stories, and its readers must have been hard to satisfy if they did not have their fill of horrors. In the first tale, 'The Adventures of Jan van Steen,' the hero is left hidden in a boiler under which a fire is lit. The second is 'A Ghost Story' of robbers in a deserted castle in 'one of those barren places called plains in the north of Norway.' A traveller finds a man, 'half killed with several wounds,' hidden under the floor, who dresses up as a ghost. The third story is called, by a curious anticipation, 'The Wreckers.'

¹ 'Rosa quo Locorum': *Juvenilia*, p. 310.

On the shore at North Berwick 'were two men. The older and stronger of the two was a tall, ill-looking man with grizzled hair and a red nose. He was dressed in a tarnished gold-laced blue coat, a red waistcoat, and leggings. The other, who might have been a fisherman except for the fact that from each of the pockets of his pea-jacket there projected a pistol. He was a more villainous-looking fellow than the other. "Dan," said the first, "what is that clinging to that mast?" "I think," said the other, "it is a sailor. You had better go and secure him." Last and not least terrible is 'Creek Island, or Adventures in the South Seas.' A line-of-battle ship called the *Shark* is wrecked in the Southern Ocean on its way to India, and two midshipmen fall into the hands of the Indians. 'They had a council which pronounced death, but which death would we have to suffer? It was to be burned alive. . . . Next morning very early we had to get up and prepare to be burned alive. When we arrived at the place of execution, we shuddered to think of being killed so soon. But I forgot to tell you that I had made love to [*sic*] beautiful girl even in one day, and from all I knew she loved me. The next thing they did was to build round us sticks and rubbish of all kinds till we could hardly see what they were doing. At last they finished. They then set fire to it, and after it had got hold well, they began to dance, which is called a war-dance. (To be continued.)'

'*I forgot to tell you that I had made love to beautiful girl.*' 'Was ever woman in this humour wooed?' At least the author remembered his own boyish taste, when heroines were excluded from *Treasure Island*. And yet this was the hand that at the last drew Barbara Grant and the two Kirstie Elliots.

The Schoolboys' Magazine is, to say the least, lively reading; not so much may be claimed for '*The Sunbeam Magazine*, an illustrated Miscellany of Fact, Fiction, and Fun, edited by R. L. Stevenson,' which expired in the

middle of its third number in March, 1866. Each number contained several stories and articles, some evidently by other hands. The chief story, 'The Banker's Ward, a modern tale,' is clearly by the editor, but is a dreary and unpromising narrative of middle-class life.

In these days he had endless talks with Mr. Baildon, who seems to have been the first of his friends in whom he found a kindred interest in letters, and at one of these discussions he produced a drama which was apparently the earliest draft of *Deacon Brodie*. The story was familiar to him from childhood, as a cabinet made by the Deacon himself formed part of the furniture of his nursery. His deepest and most lasting interest was, however, centred in the Covenanters, of whom he had first learned from his nurse. He has told us how his attention was fixed on Hackston of Rathillet, who sat on horseback 'with the cloak about his mouth,' watching the assassination of Archbishop Sharp, in which he would take no part, lest it should be attributed to his private quarrel. Stevenson's first novel on the subject was attempted before he was fifteen, and 'reams of paper,' then and at a later date, were devoted to it in vain.¹

A similar fate attended a novel on the Pentland Rising—an episode well known to him from his infancy, as the Covenanters had spent the night before their defeat in the village of Colinton.

This last composition, however, was not wholly without result. Though the novel was destroyed, his studies issued in a small green pamphlet, entitled, *The Pentland Rising: a Page of History, 1666*, published anonymously, in 1866, by Andrew Elliot in Edinburgh.²

Miss Jane Balfour writes: 'I was at Heriot Row in 1866 from the 29th October to 23rd November, and Louis was busily altering the *Pentland Rising* then to please his father. He had made a story of it, and by so doing,

¹ *Additional Memories*, p. 297.

² List of Stevenson's works, Appendix F, vol. ii. p. 217.

had, in his father's opinion, spoiled it. It was printed not long after in a small edition, and Mr. Stevenson very soon bought all the copies in, as far as was possible.'

Thus the period closes somewhat surprisingly with Stevenson's first appearance as a printed author. The foundations were being well laid, but the structure raised upon them was premature. The publication was probably due to his father's approval of the subject-matter rather than to any belief in the literary ripeness of the style. At the same time, it was the best work that he had yet done, and the plentiful quotations from the pages of Wodrow and Kirkton, and of their opponent, Sir James Turner, are interesting in view of Stevenson's confession in Samoa,¹ 'My style is from the Covenanting writers.'

¹ *Letters*, ii. 312

CHAPTER V

STUDENT DAYS—1867-73

‘Light foot, and tigh foot,
And green grass pread,
Early in the mornin g,
But hope is on at ead.’

R. L. S.

THE time had come for the boy to leave school, and for his education to be shaped in some conformity with the profession supposed to lie before him. What this would be was never for a moment in doubt. Father and sons, the Stevensons were civil engineers, and to the grandsons naturally, in course of time, the business would be transferred. The family capacity for the work, though undeniable, was very elusive, consisting chiefly of a sort of instinct for dealing with the forces of nature, and seldom manifested clearly till called forth in actual practice. The latest recruit had certainly shown no conspicuous powers at any of his schools, but to such a criterion no one could have attached less value than his father. That he did possess the family gift was proved before he left the profession; but even had he never written his paper ‘On a New Form of Intermittent Light,’ no one could reasonably have condemned on his behalf the choice of this career.

Accordingly, the next three and a half years were devoted to his preparation for this employment. He spent the winter and sometimes the summer sessions at the University of Edinburgh, working for a Science

degree, and saw something of the practical work of engineering during the other summer months.

For the first two years he attended the Latin class, Greek being abandoned as hopeless after the first session; to Natural Philosophy he was constant, so far as his constancy in such matters ever went; Mathematics then replaced Greek, and Civil Engineering took the room of Latin. But all this was none of his real education. Although he remembered that 'the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability' (one of the few facts recorded in a notebook still surviving), and that 'Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime,' and would not willingly part with such scraps of science, he never 'set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that he came by in the open street while he was playing truant.' The last word recurs with every reference to his education. In fact, as far as the University was concerned, he 'acted upon an extensive and highly rational system of truancy, which cost him a great deal of trouble to put in exercise'; and 'no one ever played the truant with more deliberate care, and none ever had more certificates (of attendance) for less education.'

Nor was the attention he bestowed on engineering any more assiduous. As for his practical instruction, he followed out his father's views on training—that it was waste of time for an engineer to attempt to be a craftsman in any one trade, but that he should become familiar in 'shops' and yards with the materials used in his work, and should learn their employment in practice.

In the summer of 1868 Stevenson spent the month of July at Anstruther, and the six weeks following at Wick: records of which he has left in various letters written to his parents at the time, and in the essay on 'Random Memories' entitled 'The Education of an Engineer.' In the first-named place he was privileged to hear it said of him for the first time, 'That's the man that's in charge.'

At Wick, besides his descent in a diving-suit ('one of the best things I got from my education as an engineer'), an accident afforded him one of those opportunities for prompt action, of which his life contained all too few. It comes as the postscript to a short business letter to his father.

‘September 1868.

‘P.S.—I was forgetting my orly news. A man fell off the staging this forenoon. I heard crying, and ran out to the end. By that time a rope had been lowered and the man was holding himself up by it, and of course wearing himself out. Some were away for a boat. “Hold on, Angus,” they cried. “I can NOT do it,” he said, with wonderful composure. I told them to lower a plank; everybody was too busy giving advice to listen to me; meantime the man was drowning. I was desperate, and could have knocked another dozen off. One fellow, Bain, a diver, listened to me. We got the plank out and a rope round it; but they would not help us to lower it down. At last we got assistance, and were just about to lower it down, when some one cried, “Hold your hand, lads! Here comes the boat.” And Angus was borne safely in. But my hand shook so, that I could not draw for some time after with the excitement.—R. S.’

He had some rough experience, but was apparently none the worse for it. ‘*Wick, September 1868.*—I have had a long, hard day’s work in cold, wind, and almost incessant rain. . . . We got a lighter and a boat, and were out till half-past seven, doing labourers’ work, pulling, hauling, and tugging. It was past eight before I got dinner, as I was soaking, and bathed with mud to the ears; but, beyond being tired with the unusual exertion, I am all right now.’

The following year he went with his father in the *Pharos*, the steamer of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, to Shetland, a part of the same cruise as that on which his grandfather had attended Sir Walter Scott.

He treasured the memories of this time, but the record contained in his letters is somewhat disappointing. It was years afterwards that mentioning a boat-cloak, the use of which belonged chiefly to these days, he said: 'The proudest moments of my life have been passed in the stern-sheets of a boat with that romantic garment about my shoulders. This, without prejudice to one glorious day when, standing upon some water-stairs at Lerwick, I signalled with a pocket-handkerchief for a boat to come ashore for me. I was then aged fifteen or sixteen [eighteen]. Conceive my glory.'

In 1870, besides a week at Dunoon, to look after some work that was being done there, and one or two expeditions with the University Engineering class, he spent three weeks on the little island of Earraid, off Mull, the scene of David Balfour's shipwreck. It was commemorated later in *Memories and Portraits*, but at this date it was the headquarters for the building of the deep-sea lighthouse of Dhu Heartach.

All this was the attractive part of his work. 'As a way of life,' he wrote, 'I wish to speak with sympathy of my education as an engineer. It takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about harbour-sides, which is the richest form of idling; it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it supplies him with dexterities to exercise; it makes demands upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if he ever had one) for the miserable life of cities. And when it has done so, it carries him back and shuts him in an office. From the roaring skerry and the wet thwart of the tossing boat, he passes to the stool and desk; and with a memory full of ships, and seas, and perilous headlands, and the shining pharos, he must apply his long-sighted eyes¹ to the pretty niceties of drawing, or measure his inaccurate mind with several pages of consecutive figures. He is a wise youth, to be

¹ This also was his own experience.

sure, who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and, for the sake of the one, manfully accept the other.’¹

But even the open-air life had only a very slight hold upon him, as far as it was devoted to professional work. Nothing could be more convincing than the little picture of his father and himself, given in the *Family of Engineers*.²

‘My father would pass hours on the beach, brooding over the waves, counting them, noting their least deflection, noting when they broke. On Tweedside, or by Lyne and Manor, we have spent together whole afternoons; to me, at the time, extremely wearisome; to him, as I am now sorry to think, extremely mortifying. The river was to me a pretty and various spectacle; I could not see—I could not be made to see—it otherwise. To my father it was a chequer-board of lively forces, which he traced from pool to shallow with minute appreciation and enduring interest. “That bank was being undercut,” he might say. “Why? Suppose you were to put a groin out here, would not the *filum fluminis* be cast abruptly off across the channel? and where would it impinge upon the other shore? and what would be the result? Or suppose you were to blast that boulder, what would happen? Follow it—use the eyes that God has given you: can you not see that a great deal of land would be reclaimed upon this side?” It was to me like school in holidays; but to him, until I had worn him out with my invincible triviality, a delight.’

Meanwhile his life was surrounded by the ordinary material comforts belonging to his class, and the customary diversions of society were open to him, had he found them at all to his taste.

In Heriot Row he had now for his own use the two rooms on the top floor of his father’s house, which had been his nurseries. The smaller chamber, to the east,

¹ *Additional Memories and Portraits*, p. 313.

² P. 266.

74 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

was his bedroom, while the other held his books, and was used as his study as long as he lived in Edinburgh.¹

At the beginning of this period a change was made in the household arrangements, which was of material service both to his health and also to his subsequent work. In May 1867 his father took the lease of a house known as Swanston Cottage, lying in a nook at the foot of the Pentland Hills,² at a distance of some five miles from Edinburgh and two and a half from the boy's paradise of Colinton.

This was afterwards the home of the heroine of *St. Ives*, and in the *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh* its situation and history were described.

'Upon the main slope of the Pentlands . . . a bouquet of old trees stands round a white farmhouse; and from a neighbouring dell you can see smoke rising and leaves rustling in the breeze. Straight above, the hills climb a thousand feet into the air. The neighbourhood, about the time of lambs, is clamorous with the bleating of flocks; and you will be awakened in the grey of early summer mornings by the barking of a dog, or the voice of a shepherd shouting to the echoes. This, with the hamlet lying behind unseen, is Swanston. . . . Long ago, this sheltered field was purchased by the Edinburgh magistrates for the sake of the springs that rise or gather there. After they had built their water-house and laid their pipes, it occurred to them that the place was suitable for junketing. . . . The dell was turned into a garden; and on the knoll that shelters it from the plain and the sea winds, they built a cottage looking to the hills. They brought crockets and gargoyles from old

¹ The roof was raised and the front of the two rooms improved about 1873.

² 'I have been on a good many Scotch hills; but the competitors for the first prize are only four: Ben Lomond, Goatfell, Demyet, and Swanston (Cairketton), the eastmost of the Pentlands. . . . Considering the beauty of Edinburgh, and the dignity imparted to scenery by objects of importance, I am rather inclined to give the palm to that Pentland.'—Lord Cockburn, *Circuit Journeys*, 12th September 1842.

St. Giles', which they were then restoring, and disposed them on the gables and over the door and about the garden; and the quarry which had supplied them with building material, they draped with clematis and carpeted with beds of roses. In process of time the trees grew higher, and gave shade to the cottage, and the evergreens sprang up and turned the dell into 'thicket.'¹

Here for the next fourteen years the family spent a large part of their summers in place of taking a furnished house at North Berwick or elsewhere.

Hither at all seasons Louis would often retire alone or in the company of a friend; here he gained a knowledge of the Pentlands only to be acquired by living among them; here he saw something of the country folk, and enriched his vocabulary of Lallan; here made the acquaintance of John Todd the shepherd, and Robert Young the gardener, and the military beggarman who had a taste for Keats. This was to him *ille terrarum angulus* of *Underwoods*; on the hill above Swanston there lies the tiny pool, overhung by a rock, where he 'loved to sit and make bad verses,' and to this spot he asked his old nurse, four months before he finally left England, 'some day to climb Halkerside for me (I am never likely to do it for myself), and sprinkle some of the well water on the turf.'

Here one winter-tide he read Dumas again. 'I would return in the early night from one of my patrols with the shepherd: a friendly face would meet me in the door, a friendly retriever scurry upstairs to fetch my slippers; and I would sit down with the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* for a long, silent, solitary, lamplit evening by the fire. . . . I would rise from my book and pull the blind aside, and see the snow and the glittering hollies chequer a Scottish garden, and the winter moonlight brighten the white hills.'²

¹ *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh*, p. 76.

² *Memories and Portraits*, p. 237.

Now he joined in various sports; at first he rode a good deal, and was even known to follow the hounds. At this time he skated, chiefly from Edinburgh, at Duddingston Loch. It was in these years that he was in Glenogil, in Mr. Barrie's country, and there caught as many as three dozen trout in one day, and forthwith forswore fishing.¹ Now he made his first acquaintance with canoes, which at this time were introduced by Mr. Baxter on the Firth of Forth. Sir Walter Simpson, the companion of the *Inland Voyage*, was another pioneer, and owned a large double canoe that often carried Stevenson, who had no boat of his own. His more experienced friends had no high opinion of his skill, but he occasionally joined them at Granton, and later at Queensferry, and spent many an afternoon in the fresh air of the Forth and the healthful employment of his paddle.

Conventional persons and conventional entertainments never had any attraction for him, and from general society in Edinburgh he was not long in withdrawing himself. There were exceptions of course; for several years after 1871 he took part in the private theatricals at Professor Fleeming Jenkin's house: at first as prompter, and afterwards in some minor parts, for he never was proficient as an actor. But mostly he preferred to see his friends apart from general company, and as for his clothes, of which a great deal has been said—he dressed to please himself. It would be impossible to record the varying phases in which a certain vanity, a need of economy, and a love of ease were combined. The top-hat and frock-coat of convention became him extremely ill, and were finally abandoned after 1878, when as Jenkin's secretary he adopted them in Paris only to be referred to by the hotel clerk as a gentleman who knew all about Mabile. The notorious 'black shirt' which was his favourite wear, dated, I believe, from his engineering

¹ *Letters*, ii. 345.

days, and was made of dark-blue flannel. It was only a little care that was needed in selecting for him appropriate garments, but it was just this trouble he never was willing to take.

His father's was ever a hospitable house, and Louis was there able to entertain his friends. He joined the University Conservative Club, an organisation for elections, and made his first speech at its dinner; he dined with his Academy class for several years; and—more important than any of these—he was elected to the 'Speculative Society'—that 'Spec.' of which the fame has gone abroad in the world largely by means of his writings.

'It is a body of some antiquity, and has counted among its members Scott, Jeffrey, Horner, Benjamin Constant, Robert Emmet, and many a legal and local celebrity besides. By an accident, variously explained, it has its rooms in the very buildings of the University of Edinburgh: a hall, Turkey-carpeted, hung with pictures, looking, when lighted up with fire and candle, like some goodly dining-room, a passage-like library, walled with books in their wire cages; and a corridor with a fireplace, benches, a table, many prints of famous members, and a mural tablet to the virtues of a former secretary. Here a member can warm himself and loaf and read; here, in defiance of *Senatus-consults*, he can smoke.'¹

The Society is limited to thirty ordinary members, who acquire honorary privileges at the end of four years. Meetings are held once a week from November to March; first an essay is read and criticised, and then a motion is debated. The roll is called thrice on each of these evenings, and at each call every ordinary member is bound to be present; an elaborate system of procedure has grown up, fenced in with penalties and fines. Stevenson was elected a member on 16th February, 1869,

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, p. 127.

and in the proceedings he took an increasing interest. During his first complete session he attended six, during the next eight, and during the third session thirteen out of nineteen meetings. And in 1873 he wrote to one of his fellow-members: 'O, I do think the Spec. is about the best thing in Edinburgh.'¹

The records of the Society contain several entries of interest, even if we do not press too closely the opinions advanced by a student in the heat of debate or the exhilaration of paradox.

The scene in *Weir of Hermiston* where the son of the Lord Justice-Clerk moves the abolition of Capital Punishment appears to have been not wholly imaginary. On March 1, 1870, Stevenson himself opened in the affirmative a debate on the question, 'Is the Abolition of Capital Punishment desirable?' Like his hero, he found no seconder; but if he ever held the opinion, it certainly found no favour with him in after-life. The first essay he read before the Society (March 8, 1870) was on 'The Influence of the Covenanting Persecution on the Scotch Mind,' showing how closely this part of the national history engaged his attention. His opinion of the literature of the day was not high; in 1870 he moved that the revival of Letters which took place early in the century is on the wane, and two years later he supported the view that American literature could compare favourably with the contemporaneous literature of England.

The 'Spec.' was probably the first place where Stevenson came into contact and rivalry with contemporaries who, being his equals, were not necessarily the friends of his own choice; and upon the members in general he seems to have made small impression. He

¹ I must take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the Society for kindly allowing me to have the necessary extracts made from their records, and especially to Mr. J. R. N. Macphail for obtaining this permission and giving up his time to the task.

was elected one of the five Presidents of the Society in 1872, but was at the bottom of the list and had only seven votes, whereas the first received eighteen, and the man next above him had thirteen supporters. In 1873 he was re-elected apparently without a contest; in his valedictory address, delivered in the same year, there is an amusing picture of the members, ending with a sketch of himself:—‘Mr. Stevenson engaged in explaining to the other members that he is the cleverest person of his age and weight between this and California.’

‘It is good for boys to be violent and unruly, and to hate all constituted authority,’ he wrote before he had yet ceased to be a student, ‘for it is of such boys that good citizens are made.’ And in 1870 he himself, as a riotous student, fell into the hands of the police. He must have chafed at his own inaction and the injustice of the arrest, for, on that occasion at any rate, he was but a looker-on at one of the traditional snowball fights between the University and the Town. The magistrates, however, behaved with great discretion, inflicted light sentences, and merely bound Stevenson over to keep the peace.

But while the external course of his life seemed smooth, the deeper current had far more troubled a stream. For one thing, as we have seen, he was not interested in engineering, and all the time he could spare from it was given up to the pursuit which had taken firm possession of him. The art of writing was his one concern, and to learn this he was giving all his real self. In later life, when a master of his craft, he sometimes doubted whether he would not have preferred a life of action, had that been possible to him. But it was not for any reason of health that he gave up engineering, but because his impulse to letters was at this time overpowering, and admitted of neither substitute nor rival.

There were, however, besides the misspending of his time and the misdirection of his labour, other difficulties that were far more grave. He had begun to work out

for himself his own views of life: his religion and his ethics, his relations to society and his own place in the universe. He was following out the needs of his mind and nature: strictly sincere with himself, he could never see things in their merely conventional aspect. He was 'young in youth,' and travelling at the fiery pace of his age and temperament; his senses were importunate, his intellect inquiring, and he must either find his own way, or, as he well might have done, lose it altogether.

When a young man with all the impetuosity of youth is involved in doubts as to the truth of religion, the constitution of society, and the contending claims of different duties, and further is bound to the service of a profession to which he is indifferent, while eagerly yearning after the practice of an art absorbing his whole powers, it is at once impossible he should be happy, and highly improbable that he should satisfy his parents.

Of all Stevenson's difficulties those concerned with religion were the most important, if for no other reason than that they alone affected his relations with his father. The one was questioning dogmas and observances which the other regarded it as impious to examine; and no sacrifice was too great for the father, no duty too arduous, if it could only avert from his child the doom of the freethinker. On the other hand, sooner than be tied to the doctrines of Calvinism, the lad called himself an atheist—such is ever the youthful formula of independence. Of the precise nature of his difficulties at this time he has left no record. He was revolting generally against doctrines held with severity and intolerance, and struggling for that wider view and larger conception of life, which he afterwards found to be less incompatible than he thought with the lessons of his earliest years.

He speaks of the startling effect that the Gospel of St. Matthew produced on him,¹ but this seems to have been chiefly upon the social side. He was never at any

¹ *Juvenilia*, p. 327. *Later Essays*, p. 278.

time prone to compromise, and the discrepancy between Christ's teaching and the practice of Christian societies he was neither ready to explain away nor able to ignore.¹ As in religion he designated himself for the moment an atheist, so he seems in economics, if not in politics, to have become 'a red-hot Socialist.'² The direction of his views was no doubt partly due to the 'healthy democratic atmosphere' of the Scottish University system.

'At an early age the Scottish lad begins his . . . experience of crowded class-rooms, of a gaunt quadrangle, of a bell hourly booming over the traffic of the city to recall him from the public-house where he has been lunching, or the streets where he has been wandering fancy-free. His college life has little of restraint, and nothing of necessary gentility. He will find no quiet clique of the exclusive, studious, and cultured; no rotten borough of the arts. All classes rub shoulders on the greasy benches. The raffish young gentleman in gloves must measure his scholarship with the plain, clever, clownish laddie from the parish school.'³

But to him especially, the truant and the scapegrace, the contrast came home with severity. In *Lay Morals* he unfolds some of the details of his experience in recounting 'a few pages out of a young man's life.'

'He was a friend of mine; a young man like others; generous, flighty, as variable as youth itself, but always with some high motions, and on the search for higher thoughts of life. . . . But he got hold of some unsettling works, the New Testament among others, and this loosened his views of life and led him into many perplexities. As

¹ At the 'Spec.,' on 12th November 1872, he read an essay on 'Two Questions on the relations between Christ's teaching and Modern Christianity.' But on 24th November 1871 he spoke against Communism being a maintainable theory. In March 1871 he voted a want of confidence in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and probably throughout his life would, if compelled to vote, have always supported the Conservative candidate.

² *Virginibus Puerisque*, p. 64.

³ 'The Foreigner at Home': *Memories and Portraits*, p. 95.

he was the son of a man in a certain position, and well off, my friend had enjoyed from the first the advantages of education, nay, he had been kept alive through a sickly childhood by constant watchfulness, comforts, and change of air, for all of which he was indebted to his father's wealth.

'At college he met other lads more diligent than himself, who followed the plough in summer-time to pay their fees in winter; and this inequality struck him with some force. He was at that age of a conversible temper, and insatiably curious in the aspects of life; and he spent much of his time scraping acquaintance with all classes of man- and woman-kind. In this way he came upon many depressed ambitions and intelligences stunted for want of opportunity; and this also struck him. He began to perceive that life was a handicap upon strange, wrong-sided principles; and not, as he had been told, a fair and equal race. He began to tremble that he himself had been unjustly favoured, when he saw all the avenues of wealth, and power, and comfort closed against so many of his competitors and equals, and held unwearingly open before so idle, desultory, and so dissolute a being as himself. . . . My friend was only unsettled and discouraged, and filled full with that trumpeting anger with which young men regard injustices in the first blush of youth; although in a few years they will tamely acquiesce in their existence, and knowingly profit by their complications. Yet all this while he suffered many indignant pangs. And once when he put on his boots, like any other unripe donkey, to run away from home, it was his best consolation, that he was now, at a single plunge, to free himself from the responsibility of this wealth that was not his, and to do battle equally against his fellows in the warfare of life.'

Unfortunately the well-meant action of his parents added to his unhappiness a touch of squalor. They were generosity itself; they provided for their son all that they

thought a young man could possibly want. So long as he cared for such entertainments, they gave dinners and dances to his friends, whom they welcomed (if thought suitable) on all occasions to their house; for his health and education there was nothing; they were not ready to do. One thing only was wanting to him, and that was liberty, or rather the means of using it. They knew how generous he was by nature, probably they guessed how open-handed he was likely to be and until he was three-and-twenty they restricted him—as others of his friends also were restricted—to half-a-crown or, at the most, five shillings a week as pocket-money. The result was that the lad went his own way, and frequented places which consorted with his means. This may have extended the future novelist's knowledge of man and woman and of the many aspects of human life; but it was scarcely a successful policy in his father's eyes (had he but known) which placed his son's headquarters at a tobacconist's shop,¹ and sent him to the Lothian Road and a succession of such public-houses as 'The Green Elephant,' 'The Twinkling Eye,' and 'The Gay Japaneer.'

Stevenson's own account of it ran thus:—

'I was always kept poor in my youth, to my great indignation at the time, but since then with my complete approval. Twelve pounds a year was my allowance up to twenty-three [which was indeed far too little]², and though I amplified it by a very consistent embezzlement from my mother, I never had enough to be lavish. My monthly pound was usually spent before the evening of the day on which I received it; as often as not, it was forestalled; and for the rest of the time I was in rare fortune if I had five shillings at once in my possession. Hence my acquaintance was of what would be called a

¹ 'Although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves.'—'An Apology for Idlers': *Virginibus Puerisque*, p. 90.

² The words in brackets are added in pencil.

very low order. Looking back upon it, I am surprised at the courage with which I first ventured alone into the societies in which I moved ; I was the companion of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves ; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate. I see now the little sanded kitchen, where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version-book ; and rough as the material may appear, I do not believe these days were among the least happy I have spent. I was distinctly petted and respected ; the women were most gentle and kind to me ; I might have left all my money for a month, and they would have returned every farthing of it. Such indeed was my celebrity, that when the proprietor and his mistress came to inspect the establishment, I was invited to tea with them ; and it is still a grisly thought to me, that I have since seen that mistress, then gorgeous in velvet and gold chains, an old, toothless, ragged woman, with hardly voice enough to welcome me by my old name of Velvet Coat.'

These were the days when there was most truth in the analogy that Stevenson loved to trace between himself and Robert Fergusson, the forerunner of Burns : the poor Edinburgh lad, who 'died in his acute, painful youth, and left models of the great things that were to come':¹ 'so clever a boy, so wild, of such a mixed strain, so unfortunate, born in the same town with me, and as I always felt, rather by express intimation than from evidence, so like myself.'² So far indeed did he carry this sympathy that, in writing from Samoa, he expressed his conviction that in him Fergusson lived again.³

The days were the days of green-sickness, and they were often miserable. Many a time he leaned over the great bridge which connects the New Town with the Old, and watched the trains smoking out from under him,

¹ *Letters*, ii. 223.² *Ib.*, ii. 329.³ *Ib.*, ii. 223.

and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies.¹ Often he haunted the station itself, envying the passengers; and again, 'in the hot fits of youth,' he went to the Calton burying-ground, 'to be unhappy.' 'Poor soul,' he says of himself, 'I remember how much he was cast down at times, and how life (which had not yet begun) seemed already at an end, and hope quite dead, and misfortune and dishonour, like physical presences, dogging him as he went.'

Yet the days were the days of youth, and often they were days of happiness. The clouds rolled away in their season; most of the troubles were subjective, and though they were acutely felt, yet their ultimate solution was certain.

The one difficulty most immediately affecting his outer life—the pursuit of engineering—was, however, among the first to be solved. On April 8, 1871, Louis told his father of his extreme disinclination for the work, and asked to be allowed to follow literature. It must have come as a heavy disappointment to Thomas Stevenson, who, as we have seen, was devoted to the practice of his calling. Moreover, only twelve days previously Louis had read before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts his first and only contribution to the literature of his profession, a paper on a New Form of Intermittent Light, which was afterwards judged 'well worthy of the favourable consideration of the Society, and highly creditable to so young an author.'² The father felt the blow, but he must to some extent have been prepared for it by his son's entire lack of interest in the solution of problems which to him were the most entrancing in the world. He seems to have met the request with calm; his wife's diary records that he was 'wonderfully resigned'; and

¹ *Picturesque Notes*, p. 4.

² The proposed light has never been constructed in consequence of several mechanical difficulties, as I am informed by Mr. D. A. Stevenson, the present head of the firm and Engineer to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses.

the matter was compromised without difficulty or delay. Engineering was to be given up forthwith, but lest Louis should find himself with no other profession than that of 'failed author,' he was to read Law and to be called to the Scottish Bar. If he chose to practise, he would have his profession; his necessary legal and historical studies would add more or less to his general culture, and he would be able during his preparation to carry on the literary training that was already occupying so large a portion of his time.

The general alleviation of his position was more gradual, but of this he has left an account, the fragment of a larger scheme of biography written in San Francisco in the beginning of 1880.¹

'I had a happy afternoon scrambling with Bob upon the banks of the Water of Leith above Slateford. And so I may leave this part of my life and take it up in another direction. At last I am now done with morbidity and can wash my hands.

'BOOK III.—FROM JEST TO EARNEST

'I date my new departure from three circumstances: natural growth, the coming of friends, and the study of Walt Whitman. The order or degree of their effectiveness I shall not seek to distinguish. But I shall first say something of my friends.

'My cousin Bob,² who had now, after a long absence, returned to Edinburgh, is the man likest and most unlike to me that I have ever met. Our likeness was one of tastes and passions, and, for many years at least, it amounted in these particulars to an identity. He had the most indefatigable, feverish mind I have ever known; he had acquired a smattering of almost every knowledge and art; he would surprise you by his playing, his

¹ For Book I., *vide* page 44 *n.* Of Book II. only the last lines survive, and the fragment on p. 83.

² The late R. A. M. Stevenson, *vide* page 88 *n.*

painting, his writing, his criticism, his knowledge of philosophy, and above all, by a sort of vague, disconnected and totally inexplicable erudition. What was specially his, and genuine, was his faculty for turning over a subject in a conversation¹. There was an insane lucidity in his conclusions; a singular, humorous eloquence in his language, and a power of method, bringing the whole of life into the focus of the subject under hand; none of which I have ever heard equalled or even approached by any other talker. I am sure that he and I together have, in a brief, conspectory manner, turned over the stuff of a year's reading in one half-hour of talk. He was the most valuable man to talk to, above all in his younger days; for he twisted like a serpent, changed like the patterns in a kaleidoscope, transmigrated (it is the only word) from one point of view to another with a swiftness and completeness that left a stupid and merely logical mind panting in the rear; and so, in an incredibly brief space of time, helped you to view a question upon every side. In sheer trenchancy of mind, I have ever been his humble and distant follower. The multiplicity and swiftness of his apprehensions, if they do not bewilder, at least paralyse his mind. He is utterly without measure. He will spend a week in regulating the expenses of an imaginary navy; and then in ten minutes crush a subtle fallacy or create a new vein of criticism. We have perhaps only one moral quality in common: a desire to do justice to those with whom we are at enmity. I am now in my thirtieth year, and I have found sufficient excuses for all whom I think to have injured me but two; and for one of these I still hope to do the like. As for the other, I give him up to obscene furies; duck him where Stinchar² flows; it was he who

¹ Cf. 'Talk and Talkers': *Memories and Portraits*, p. 187.

² A river in Ayrshire, at the mouth of which is Ballantrae. Cf. Burns's song: 'Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows.'

first taught me, in my twenty-seventh year, to believe that it was possible for man to be evil with premeditation; and that was perhaps an evil enough service in itself.¹ But in this particular Bob so far outstrips or (may I say?) outshines me, that I have sometimes been put to the blush by the largeness and freedom of his allowances for others.²

'The next friend who came to me (I take them in the order of time) was, I think, Charles Baxter. I cannot characterise a personality so unusual in the little space that I can here afford. I have never known one of so mingled a strain. As a companion, when in spirits, he stands without an equal in my experience. He is the only man I ever heard of who could give and take in

¹ Cf. *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, p. 151.

² Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, 25th March 1847, and died 18th April 1900. He was educated at Windermere College and at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He then studied painting chiefly at Antwerp and in France, but became an art critic about 1885, and from 1885 to 1889 was Professor of Fine Arts at University College, Liverpool. 'The Art of Velasquez' and the monograph on Rubens in the Portfolio series are the chief works he has left behind him, but, like Gérard de Nerval, 'il a versé plus d'une urne dans le tonneau sans fond du journalisme.' These notes and the subsequent essay in *Memories and Portraits* give some idea of his talk as it was at this time—perhaps the most brilliant in England. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* for July 1900 Mr. Henley describes its mellowing, and says of such copiousness and intolerance as ever distinguished 'Spring-Heel'd Jack': 'Tis a good ten years since I saw the last of that exorbitant and amazing person—a person, be it noted, ever, for all his amazingness and for all his exorbitancy—ever, I may insist, an influence for the best, alike in morals and in art; and I can say with a certain assurance that the younger men knew nothing of him. What they got in his room was a some one, bright-eyed, a little flushed, ever courteous, ever kindly, ever humorous, taking any bit of the universe as his theme, descanting upon it as if he had a prescriptive right in it, and delighting every one who listened by the unfailing excellence, wisdom, sanity (however insane it seemed at times) of what he had to say.' And another of his friends, writing in the *Saturday Review* (28th April 1900), says: 'We know what the joy was of the "Mermaid" since we have known him.'

Of these earlier days he wrote to Louis as long ago as 1874: 'We used to think we were like no one else about certain things, but that was a real phase too.'

conversation with the wit and polish of style that we find in Congreve's comedies.¹ He is likewise the only person I ever knew who could *advise*, or, to explain more perfectly my meaning, who could both make helpful suggestions and at the same time hold his tongue when he had none to offer.

'The next was James Walter Ferrier. It is only now when I come to describe them that I perceive how strange a crew were my associates but Ferrier's strangeness was of a tragic character. The grandson of old Wilson, the son of Ferrier the metaphysician, he was gifted with very considerable abilities; he was by nature the most complete and gentle gentleman (I must risk the pleonasm) I have known.

'I never knew any man so superior to himself. The best of him only came as a vision like Corsica from the Corniche. He never gave his measure either morally or intellectually. The curse was on him. Even his friends did not know him but by fits. I have passed hours with him when he was so wise, good, and sweet, that I never knew the like of it in any other.²

'The fourth of these friends was Sir Walter Simpson, son of Sir James who gave chloroform to the world. He was, I think, the eldest of my associates; yet he must have been of a more deliberate growth, for when we encountered, I believe we were about equal in intellectual development. His was a slow fighting mind. You would see him, at times, wrestle for a minute at a time with a refractory jest, and perhaps fail to throw it at the end. I think his special character was a profound shyness,

¹ He was, even then, as a letter from R. L. S. in 1894 reminds him, 'a great maker of reminiscences,' and to his influence, perhaps, it was partly due that Stevenson turned so early and so frequently to the past.

² I have here substituted a portion of a letter which Stevenson wrote upon hearing of the death of Ferrier (*Letters*, i. 281) for the original ms., which says nearly the same things in a more halting fashion, and is generally less suitable for quotation. For the finished study, pitched in a loftier key, the reader is referred to 'Old Mortality' in *Memories and Portraits*.

a shyness which was not so much exhibited in society as it ruled in his own dealings with himself. He was shy of his own virtues and talents, and above all of the former. He was even ashamed of his own sincere desire to do the right. More than half the man, as you first knew him, was a humbug; and that was utterly the worser part. But this very foible served to keep clean and wholesome the unusual intimacy which united him, Baxter, and myself; for he would permit no protestations and scarce any civility between us. It is odd that this had to be dropped in time; for, as we went on in life and became more seriously involved, we found it then more necessary to be kind. Then, indeed, Simpson could show himself not only kind but full of exceptional delicacies. Some of them I did not appreciate till years after they were done and perhaps forgotten by him. I have said his mind was slow, and in this he was an opposite and perhaps an antidote to Bob. I have known him battle a question sometimes with himself, sometimes with me, month after month for years; he had an honest stubbornness in thinking, and would neither let himself be beat nor cry victory.

'The mere return of Bob changed at once and for ever the course of my life; I can give you an idea of my relief only by saying that I was at last able to breathe. The miserable isolation in which I had languished was no more in season, and I began to be happy.¹ To have no one to whom you can speak your thoughts is but a slight trial; for a month or two at a time, I can support it almost without regret; but to be young, to be daily

¹ At this point it may be as well to mention the L. J. R., 'that mysterious society.' It consisted of six members, and its meetings, of which only five took place, were held at a public-house situated, I believe, in Advocates' Close, which had apparently been visited by Burns. Its complete name was concealed with a mystery as deep and not less important than that which broods over the Greek letter societies of American colleges. Its principles, generally speaking, were liberty of thought and freedom from prejudice. The abolition of the House of Lords was, it is said, one of its tenets.

making fresh discoveries and fabricating new theories of life, to be full of flimsy, whimsical, overpowering humours, that seem to leave you no alternative but to confide them or to die, and not only not to have, but never to have had a confidant, is an astounding misery. I now understand it best by recognising my delight when that period was ended. I thought I minded for nothing when I had found my Faithful; my heart was like a bird's; I was done with the sullens for good; there was an end of green-sickness for my life as soon as I had got a friend to laugh with. Laughter was at that time our principal affair, and I doubt if we could have had a better. It is true we debated many things from the first, above all, problems of art, in which we advanced wonderfully; and it is also true that under all this mirth-making, there kept growing up and strengthening a serious, angry, and at length a downright hostile criticism of the life around us. This time we call, in looking back, the period of Jink.

'Jink was a word of our own; for we had a language, compounded of many slangs and languages in which we expressed indifferently common things that had already a much better name in English, and the new or half-understood ideas for which there were no names, or none with which we were acquainted.

'As a rule of conduct, Jink consisted in doing the most absurd acts for the sake of their absurdity and the consequent laughter. I will give an instance of the colossal jests which we used to enact, and of which this at least is to be said, that if they were silly, they were never cruel. Bob was once travelling from Wales to Edinburgh, strangely dilapidated as usual in the matter of coin; and when he got to Crewe, he was stopped before the booking-office for a paltry half-crown. There were fifteen minutes to spare before the train started. He opened his portmanteau on the platform, got out a pair of dress-trousers, ran into the town,

stumbled straight on a pawnbroker's shop, got his half-crown, and was back in time to book and get a seat. But when the hurry was over he began to wonder over a circumstance in this little comedy. When asked his name by the pawnbroker, he had replied instantly and without conscious thought, "John Libbel," and when further questioned as to the spelling, had rapped out in the same swift and perfectly mechanical way, "Two B's." On his return the matter was discussed. It seemed to us, I remember, a case of plenary inspiration; and we agreed, at last, that it must have been so, because the name was so suitable for one who pawned. It seemed to us, and it seems to me still, a mean, hungry, slinking sort of name; hence we thought that all of us should use it as a name to pawn under; and hence germinated the great idea of Libbelism. A large, growing, pushing society of men should go all over the world and continually pawn articles under the name of John Libbel; until at length, when some great German statist took it into his blockhead to examine the books of pawnbrokers, it would gradually dawn upon him that, in all lands and for year after year, innumerable persons all answering to this one name of John Libbel were daily engaged in the act of pawning, and yet when he turned his eyes outward on the world to follow the conduct of these persons in a different sphere, behold there would be no John Libbel, no, not one. We exulted over the mystification of the German statist. To pawn anything under this name was to perform an "act of Libbelism."

'I remember these words from the "*Corpus totius Juris Libbelismi*" which I drew up: "*vel si rem suam, vel si rem alienam, maxime quidem si rem alienam.*"

'But the idea did not rest here: we had tasted blood, and soon began to find out other ways of building up evidence of this imaginary person's existence. We bought some type for marking pocket-handkerchiefs one day at the corner of North College Street, and

retiring to a public-house, printed off, with incredible patience, many hundred visiting-cards with the name of "Mr. Libbel." The type being worthless, and the printing being done without a press, and amateur at that, you may conceive the aspect of the cards. These began to be handed about Edinburgh at a great rate, sometimes with manuscript additions which did not tend to improve the moral character of Mr. Libbel. A whole street would suddenly be flooded from end to end with Mr. Libbel's visiting-cards; or one would be softly pressed into the hand of a gentleman going by. Parcels, containing nothing, "With Mr. Libbel's compliments," were handed into houses. Letters from Mr. Libbel to leading citizens were carried by the unconscious postman. I have spent whole days going from lodging-house to lodging-house inquiring anxiously, "If Mr. Libbel had come yet?" and when the servant or a landlady had told us "No," assuring her that he would come soon, and leaving a mysterious message. And at last—crowning-point of the edifice—there came the Libbel Succession. Wherever we went, we had a notebook in our hand; we would put questions, look at each other, purse our lips, and gradually let it escape to our auditor, as if by accident, that we were agents looking for the heir to the great Libbel fortune. We tried to get an advertisement into the *Scotsman* newspaper, but the clerk plainly smelling a hoax, we were ejected from the office. Did we labour in vain from first to last? After all this apostledom, was there not one disciple? Did no two of our victims ever take counsel together, and after comparing notes, cry out: "But who the devil is this Libbel?" We can never know now; but we were disinterested, we required none of the encouragement of success, we pursued our joke, our mystification, our *blague* for its own sake, and had a good time.

'Yet for this and other mad pranks of a like order, we were rewarded in a strange way, by one flash of infernal glory. This is so odd in itself that I must tell it with

every particularity. One afternoon, hunting round for the absurd, we entered the shop of a jeweller called Bargany — on Cockburn Street, rather low down, and there proceeded for about quarter of an hour to pass off some piece of vaulting absurdity on the shopman. Suddenly the man's eye took fire, and he started back. "I know who you are," he cried; "you're the two Stevensons." We were dumbfounded. "Oh," he went on, "Bargany's been dying to see you. He'll be so vexed that he was out. Oh, *he's* heard of your ongoings." And the man shouted with laughter again and again. He told us to come back later in the afternoon, or any other afternoon, and have tea in the backshop with Bargany and his sister, who had also heard of us, and desired to make our acquaintance. And I must say if our reputation did us any justice, that sister was a liberal lady. Would you believe it? we never went back.

'To tell what else we did would be interminable and, besides, extremely tedious. As Bob said, we did nothing obvious; the least joke was spiced to us by being imbedded in mountains of monotony.'

Here the manuscript breaks off. Some notes on an earlier page enable us to learn in what direction it might have been continued. 'Whitman: humanity: L. J. R.: love of mankind: sense of inequality: justification of art: decline of religion: I take to the New Testament: change startling: growing desire for truth: Spencer: should have done better with the New Test.'

Thus the coming of happiness was due partly to his friends and partly to his reading. To the list of the former there is still an addition to be made—the name of Fleeming Jenkin. It was in 1868 that Jenkin came to Edinburgh as Professor of Engineering, and it was first in the character of a truant that Stevenson came under his notice.¹ The professor was fifteen years older than his pupil—a difference in age which is often difficult

¹ *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, p. 155.

to surmount. But besides his boundless energy and vitality, there was about Jenkin a perpetual boyishness, which showed itself not least in this, that his development continued to the end of his life. His delight in all that was high-minded and heroic, his fiery enthusiasm, his extraordinary readiness and spirit, were just the qualities to win and to stimulate the younger man. Moreover, at the time that Stevenson fell under his influence, the detachment and independence of Jenkin's religious views rendered that influence of far greater weight than if he had been content to yield a lifeless assent to established observances and conventional creeds. Stevenson was in revolt, or meditating an outbreak. Here was a man, ready to question everything, exercising a clear-sighted judgment, and yet full of earnestness and piety, who 'saw life very simple,' who did not love refinements, but was 'a friend to much conformity in unessentials.' And about Jenkin there were these further points which distinguished him from Stevenson's other friends, and gave him a great advantage. He was the only one who had already fought the battle of life, and not only was victorious but knew how to carry his success.¹ Moreover, he was the first of Stevenson's friends who was already married. Perhaps the most charming passages in the *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin* are those which suggest rather than describe the infinite tenderness and romance which marriage brought into his life and made his house all it was to those who loved him. And so to Stevenson it was from the first a double friendship, renewed each spring in Edinburgh by the theatricals in which he took part, and also by a long visit to the family in their country quarters. To Jenkin he resorted in many of his troubles, and from him and his wife he never failed to obtain the sympathy and wise counsel of which he stood in need. Mrs. Jenkin, writing in 1895, says that her husband loved him best of all his friends, and Stevenson,

¹ *Letters*, ii. 80.

when he came to write Jenkin's biography, records what mingled pain and pleasure it was 'to dig into the past of a dead friend, and find him, at every spadeful, shine brighter.'¹

Stevenson's numerous and characteristic letters to Jenkin were returned to their writer after his friend's death, and, in the confusion of the departure from Bournemouth, they were unfortunately destroyed. Of his first introduction to Mrs. Jenkin, she has herself given an account.

Late on a winter afternoon in 1868 she paid her first visit to 17 Heriot Row, and there found Mrs. Stevenson sitting by the firelight, apparently alone. They began to talk, when 'suddenly, from out of a dark corner beyond the fireplace, came a voice, peculiar, vibrating; a boy's voice, I thought at first. "Oh!" said Mrs. Stevenson, "I forgot that my son was in the room. Let me introduce him to you." The voice went on: I listened in perplexity and amazement. Who was this son who talked as Charles Lamb wrote? this young Heine with the Scottish accent? I stayed long, and when I came away the unseen converser came down with me to the front-door to let me out. As he opened it, the light of the gas-lamp outside ("For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door," he sings) fell on him, and I saw a slender, brown, long-haired lad, with great dark eyes, a brilliant smile, and a gentle, deprecating bend of the head. "A boy of sixteen," I said to myself. But he was eighteen, looking then, as he always did, younger than his age. I asked him to come and see us. He said, "Shall I come to-morrow?" I said "Yes," and ran home. As I sat down to dinner I announced, "I have made the acquaintance of a poet!" He came on the morrow, and from that day forward we saw him constantly. From that day forward too, our affection and our admiration for him, and our delight in his company, grew.'

¹ *Letters*, ii. 13.

Thus much of his friends and their influence. There was also the other continual and stimulating influence of books, and though Stevenson was never a scholar in the strict and more arid sense, few men ever brought so great an enthusiasm to the studies of their choice. His ardour was now at its height. Twenty years later he wrote: 'I have really enjoyed this book as I—almost as I—used to enjoy books when I was going twenty—twenty-three; and these are the years for reading.'¹

'Books were the proper remedy: books of vivid human import, forcing upon the minds of young men the issues, pleasures, busyness, importance, and immediacy of that life in which they stand; books of smiling or heroic temper, to excite or to console; books of a large design, shadowing the complexity of that game of consequences to which we all sit down, the hang-over not least.'²

Besides his books at home, he had always access to the Advocates' Library, the great public library of Edinburgh, which is entitled to receive a copy of everything published in the kingdom. But for the present the question is of those works with which a man lives, which for the time become an intimate part of himself, and closer than any friend. Such were to Stevenson the three already mentioned, the New Testament, Walt Whitman,³ and Herbert Spencer. Of the first he says but little, and of that I have already spoken: to Whitman he has done a measure of justice in one of the *Familiar Studies*, and also in a paper on 'Books which have influenced me.'⁴ In the latter, too, Mr. Herbert Spencer also

¹ *Letters*, ii. 246.

² *Memories and Portraits*, p. 112.

³ 'His book . . . should be in the hands of all parents and guardians as a specific for the distressing malady of being seventeen years old. Green-sickness yields to his treatment as to a charm of magic; and the youth, after a short course of reading, ceases to carry the universe upon his shoulders' (*ibid.* p. 108).

⁴ Republished in his *Later Essays*, in the Edinburgh edition.

'I come next to Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, a book of singular service, a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and having thus shaken my

receives his meed of gratitude, and to him succeed Shakespeare, Dumas, Bunyan, Montaigne, and many others in rapid sequence, until the writer was manifestly overwhelmed in returning thanks to the whole world of books which brought him so much wisdom and happiness.¹

But learning to write—there was the business of life. Although the description of the method by which he taught himself this most difficult of arts has been quoted again and again, and has long ago become classical, I have no alternative and no desire but to give it in this place. The process described had long begun, when this period opened, as it continued after its close; but to these years it chiefly refers—a space of protracted and laborious application without encouragement or immediate reward.²

tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues.

‘. . . Close upon the back of my discovery of Whitman, I came under the influence of Herbert Spencer. No more persuasive Rabbi exists, and few better. . . . His words, if dry, are always manly and honest; there dwells in his pages a spirit of highly abstract joy, plucked naked like an algebraic symbol, but still joyful; and the reader will find there a *caput mortuum* of piety, with little indeed of its loveliness, but with most of its essentials; and these two qualities make him a wholesome, as his intellectual vigour makes him a bracing, writer. I should be much of a hound if I lost my gratitude to Herbert Spencer.’—‘Books which have influenced me,’ *Later Essays*, p. 279.

¹ In a notebook of 1871-72 I find this *Catalogus Librorum Carissimorum* :—

Montaigne's *Essays*.

Horace, his *Odes*.

Pepys, his *Diary*, esp. the *Trip to Bristol, Bath, etc.*

Shakespeare, his works, *Lear, Hamlet, Falstaff, Twelfth Night*.

Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*.

Burns' works.

Tristram Shandy.

Heine.

Keats.

Fielding.

Scott, strange to say, does not appear, but though Stevenson now and again said hard things of Sir Walter, they were all upon the technical side, and his incomparable merits perhaps no one ever better understood. Not all books, however, were of service: elsewhere he bewails the inhumanity of *Obermann* (*Memories and Portraits*, p. 112) and counts *Moll Flanders* and *The Country Wife* more wholesome reading.

Compare also the beginning of *A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's* and *The Ideal House* (*Miscellanea*, p. 47).

² *Memories and Portraits* (A College Magazine), p. 122.

‘All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words

‘And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

‘This was all excellent, no doubt; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word: things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature. And as regarded training, it had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labours at home. Whenever

I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts.

‘I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann. I remember one of these monkey-tricks, which was called “The Vanity of Morals”; it was to have had a second part “The Vanity of Knowledge”; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghost-like, from its ashes) no less than three times: first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. So with my other works: *Cain*, an epic, was (save the mark!) an imitation of Sordello: *Robin Hood*, a tale in verse, took an eclectic middle course among the fields of Keats, Chaucer, and Morris: in *Monmouth*, a tragedy, I reclined on the bosom of Mr. Swinburne; in my innumerable gouty-footed lyrics, I followed many masters; in the first draft of *The King’s Pardon*, a tragedy, I was on the trail of no less a man than John Webster; in the second draft of the same piece, with staggering versatility, I had shifted my allegiance to Congreve, and of course conceived my fable in a less serious vein—for it was not Congreve’s verse, it was his exquisite prose, that I admired and sought to copy. . . . So I might go on for ever, through all my abortive novels, and down to my later plays, of which I think more tenderly, for they were

not only conceived at first under the bracing influence of old Dumas, but have met with resurrections: one, strangely bettered by another hand, came on the stage itself and was played by bodily actors; the other, originally known as *Semiramis* a tragedy,¹ I have observed on bookstalls under the alias of *Prince Otto*. But enough has been said to show by what arts of impersonation, and in what purely ventriloquial efforts I first saw my words on paper.

‘That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats’s. . . .

‘It is the great point of these imitations that there still shines, beyond the student’s reach, his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure; and it is an old and a very true saying that failure is the only high-road to success. I must have had some disposition to learn; for I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances. I liked doing them indeed; but when they were done, I could see they were rubbish. In consequence, I very rarely showed them even to my friends; and such friends as I chose to be my confidants I must have chosen well, for they had the friendliness to be quite plain with me. “Padding,” said one. Another wrote: “I cannot understand why you do lyrics so badly.” No more could I! Thrice I put myself in the way of a more authoritative rebuff, by sending a paper to a magazine. These were returned, and I was not surprised or even pained. If they had not been looked at, as (like all amateurs) I suspected was the case, there was no good in repeating the experiment; if they had been looked at — well then I had not yet learned to write, and I must keep on learning and living.’

Thus the secret of learning was—for the right man—only the secret of taking pains: and yet in the history of

¹ The tragedy was in blank verse, *Academy*, 19th May 1900.

his endeavours we find, where we should least expect it, a hereditary trait. It seems as absurd to couple with indolence the name of the indefatigable writer, as it was for him to bring his grandfather into a similar connection:¹ but it is from himself that we hear of this failing, although we know not to which year it must be referred.

'I remember a time when I was very idle, and lived and profited by that humour. I have no idea why I ceased to be so, yet I scarce believe I have the power to return to it; it is a change of age. I made consciously a thousand little efforts, but the determination from which these arose came to me while I slept and in the way of growth. I have had a thousand skirmishes to keep myself at work upon particular mornings, and sometimes the affair was hot; but of that great change of campaign, which decided all this part of my life and turned me from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere, it seems to me as though all that had been done by some one else. The life of Goethe affected me; so did that of Balzac; and some very noble remarks by the latter in a pretty bad book, the *Cousine Bette*. I dare say I could trace some other influences in the change. All I mean is, I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.'²

This may be assigned to the time immediately before his retirement from engineering; but it might relate equally to several periods when he was unable to settle down to work: they were seldom of long duration, and, except before his own conscience, there was hardly any time when the author of the *Apology for Idlers* ever really neglected the tasks of his true vocation.

As to the products of his labours, editors, as he has told us, would have nothing to say to them. So he

¹ Page 4.

² *Reflections and Remarks on Human Life*, p. 40.

became an editor himself. Magazines had risen and fallen wherever the boy had gone; but none of his serials had yet attained the distinction of type. The idea of the *Edinburgh University Magazine* was started in the rooms of the 'Spec.' by four of the members of that society, of which Stevenson was the youngest and least esteemed; the history of its rise and fall (for print did not save it from the fate of its manuscript predecessors) may be read in *Memories and Portraits*, while some of Stevenson's contributions are to be found in the volume of his *Juvenilia*. Interesting as they are, they constitute no great achievement, and the picture of 'An Old Scots Gardener,' retouched in after days, is the only piece which has found a place with the works of his later years.

'The magazine appeared in a yellow cover, which was the best part of it, for at least it was unassuming; . . . it ran four months in undisturbed obscurity, and died without a gasp. The first number was edited by all four of us, with prodigious bustle; the second fell principally into the hands of Ferrier and me; the third I edited alone; and it has long been a solemn question who it was that edited the fourth. . . .

'It was no news to me, but only the wholesome confirmation of my judgment, when the magazine struggled into half-birth, and instantly sickened and subsided into night. . . . I cleared the decks after this lost engagement; had the necessary interview with my father, which passed off not amiss; paid over my share of expense; . . . and then, reviewing the whole episode, I told myself that the time was not yet ripe, nor the man ready; and to work again I went with my penny version-books, having fallen back in one day from the printed author to the manuscript student.'¹

To the list of the works—books, plays, and articles—already mentioned, which were written at this time, the

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, p. 132.

following names may be added, as showing the direction of his labours. In 1868 he wrote *Voces Fidelium*, a series of dramatic monologues in verse; and 'the bulk of a Covenanting novel,' possibly another attempt on Hackston of Rathillet or the Pentland Rising.¹ *The King's Pardon* (otherwise *Park Whitehead*) and *Edward Daven* likewise survive only as names; the manuscripts are gone, and we cannot even guess at the models on which they were planned; though the first of them seems to show that here, as well as in *Cain*, Robert Browning helped to educate the writer who of all others in his day perhaps the least resembled him in style.

A Retrospect, written at Dunoon in 1870, and the fragment of *Cockermouth and Keswick*, a visit to Cumberland in 1871, are printed in the Edinburgh edition. The former contains the account of the spae-wife, 'a poor, mad Highland woman,' who—along with much nonsense—predicted that he was to visit America, was to be very happy, and was to be much upon the sea. In the latter is an admirable portrait, such as Thackeray would have loved, of the London theatrical manager, lording it in the inn smoking-room at Keswick. There were also written at this date the article on Colinton Manse, from which I have quoted so largely, and another similar paper on his solitary games, which was afterwards transformed into 'Child's Play.'²

In 1871 he wrote the paper on 'A New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses,' which was highly praised, and received a £3 medal from the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, and in May 1873 his paper 'On the Thermal Influence of Forests' was communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by his father, and duly appeared in the *Proceedings* of that Society. Both these are contained in the Edinburgh edition, but whatever scientific value they possess, as literature they are undistinguishable from ordinary papers of the kind.

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, pp. 297, 305.

² *Memories and Portraits*.

Meanwhile their author was reading for the Bar, or at any rate attending some of the necessary lectures in Civil Law, Public Law, and Political Economy. In the second of these subjects he was even third in the class and received honourable mention and from Professor Hodgson he gained a certificate for essays.

During the years 1872 and 1873 he spent some months in the office of Messrs. Skene and Peacock, Writers to the Signet, in order to learn conveyancing. Part of the process consisted in copying documents, and for this in Scotland it was customary to pay the pupil. Scott in this way increased his meagre pocket-money, probably to a far greater amount than Stevenson ever achieved. I find, nevertheless, that in July 1873 the latter was paid six pounds as 'about the amount of your writings during the period you have been in the office.' The senior partner of this firm was the well-known historian and antiquary, Mr. W. F. Skene, the author of *Celtic Scotland*, but it seems that he was hardly at all brought into connection with his pupil, and that, in later years, either learned with much regret what they might have found in one another's society.

In November 1872 Stevenson, having no degree or qualification for exemption, passed the preliminary examination for the Scottish Bar; the circumstances are worth mention only for the light they throw on his character and his education. French was one of the subjects offered, and only the day before the examination he discovered that questions would be set him in the grammar of that language. He forthwith procured a book and realised that here was a body of knowledge, the very existence of which had been unknown to him. It was manifestly useless to attempt to get it up in four-and-twenty hours, so he went in, relying on his practical acquaintance with the idiom. His ignorance was exposed, but his knowledge and his plausibility induced and enabled the examiner

'to find a form of words,' and his French was accepted as adequate. Another subject was Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy, and Hamilton or Mackintosh (it is undesirable to be too precise) was the book prescribed. I give Stevenson's own account of what took place, as I have heard him tell the story. 'The examiner asked me a question, and I had to say to him, "I beg your pardon, but I do not understand your phraseology." "It's the text-book," he said. "Yes; but you couldn't possibly expect me to read so poor a book as that." He laughed like a hunchback, and then put the question in another form; I had been reading Maine, and answered him by the historical method. They were probably the most curious answers ever given in the subject; I don't know what he thought of them, but they got me through.'

In 1872 he proposed to take a summer session at some German university with Sir Walter Simpson, who was also studying Law. But his mother grew so nervous that he gave up the scheme, and in place of it the friends spent two or three weeks together during the first part of August, chiefly in lodgings in Frankfurt. His parents joined him at Baden-Baden, and he then went for a short walking tour in the Black Forest.

This was the single occasion on which he crossed the Channel during this period of his life, and indeed in these years he was hardly out of Scotland but for his trip to the Lakes, and a visit to R. A. M. Stevenson at Cambridge, where he had a glimpse of the life of the English undergraduate. The last twelve months are of interest as the only time when he turned his attention at all seriously to the study of the German language and literature. For the next year or two there is an occasional reference to Heine or Goethe in his letters, and even a few quotations, chiefly in his unpublished fragments. But with these insignificant exceptions German appears to have passed over him

without effect, and French was the only modern language that ever exercised an influence upon his style.

But Stevenson as he was in the later years of this period may best be seen in the curiously diverse entries of a short diary kept on a folio sheet of paper upon his first entrance to the lawyers' office. I have printed nearly the whole of it for the sake of the contrasts; the high spirits and the sentiment, the humour, the humanity and the immaturity, make a remarkable conjunction. Already it would be difficult for any one to read it without either recognising the author, or else prognosticating for him a future which, at any rate, should be neither commonplace nor obscure.

'*Thursday, May 9th (1872).*¹—'Vent to office for first time. Had to pass an old sailor and an idiot boy, who tried both to join company with me, lest I should be late for office. A fine sunny, breezy morning, walking in. A small boy (about ten) calling out "Flory" to a dog was very pretty. There was a quaint little *tremolo* in his voice that gave it a *longing*, that was both laughable and touching. All the rest of the way in, his voice rang in my memory and made me very happy.

'*Friday, May 10th.*—Office work—copying, at least—is the easiest of labour. There is just enough mind-work necessary to keep you from thinking of anything else, so that one simply ceases to be a reasoning being and feels *stodged* and stupid about the head, a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

'*Sunday, May 21st (12th).*—My father and I walked over to Glencorse to church. A fat, ruddy farm wench showed us the way; for the church, although on the top of a hill, is so buried among the tree-tops that one does not see it till one trips against the plate.² It is a quaint

¹ The year is settled beyond question by the corresponding entries in his mother's diary.

² *I.e.* the plate for contributions, which is left at the door of Scotch churches.

old building, and the minister, Mr. Torrance (his father and grandfather were here before him), is still more quaint and striking. He is about eighty; and he lamed himself last summer dancing a reel at a wedding. He wears black thread gloves; and the whole manner of the man in the pulpit breathes of last century.

'*Monday, May 12th (13th).*—In all day at the office. In the evening dined with Bob. Met X—, who was quite drunk and spent nigh an hour in describing his wife's last hours—an infliction which he hired us to support with sherry *ad lib.* Splendid moonlight night. Bob walked out to Fairmilehead with me. We were in a state of mind that only comes too seldom in a lifetime. We danced and sang the whole way up the long hill, without sensible fatigue. I think there was no actual conversation—at least none has remained in my memory: I recollect nothing but "profuse bursts of unpremeditated song." Such a night was worth gold untold. *Ave pia testa!* After we parted company at the toll, I walked on counting my money, and I noticed that the moon shone upon each individual shilling as I dropped it from one hand to the other; which made me think of that splendid passage in Keats, winding up with the joke about the "poor patient oyster."¹

'*Wednesday, 22nd.*—At work all day at Court—work being periphrasis for sitting still, taking three luncheons, and running two errands. In the evening started in the rain alone, and seeing a fellow in front, I whistled him to wait till I came up. He proved to be a pit-worker from Mid-Calder, and—*faute de mieux*—I bribed him by the promise of ale to keep me company as far as New Pentland Inn. . . . I heard from him that the *Internationale* was already on foot at Mid-Calder, but was not making much progress. I acquitted myself as became a child of the *Proprietariat*, and warned him, quite apostolically,

¹ The references are to Shelley's 'Skylark,' l. 5; Horace *Odes*, iii. 21. 4; Keats's *Endymion*, iii. 67.

against all conversation with this abomination of Desolation. He seemed much impressed, and more wearied.

‘He told me some curious stories of body-snatching from the lonely little burying-ground at Old Pentland, and spoke with the exaggerated horror that I have always observed in common people of this very excusable misdemeanour. I was very tired of my friend before we got back again, and so I think he was of me. But I paid for the beer; so he had the best of it.

‘*Friday, July 5th.*—A very hot sunny day. The Princes Street Gardens were full of girls and idle men, steeping themselves in the sunshine. A boy lay on the grass under a clump of gigantic hemlock in flower, that looked quite tropical and gave the whole garden a southern smack that was intensely charming in my eyes. He was more ragged than one could conceive possible. It occurred to me that I might here play *le dieu des pauvres gens*, and repeat for him that pleasure that I so often try to acquire artificially for myself by hiding money in odd corners and hopelessly trying to forget where I have laid it; so I slipped a halfpenny into his ragged waistcoat pocket. One might write whole essays about his delight at finding it.’

CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT FIVE-AND-TWENTY—1873-76

‘Since I am sworn to live my life
And not to keep an easy heart,
Some men may sit and drink apart,
I bear a banner in the strife.

Some can take quiet thought to wife,
I am all day at *tierce* and *carte*,
Since I am sworn to live my life
And not to keep an easy heart.

I follow gaily to the fife,
Leave Wisdom bowed above a chart,
And Prudence brawling in the mart,
And dare Misfortune to the knife,
Since I am sworn to live my life.’

R. L. S.

EIGHTEEN hundred and seventy-three was a decisive year: for although it left Stevenson, as it found him, a law student with literary tastes, it yet marked a definite change in his life. It saw the religious question come to a crisis, and by so much, therefore, nearer to a settlement; it brought him new friends with both interest and influence in the career for which he was longing; and it foreshadowed the beginning of that career in the acceptance and publication of the first of the magazine articles which, being either travel-notes or essays, were for some time to come his principal, and as some critics have held, his most characteristic achievement.

The most important event of the year for him sounds in itself one of the most trivial that can well be imagined

—a visit to a country parsonage in Suffolk. A granddaughter of the old minister of Colinton had several years before married the Rev. Churchill Babington, Disney Professor of Archæology in the University of Cambridge, and formerly a Fellow of St. John's College, who had taken the college living of Cockfield, a few miles from Bury St. Edmunds. Here Stevenson had paid a visit in 1870, one of those excursions into England of which he speaks in the essay on 'The Foreigner at Home,' and from which he received 'so vivid an impression of foreign travel and strange lands and manners.' These sensations were now renewed and deepened, but the later visit was to have other and more lasting effects: Stevenson now met for the first time two fellow-guests, whose friendship became at once an important element in his life, affecting his development, changing his horizon, and opening for him a direct outlook into the world of letters in which he was to be hereafter so brilliant a figure. The first of these, a connection by marriage and intimate friend of his hostess, was the Mrs. Sitwell to whom those letters were addressed, which throw so much light on the inner feelings and thoughts of the ensuing period of Stevenson's life. The second was Mr. Sidney Colvin, who then and there began that friendship which was so immediately helpful, which survived all shocks of time and change, which separation by half the world seemed only to render more close and assiduous, and which has its monument in the *Vailima Letters*, in the two volumes of Stevenson's other correspondence, and in the final presentation of his works. Mr. Colvin was then still resident at Cambridge as a Fellow of Trinity College, and had that same year been elected Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University. Although Stevenson's elder by only a few years, he had already established for himself a reputation as a critic in literature and art, was favourably regarded by editors, and was fast becoming a personage of influence and authority.

It might seem that the list of Stevenson's friends already included as many as one man could retain in intimate relation; but for these two, and others yet to come, there was ample room. A few years after this he questions whether any one on this earth be so wealthy as to have a dozen friends, and indeed the doubt is permissible to most of us unless we knew Stevenson. Only six months before, in one of the morbid moods he was gradually putting behind him, as he sloughed the unhappiness of his youth, he had written down the chief desires of his heart. 'First, good health: secondly, a small competence: and thirdly, O Du Lieber Gott! friends.' Seldom was any prayer more fully answered than this last petition. Had he but known, the means of gaining it were already within his hands in a measure rarely granted to any man. At this very time, Mr. Colvin tells us,¹ 'his social charm was already at its height. He was passing through a period of neatness between two of Bohemian carelessness as to dress, and so its effect was immediate.' But indeed at any time he 'had only to speak in order to be recognised in the first minute for a witty and charming gentleman, and within the first five for a master spirit and man of genius.'

At all events, by his hosts and by his fellow-guests his attraction was quickly felt, and the month of August, which passed away with no other episodes than a croquet party or a school feast, was nevertheless a landmark in his career.

From Suffolk he returned to Swanston with increased confidence and raised hopes, and at once plunged into work. The essay on 'Roads' was completed and sent to the *Saturday Review*, and he began a paper on 'Walt Whitman.'²

¹ *Letters*, i. 45, xxxix, xl.

² It was this article that he afterwards described:—'I had written another paper full of gratitude for the help that had been given me in my life, full of enthusiasm for the intrinsic merit of the poems, and conceived in the noisiest extreme of youthful eloquence.'—Preface to *Familiar Studies*.

But the preceding winter had tried him in mind and body, and he was now further weakened by a severe attack of diphtheria. In February his father had come across a draft of the constitution of the L. J. R., (p. 90), and had taken the society as seriously as the youngest of its members could have wished. The acute misunderstanding was limited to part of this year, and then by degrees it passed away. When Mr. Stevenson had determined beforehand on any course of action, he would throw himself into the part he had proposed with an energy and emphasis which were often, unconsciously to himself, far in excess of the situation or of the words he had intended to employ. 'I have the family failing of taking strong views,' he had written to his future wife in 1848, 'and of expressing those views strongly.' A scene with him was no figure of words: he suffered the extreme of the emotions he depicted; and the knowledge and fear of this result made any difference between them very painful to his son. The differences arose, or threatened to arise again, the winter was coming on, and Louis' work came to an end.

An idea had arisen that he might be called not to the Scottish, but to the English Bar; and as his hopes were now directed towards London, the scheme was very welcome. To London accordingly he went in the last week of October with a view of entering one of the Inns of Court and passing the preliminary examination, if he could convince the examiners. The scheme was quickly laid aside. His friends in town found him so unwell that they at once insisted on his seeing Dr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Clark. The diagnosis was plain—nervous exhaustion with a threatening of phthisis: the prescription was chiefly mental—a winter in the Riviera by himself, and in complete freedom from anxiety or worry. His mother came and saw him off, and on the 5th of November he started for Mentone, three weeks before his article on 'Roads' had appeared in the *Portfolio*, of which P. G. Hamerton was editor.

How he sat in the sun and read George Sand his letters tell us; and all that he thought and felt and saw during the first six weeks was written down next spring in *Ordered South*: a paper 'not particularly well written,' he thought, but 'scrupulously correct.' In the meantime, in 'numbness of spirit' he rested and recovered strength. It was one of the halting-places of life, and there he sat by the wayside to recruit and prepare for a fresh advance. Mrs. Sitwell's letters brightened his solitude, as they had already cheered and helped him in Edinburgh. His answers to her show better than any analysis or description the solace and the strength which came to him from her hands. To overcome depression, to realise a due proportion in the troubles of youth, to surmount the passing moods of immaturity—all this falls more or less to the lot of every man. It is the good fortune of some to receive in this crisis that service which it is generally beyond the power of a man to bestow, and which is possible only for the few women who combine a quick intelligence and a knowledge of the world with charm of temperament and intuition heightened by sympathy.

In his hotel at Mentone Stevenson made the acquaintance of two or three congenial people, who lent him Clough and other books which he read with interest; but as yet he was too weak for any serious reading, and was hardly fit for the exertion of talking to strangers. His internal struggles were of course not at an end, although he found them for the time less harassing; his moral doubts changed with his position, and took on a new phase. His own account, of which I have already quoted a part, after mentioning the circumstances of his being sent abroad for his health, thus continues:—

'In the meantime you must hear how my friend acted. Like many invalids he supposed that he would die. Now should he die, he saw no means of repaying this huge loan which, by the hands of his father, mankind had

advanced him for his sickness. In that case it would be lost money. So he determined that the advance should be as small as possible; and, so long as he continued to doubt his recovery, lived in an upper room, and grudged himself all but necessities. But so soon as he began to perceive a change for the better, he felt justified in spending more freely, to speed and brighten his return to health, and trusted in the future to lend a help to mankind, as mankind, out of its treasury, had lent a help to him.¹

In April he described the course of his recovery to his mother in similar terms. 'I just noticed last night a curious example of how I have changed since I have been a little better: I burn two candles every night now; for long, I never lit but one, and when my eyes were too weary to read any more, I put even that out and sat in the dark. Any prospect of recovery changed all that.'

By the middle of December one stage of his convalescence was already made. He was now to experience another advantage of his newly formed friendships, as Mr. Colvin joined him at Mentone, and supplied the intimate conversation and discussion which had become his chief need. There was no great change in his life; they passed the time quietly enough, together or apart, as the fancy took them; reading *Woodstock* aloud, or plunged in talk on any or all subjects; sitting in the olive yards or in a boat, basking in the sun; or in 'some nook upon St. Martin's Cape, haunted by the voice of breakers, and fragrant with the threefold sweetness of the rosemary and the sea pines and the sea.'

For a few days they went to Monte Carlo, where they 'produced the effect of something unnatural upon the people,' because where everybody gambled all night, they spent their evenings at home; but they soon returned to Mentone, and there in the hotel to which the chance of

¹ 'Lay Morals': *Juvenilia*, p. 331.

accommodation brought them, were fortunate in finding a small but very cosmopolitan society, which greatly brightened Stevenson's stay, when his companion had to leave him. The chief members of this little coterie were a Georgian lady and her sister with two little daughters; M. Robinet, a French painter; and an American and his wife and child, 'one of the best story-tellers in the world, a man who can make a whole table-d'hôte listen to him for ten minutes while he tells how he lost his dog and found him again.' With the younger of the Russian children, Nelitschka, 'a little polyglot button' of only two and a half, who spoke six languages, or fragments of them, Stevenson at once struck up a great friendship, and his letters for the next three months are full of her, and her sayings and doings.

She was almost, if not quite, the only very young child who ever came much under his notice after the days of his own boyhood, and she seems to have been so extraordinarily brilliant and fascinating a little creature that there is nothing to wonder at in the great attraction which she had for him. The ladies, moreover, were women of cultivation and refinement; full of spirits, and always devising fresh amusements: telling fortunes, writing characters, dancing Russian dances and singing Russian airs, and charmed, to Stevenson's intense delight, by what he afterwards loved to call, with James Mohr, 'the melancholy tunes of my native mountains.' It was one of the episodes of real life; an introduction of characters, who never reappear in the story, an episode such as literature rejects; but it made Stevenson's path smoother at a time when he was unable to climb steep places, and it took his thoughts off himself and hastened his recovery, while he was still unfit for prolonged exertion or any serious study.

Their circle was afterwards increased by the arrival of another friend of the Russians, the prince whose clever and voluble talk he has described in one of his letters, by

whom he was nearly persuaded to take a course of Law, during the summer, at the University of Göttingen. At this time and place also began Stevenson's friendship with Mr. Andrew Lang, who was then staying in the Riviera and one day called upon Mr. Colvin. The impression Stevenson produced was, Mr. Lang confesses, 'not wholly favourable':—

'A man of twenty-two, his smooth face, the more girlish by reason of his long hair, was hectic. Clad in a wide blue cloak, he looked nothing less than English, except Scotch.' The impression received was that the other was 'Oxfordish'; but Mr. Lang may console himself with the thought that this was before he had avowed his preference for St. Andrews. In spite of so tepid a beginning the acquaintance prospered, and grew into a friendship which endured until the end.

When Mr. Colvin, after one brief absence, finally returned to England, his companion was already working again, though still far from strong. Even by the middle of March, he says that he is 'idle; but a man of eighty can't be too active, and that is my age.'

As the days went on, it was time for him to turn northwards, but he was loth to go. He wrote to his mother '22nd Feb. 1874.—What keeps me here is just precisely the said society. These people are so nice and kind and intelligent, and then as I shall never see them any more, I have a disagreeable feeling about making the move. With ordinary people in England, you have always the chance of rencountering one another; at least you may see their death in the papers; but for these people, they die for me, and I die for them when we separate.' On such terms he parted from them, not without the promise of a visit to their home in Poland, which, by no fault of his, was never accomplished.

In the beginning of April he reached Paris, and there found his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, who had now taken up painting as a profession, and had been studying during

the winter at Antwerp. This was Louis' first independent acquaintance with Paris, and he delayed his return to Edinburgh till the end of the month, when the weather in the North might be more favourable. But this was only a measure of caution, and for several years to come we hear no more of his health as affecting his movements, or seriously hindering his work.

On his return home he found that many of his troubles had vanished. He had not of course solved the riddle of the universe, nor adjusted all contending duties, nor mastered all his impulses and appetites. He had not learned to handle his pen with entire precision, or to say exactly the thing he wished in the manner perfectly befitting it; nor was his way of life open before him. But his relations with his parents were on the old footing once more, and in the religious question a *modus vivendi* seems to have been established with his father. Probably nothing short of dogmatic orthodoxy would have given entire satisfaction, but at least this much already was gained, that the son's character for honesty was established, and his desire for the truth fully recognised.

The question of his allowance was now reconsidered. The man who had been trusted freely with all the money necessary for his expensive sojourn abroad, could not be put back to his small pocket-money, and it was settled that in future he was to receive seven pounds a month, more even than he himself had thought of suggesting.

Money at his command and friends in the South forthwith changed his mode of life. For the whole seven years of the preceding period he had only crossed the Border thrice, but henceforth he was never continuously at home for more than three months at a time. Three springs and two autumns he spent in Edinburgh or at Swanston, but in the intervals his face became familiar in London, Paris, and the resorts of painters near Fontainebleau. But all the time he never went far afield, and

between 1874 and 1879 seems not to have travelled further than three hundred miles from the English coast.

In Edinburgh his attention still had for some little time to be given to the study and pursuit of the law. All idea of the English Bar was apparently given up, and in the winter session of 1874 he resumed his attendance at the lectures of the University professors on Conveyancing, Scots Law, and Constitutional Law and History. On July 14, 1875, he successfully passed his Final Examination, and two days after was called to the Scottish Bar. On the 25th he had his first, complimentary brief, and the following day he sailed for London on his way to France. 'Accept my hearty congratulations on being done with it,' Jenkin wrote. 'I believe that is the view you like to take of the beginning you have just made.' Stevenson returned, however, in the end of September, and during the next few months made some sort of effort to practise, although he does not seem to have impressed anybody outside his own family as being a serious lawyer. He frequented the great hall of the Parliament House, which, like Westminster in old days, is the centre of the courts, and the haunt of advocates waiting for business. The brass plate with his name, usual in Scotland, was affixed to the door of 17 Heriot Row, and he had the fourth or fifth share in the services of a clerk, whom it is alleged that he did not know by sight. He had in all four briefs, and the total of his fees never reached double figures. One piece of business might, he told me, have assumed real importance, but a compromise brought it to an end. 'If it had prospered,' he said, 'I might have stuck to the Bar, and then I suppose I should have been dead of the climate long ago.'

Once only was he conspicuously before the Court, and this publicity was due neither to the weightiness of the matter nor to the brilliancy of the advocate. One day he met in the street a certain judge of the Court of

Session, whom he saluted in the customary manner. Stevenson had just emerged from a public-house, and was dressed at the time in a suit of old clothes which may have been dear to his heart, but were certainly not of the style habitual to members of the Bar. The judge looked surprised, but acknowledged the salute and passed on. When Stevenson reached home, he found a brief waiting for him with instructions to 'waken'¹ a certain case the next day before this very judge. At the hour appointed he appeared in his robes, wigged and properly habited, and expecting the empty court usual for such formal business. But he reckoned without numbers of his friends, who, having got wind of the brief, came in to see how he would acquit himself, and the court was crowded. The judge scented a joke; recognised his young friend of the day before; asked who he was, and proceeded to require a great deal of entirely unnecessary information about the details of the case. The brief contained no allusion to these facts; counsel was completely ignorant of the history; the solicitor took care to keep well out of the way, and enjoyed the joke from the back of the court, until at last Stevenson's eye fell upon him, and the judge was referred to him for all further facts. So counsel escaped, but he had his quarter of an hour.

The Advocates' Library in the Parliament House is the best in Scotland; and here Stevenson hoped to get some of his literary work done, while he was waiting for briefs. But the division of interests and the attractive company of his fellows were too unsettling; he soon returned to his own upper room in his father's house, and came no more to the *Salle des Pas Perdus*.

But although, after he abandoned Parliament House, he was no longer confined to the city of his birth, it was still his home and the point of return from his wanderings in England or abroad. Three of the first

¹ *I.e.* make a purely formal motion that it be replaced in the list, in order to prevent it from lapsing.

four friends named in the preceding chapter were, like himself, now released from the necessity of living constantly in Edinburgh, yet their connection with it was maintained, and they continued more or less frequently to visit it; while Professor Jenkin and Mr. Baxter remained resident there as before.

Nor did Stevenson's manner of life, at the times when he was in Edinburgh, suffer any sudden change. We must think of him in Scotland at this time as living chiefly in the society of a few intimates, still wandering about the city and its neighbourhood, 'craping acquaintance with all classes of man- and woman-kind,' travelling deliberately through his ages and getting the heart out of his own liberal education, still to some extent in bonds to himself, though he had escaped in a degree from circumstance. No longer as a supplement to professional studies, but now as his avowed business, he wrote and rewrote, he blotted and recast his essays, tales, verses and plays as before, and accomplished much solid work. From general society he still held aloof, and it was in 1875 that he last took part in the Jenkins' theatricals, acting the Duke in *Twelfth Night*.

'He played no character on the stage as he could play himself among his friends' was his verdict upon Jenkin, and it was even more applicable to himself where his own friends were concerned; but as yet he could not modify his attitude towards the burghess or the Philistine, or forgo the intolerance of youth.

All this did not heighten his popularity or the estimation in which he was held, nor was he generally looked upon at this time as likely ever to bring honour to his native city. The brilliance and diversity of his talk appealed to few of his fellow-citizens, whether old or young, and merely disconcerted those whose minds ran in narrower grooves. Mostly they perceived little more than the exterior of the lad, with his dilapidated clothes, his long hair, and distaste for office life. The companions

who knew him best did not spare their criticism or laughter, and it was at this time that names like Flibbertigibbet and Mr. Fastidious Brisk were aimed at his volubility and exaggeration on the one hand, and a supposed tendency to sprightliness and affectation of phrase upon the other.

It is a keen eye which can discern in a young man the difference between the belief in gifts which he does not possess, and his consciousness of powers as yet undeveloped, until Time, which tries all, reduces the one and justifies the other. It was chiefly the older men who looked with a kindly glance upon the manifestations of his youth, such as old Mr. Baxter, who had for him as warm an appreciation as his son Charles had found in turn at the hands of Thomas Stevenson; Mr. J. T. Mowbray, the family lawyer, a grim, dry, warm-hearted old bachelor, whom I have always fancied to be the original of Mr. Utterson in *Jekyll and Hyde*; Mr. Robert Hunter, of whom Stevenson has left a speaking portrait in the second part of *Talk and Talkers*; and other friendly veterans. These seem best to have realised the good that was in him, and indeed the husk is hardly noticeable to those who can read (as his contemporaries could not) how the frail lad found a lost child of three crying in the street in the middle of the night, and carried him half over Edinburgh, wrapped in his own greatcoat, while he sought in vain for the missing parents.¹

And still, as in his childhood and as in most of his books, happiness came to him chiefly in the country. Long walks in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh; summer evenings in the garden at Swanston, or on Caerketton or Allermuir; days passed in canoeing on the Forth at Queensferry, or skating upon Duddingston Loch—these were the chief part of his outdoor life, and the last of his time that was spent amid the scenery of his boyish days.

¹ *Letters*, i. 89.

In August 1874 he was yachting for a month with Sir Walter Simpson and Mr. T. Barclay, on the West coast of Scotland. 'Some of the brightest moments of my life were passed over tinned mulligatawny in the cabin of a sixteen-ton schooner storm-stayed in Portree Bay.'¹ The *Heron*, a fore and aft schooner, had two Devon men as crew, and their labours were supplemented by the help of the owners and their friends. 'My health is a miracle. I expose myself to rain, and walk, and row, and over-eat myself. I eat, I drink, I bathe in the briny, I sleep.' His return to Swanston was characteristically announced: 'I left my pipe on board the yacht, my umbrella in the dog-cart, and my portmanteau by the way,' and he reached home without his luggage, in a hat borrowed from one of his friends and a coat belonging to another.

In the following winter there came to him a new friendship. 'Yesterday,² Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary, and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more. It was very sad to see him there in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed; a girl came in to visit the children, and played dominoes on the counterpane with them; the gas flared and crackled, the fire burned in a dull, economical way; Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air.'

Here was no ordinary patient: the poet was Mr. W. E. Henley, who had come to Edinburgh to be under the care of Lister. The cheerful talk was but the first of many; if we may treat Stevenson's essays³ as autobiographical, for a part of his youth he was wont to 'avoid

¹ *Silverado Squatters*, p. 244. ² 13th February 1875. *Letters*, i. p. 86.

³ 'Old Mortality,' *Memories and Portraits*, p. 111.

the hospital doors, the pale faces, the sweet whiff of chloroform,' but that time was now past. Here was a man of kindred spirit to himself, in need of the companionship that none could better give, and from that time forth Stevenson was his friend, and placed himself and all that he had at his disposal. He soon returned, bringing books, piles of Balzac, 'big yellow books, quite impudently French,'¹ and with the books he brought Mr. Baxter and others of his friends. In return, he found a friendship based on common tastes in literature and music, the talk of a true poet, the insight of one of the freshest and clearest and strongest of critics, whose training had been free from academic limitations, and whose influence was different in kind from the criticism on which the younger man had learned to rely, though not less full of stimulation and force.

In these years he first discovered that taste for classical music which was afterwards fostered by successive friends. The revelation dated from a concert in Edinburgh for which some one had given him a ticket, and to which he went with reluctance. It was a Beethoven quartet, I think, that then burst upon him for the first time, and on that day he permanently added another to the many pleasures he so keenly enjoyed, although it was some years before he attempted to make any music for himself.

To London in these years he paid frequent visits, and several times stayed with Mr. Colvin at Cambridge, besides spending a week or two with him at Hampstead in June 1874. This last occasion, however, and a return to the same place in the autumn of that year were practically indistinguishable from his life in London. On June 3, 1874, after only six weeks' delay, he was elected a member of the Savile Club,² which had been

¹ *Book of Verses*, p. 47, by William Ernest Henley.

² Mr. Colvin proposed him, and he was supported by Mr. Andrew Lang, Prof. Fleeming Jenkin, Mr. Basil Champneys, Prof. W. K. Clifford, and Mr. C. B. B. M'Laren.

founded five years before, and was still in its original house, 15 Savile Row. This was for the next five years the centre of his London life, and though it would probably be a mistake to speak as if it were at once to him all that it afterwards became, yet, since he was of all men the most clubbable, from the beginning it gave him ample opportunities of acquaintance with men of various tastes, many of them of great ability, even if they had not yet achieved or were not achieving a reputation. Some of the members he already knew. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Andrew Lang he had previously met in the Riviera; Professor Masson was an Edinburgh friend of the family; to Dr. Appleton, editor of the *Academy*, and Mr. Walter Pollock, editor of the *Saturday Review*, he was soon introduced; but it would be long to enumerate the friends, and idle to recapitulate the acquaintances, that Stevenson soon made within those walls.

Into formal society nothing would ever have induced him to go in London any more than in Edinburgh; he invariably refused the opportunities which presented themselves to him, as they sooner or later have always presented themselves to young men with any reputation for social gifts and original conversation. In 1874, when he came to London for the first time under new auspices, he seems to have met Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and a few other well-known people, chiefly at the house of Sir Leslie Stephen, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Colvin. His great and natural desire to see Carlyle was frustrated, for Mr. Stephen (as he then was), on whose kind offices he depended, found the sage in one of his darker moods and at a moment of irritation. He had just been suffering at the hands of an interviewer for whom he fancied Stephen was responsible, and when Stevenson was mentioned as a young Scot who was most anxious to meet him, and who had

taken to the study of Knox, the senior would only say that he did not see why anybody should want either to see his 'wretched old carcase' or to say anything more about Knox, and that the young man had better apply when he had put his studies into an articulate shape. So Stevenson never met his fellow-countryman.

Besides the visits to London and Cambridge there were many journeys and excursions;¹ and the importance of such travel to him in these days may be estimated by the degree in which it formed the topic of his early writings. Between 1871 and 1876 no less than nine of his papers deal with travel or the external appearance of places known to him; and it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that his first three books were the *Inland Voyage*, the *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh*, and the *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*.

In the autumn of 1874 he joined his parents in an expedition to Chester and Barmouth, and in October took the walk in Buckinghamshire described the following spring in the *Portfolio* under the title of 'An Autumn Effect.' This ended, as a matter of fact, with his only visit to Oxford;² but Oxford and Cambridge left no more trace in his work than, at an earlier age, Rome or Naples or Venice. A reference to the chimes of the one, a conversation (in an unpublished novel) carried on at the other, and a few general remarks about the contrast between Scotch and English universities are all that is to be found about them in his writings.

In 1875 came the walk up the valley of the Loing with Sir Walter Simpson, in which Stevenson's costume

¹ A pencil list of towns in which he had slept, compiled about 1886, to relieve the tedium of illness, gives the following totals:—England, 46 towns—19 more than once; Scotland, 50—23 more than once; France, 74—31 more than once; the rest of Europe, 40—16 more than once.

² Unless it were another time when he visited Mr. Lang at Merton. The visit to Oxford is not mentioned in the *Portfolio*, but in a letter to his mother.

led to the incarceration described in *An Epilogue to An Inland Voyage*, and this trip being cut short, he joined his parents, as he had intended, at Wiesbaden, and went with them to Homburg and Mainz.

In 1876 he spent the second week in January walking in Carrick and Galloway,¹ when he slept a night at Ballantrae, and later in the year, after a visit in August to the Jenkins near Loch Carron, he joined Sir Walter Simpson again and took the canoe journey of the *Inland Voyage* from Antwerp to Brussels and then from the French frontier by the Oise almost to the Seine.

These journeys and the general change in Stevenson's life were rendered possible, as I have said, by the liberality of his father (some ten years later he wrote, 'I fall always on my feet; but I am constrained to add that the best part of my legs seems to be my father'),² yet it must not be supposed that Stevenson even now was often in funds. He was open-handed to a fault; and he had many wants of his own which often went unsatisfied. It is to this period that a story belongs which he was fond of telling against himself. He was staying in London, and had protracted his visit to the extreme limit of his resources. On his way back to the North he arrived at the station with a sum barely sufficient for the cheapest ticket, available only by a night journey, and a newly bought copy of Mr. Swinburne's *Queen Mother and Rosamond*. On learning his deficiency, he tried his best powers of persuasion on the booking-clerk, but in vain: the man, in his blindness, refused to accept the book as any part of the payment, and, if I remember right, Stevenson passed the day in the station without food, and reached home next morning in a famished condition.

Thus, as we have seen, with the exception of his release from law, and the friendship with Mr. Henley, conditions in Edinburgh remained much the same; the Savile and

¹ *Juvenilia*, p. 169.

² May 1885.

the people he met there were, together with Mr. Colvin's advice and help, the principal feature of his life in England ; it is to France that we must turn for the other influences chiefly affecting him, and for the circumstances of most importance in determining his development at this period. In the winter of 1873-74 he had, as we have seen, renewed acquaintance with the Riviera, which in later days was to become yet more familiar. For the present he returned to that neighbourhood no more, but there was no year from 1874 to 1879 in which he did not pay one or more visits of several weeks' duration to another part of France. Except for the time that he was in the Cevennes and on his cruise down the Oise, he stayed mostly in the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, in the valley of the Loing, or in Paris itself. Sometimes, as at Monastier, he was alone ; sometimes, as at Nemours or at Cernay la Ville, he was with his cousin Bob or Sir Walter Simpson ; but for the most part he lived in familiar intercourse with the artists who frequented his favourite resorts. The life was congenial to him, and his companions understood his temperament, if they did not necessarily appreciate his passion for letters. French was the only foreign tongue he ever mastered, and in that he acquired real proficiency. His knowledge of the language and literature was considerable, and its influence on his work was entirely for good, as it increased the delicacy and clearness of his style, and yet left his originality unimpaired.

It was the country again which seems to have affected him most and not the city ; in both he lived with the same intimates, but though Paris might be the more exciting, yet at Fontainebleau he came with lasting results under the influence of the forest, and from it he carried away many vital memories.¹

When his friends were painting, he often betook himself to lonely walks and meditations among the rocks

¹ 'Forest Notes': *Juvenilia*, p. 211.

and woods, but company and conversation counted for a great deal. 'I knew three young men who walked together daily for some two months in a solemn and beautiful forest and in cloudless summer weather; daily they talked with unabated zest, and yet scarce wandered that whole time beyond two subjects—theology and love.'¹

His earliest and perhaps his most frequent haunt was Barbizon. It had been the home of Millet, and its fields were the scene of the Angelus. In the village there existed an inn which was reserved for the artists, a strange society compounded of all nationalities, in which French, English, and Americans predominated. Stevenson himself has described it in an essay.²

'I was for some time a consistent Barbizonian; *et ego in Arcadiâ vixi*; it was a pleasant season; and that noiseless hamlet lying close among the borders of the wood is for me, as for so many others, a green spot in memory. The great Millet was just dead; the green shutters of his modest house were closed; his daughters were in mourning. The date of my first visit was thus an epoch in the history of art.

'Siron's inn, that excellent artists' barrack, was managed upon easy principles. At any hour of the night, when you returned from wandering in the forest, you went to the billiard-room and helped yourself to liquors, or descended to the cellar and returned laden with beer or wine. The Sirones were all locked in slumber; there was none to check your inroads; only at the week's end a computation was made, the gross sum was divided, and a varying share set down to every lodger's name under the rubric, *estrats*. Upon the more long-suffering the larger tax was levied; and your bill lengthened in a direct proportion to the easiness of your disposition. At any hour of the morning, again, you could get your coffee or cold milk and set forth into the

¹ *Talk and Talkers*, p. 185.

² *Later Essays*: Fontainebleau, p. 212.

forest. The doves had perhaps wakened you, fluttering into your chamber ; and on the threshold of the inn you were met by the aroma of the forest. Close by were the great aisles, the mossy boulders, the interminable field of forest shadow. There you were free to dream and wander. And at noon, and again at six o'clock, a good meal awaited you on Siron's table. The whole of your accommodation, set aside that varying item of the *estrats*, cost you five francs a day ; your bill was never offered you until you asked for it ; and if you were out of luck's way, you might depart for where you pleased and leave it pending.

'Theoretically, the house was open to all comers ; practically, it was a kind of club. The guests protected themselves, and, in so doing, they protected Siron. Formal manners being laid aside, essential courtesy was the more rigidly exacted ; the new arrival had to feel the pulse of the society ; and a breach of its undefined observances was promptly punished. A man might be as plain, as dull, as slovenly, as free of speech as he desired ; but to a touch of presumption or a word of hectoring these free Barbizonians were as sensitive as a tea-party of maiden ladies. I have seen people driven forth from Barbizon ; it would be difficult to say in words what they had done, but they deserved their fate. They had shown themselves unworthy to enjoy these corporate freedoms ; they had pushed themselves ; they had "made their head" ; they wanted tact to appreciate the "fine shades" of Barbizonian etiquette. And, once they were condemned, the process of extrusion was ruthless in its cruelty : after one evening with the formidable Bodmer, the Bailly of our commonwealth, the erring stranger was beheld no more ; he rose exceeding early the next day, and the first coach conveyed him from the scene of his discomfiture. These sentences of banishment were never, in my knowledge, delivered against an artist ; such would, I believe, have been illegal ; but the odd and pleasant

fact is this, that they were never needed. Painters, sculptors, writers, singers, I have seen all of these in Barbizon, and some were sulky, and some were blatant and inane; but one and all entered into the spirit of the association. . . .

'Our society, thus purged and guarded, was full of high spirits, of laughter, and of the initiative of youth. The few elder men who joined us were still young at heart, and took the key from their companions. We returned from long stations in the fortifying air, our blood renewed by the sunshine, our spirits refreshed by the silence of the forest; the Babel of loud voices sounded good; we fell to eat and play like the natural man; and in the high inn chamber, paneled with indifferent pictures, and lit by candles guttering in the night air, the talk and laughter sounded far into the night. It was a good place and a good life for any naturally minded youth; better yet for the student of painting, and perhaps best of all for the student of letters. He, too, was saturated in this atmosphere of style; he was shut out from the disturbing currents of the world; he might forget that there existed other and more pressing interests than that of art. But, in such a place, it was hardly possible to write; he could not drug his conscience, like the painter, by the production of listless studies; he saw himself idle among many who were apparently, and some who were really, employed; and what with the impulse of increasing health and the continual provocation of romantic scenes, he became tormented with the desire to work. He enjoyed a strenuous idleness full of visions, hearty meals, long, sweltering walks, mirth among companions; and, still floating like music through his brain, foresights of great works that Shakespeare might be proud to have conceived, headless epics, glorious torsos of dramas, and words that were alive with import. . . . We were all artists; almost all in the age of illusion, cultivating an

imaginary genius, and walking to the strains of some deceiving Ariel ; small wonder, indeed, if we were happy !'

Barbizon, however, was by no means the only resort of painters in this neighbourhood, nor the only one which Stevenson frequented : in the same paper he enumerates its rivals from his full knowledge. Marlotte, Montigny,¹ and Chailly-en-Bière he knew ; Cernay la Ville was a favourite of his cousin Bob ; but it was Grez which, in spite of an unpromising introduction, was his favourite quarters, and has the most important place in his history.

' *Barbizon* [*Summer* '75].

' MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have been three days at a place called Grez, a pretty and very melancholy village on the plain. A low bridge, with many arches choked with sedge ; green fields of white and yellow water-lilies ; poplars and willows innumerable ; and about it all such an atmosphere of sadness and slackness, one could do nothing but get into the boat and out of it again, and yawn for bedtime. . . . I was very glad to be back again in this dear place, and smell the wet forest in the morning.'

But later he wrote how delightful it was 'to awake in Grez, to go down the green inn-garden, to find the river streaming through the bridge, and to see the dawn begin across the poplared level. The meals are laid in the cool arbour, under fluttering leaves. The splash of oars and bathers, the bathing costumes out to dry, the trim canoes beside the jetty, tell of a society that has an eye to pleasure. There is "something to do" at Grez. Perhaps, for that very reason, I can recall no such enduring ardours, no such glories of exhilaration, as among the solemn groves and uneventful hours of Barbizon. This "something to do" is a great enemy to joy ; it is a way out of it ; you wreak your high spirits on some cut-and-dry employment, and behold them gone !

¹ Where Mr. W. H. Low's quarters summed up the delights of the 'Envoy' to *Underwoods*.

But Grez is a merry place after its kind: pretty to see, merry to inhabit. The course of its pellucid river, whether up or down, is full of attractions for the navigator; the mirrored and inverted images of trees; lilies, and mills, and the foam and thunder of weirs. And of all noble sweeps of roadway, none is nobler, on a windy dusk, than the highroad to Nemours between its lines of talking poplar.¹

Nemours itself he knew well, and there he often stayed. His first visit is described in a letter to his mother in 1875:—

‘Nemours is a beautiful little town, watered by a great canal and a little river. The river is crossed by an infinity of little bridges, and the houses have courts and gardens, and come down in stairs to the very brim; and washerwomen sit everywhere in curious little pent-houses and sheds. A sort of reminiscence of Amsterdam. The old castle turned now into a ballroom and cheap theatre; the seats of the pit (the places are 1f. and 2fs. in this theatre) are covered with old Gobelins tapestry; one can still see heads in helmets. In the actors’ dressing-room are curious old Henry Fourth looking-glasses. On the other hand, the old manacles are now kept laid by in a box, with a lot of flower-pots on the top of it, in a room with four canary birds.’

If the country had the more influence in the end, Paris provided more variety and more diversion. There Stevenson stayed, in all manner of lodgings, varying from Meurice’s Hotel (which was little to his liking) to students’ accommodation in the Quartier Latin, and scattered throughout a region extending from Montmartre on the north to Mont Parnasse on the south.

At one time he writes: ‘I am in a new quarter, and *flâne* about in a leisurely way. I dine every day in a *crémérie* with a party of Americans, an Irishman, and sometimes an English lady.’ Again: ‘I am living along

¹ *Later Essays*: Fontainebleau, p. 220; cf. *Juvenilia*, p. 199.

with some fellows, and we partly make our own food, and have great fun marketing.' Another time: 'I have been engaged in a wild hunt for books—all forenoon, all afternoon, with occasional returns to Rue Racine with an armful. I have spent nearly all my money; and if I have luck in to-day's hunt, I believe I shall lay my head on the pillow to-night a beggar. But I have had goodish luck, and a heap of nice books. Please advance me £10 of my allowance. . . . Heaps of articles growing before me. Hurray.' An attempt to work in some of the public libraries of Paris failed: the face of officialism was too daunting. 'They are worse than banks—if that be possible. . . . In public offices of all kinds I feel like Esther before Ahasuerus. I suspect there was some truth in my father's turkeying;¹ for the vice has descended to me.'

This was the period when his letters were least frequent and least satisfactory, but of his sojourns in Paris no other memorial survives except the first chapters of *The Wrecker*, which partly in detail and wholly in spirit are drawn from Stevenson's recollections of these years. In addition I have collected a few fragments of letters and papers, which may help to eke out the scanty material for a picture of that time.

The first is a letter to his mother, describing a student's entertainment in the studio which was afterwards depicted in *Trilby*.

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—I was out last night at a party in a fellow's studio over in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. Some of the people were in costume. One girl was so pretty and looked so happy that it did your heart good to see her. The studio looked very strange, lit with Chinese lanterns and a couple of strange lamps. The floor had been rubbed with candles, and was very slippery. O'Meara, in his character of young Donny-

¹ P. 17.

brook, tumbled about like a pair of old boots, and —, for all he is so little, managed to fall into the arms of every girl he danced with, as he went round in the last figure of the quadrille. There was nothing to eat but sweet biscuits, and nothing to drink but syrup and water. It was a rum event.'

The next was a typical holiday.

'11th October, Paris.—Here I am so far on my way home. . . . Yesterday I had a splendid day. Luxembourg in the morning. Breakfast. Bob, Gaudes the sculptor, Low and I: hours of very good talk in the French idiom. All afternoon in the Louvre, till they turned us out unwilling. At night, the Français, *Rome Vaincue*, an impossible play, with Sarah Bernhardt as the blind grandmother, most sublime to behold. At breakfast we had lobster mayonnaise, kidneys, brochet, and tomates farcies, with lots of Carton. Dinner was a mere hurried sustentation of the immortal spirit before exposing it to another excitement. A splendid day, but two running would not do.'

The theatre was a great delight to him. Although he had read (and written) plays from his early years, had revelled in the melodramas of the toy-theatre, and had acted with the Jenkins and in other private theatricals, I find no reference to his having visited a theatre before December 1874, when he found Irving's Hamlet 'interesting (for it is really studied) but not good'; and there is no sign of his having been really impressed until he saw Salvini as Macbeth at Edinburgh in the spring of 1876. Of this performance he wrote a criticism for the *Academy*, which he afterwards condemned as dealing with a subject that was still beyond the resources of his art.¹ He himself, I am told, was never a tolerable actor, and certainly was never allotted a part of any importance. But his enthusiasm for the drama was great, and during these years was heightened and

¹ *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, p. 145.

instructed by the two chief friends who shared his taste—Professor Jenkin and Mr. Henley.

He used to speak with delight of Delaunay's performance in a play by Alexandre Dumas, *Mademoiselle de Belleisle*, declaring that in calling out through a window on the stage to some one supposed to be in the castle-court below, Delaunay had succeeded in so modulating his voice as 'to make you feel the cold night air and the moonlight.'

One of his visits to the theatre led to a very characteristic scene, described long afterwards in a letter to Mr. Archer. The play had been the *Demi-Monde* of Dumas fils, in the last act of which Olivier de Jalin employs an unworthy stratagem against the woman who had been his mistress.

'I came forth from that performance in a breathing heat of indignation. . . . On my way down the Français stairs, I trod on an old gentleman's toes, whereupon, with that suavity which so well becomes me, I turned about to apologise, and on the instant, repenting me of that intention, stopped the apology midway, and added something in French to this effect: 'No, you are one of the *lâches* who have been applauding that piece. I retract my apology.' Said the old Frenchman, laying his hand on my arm, and with a smile that was truly heavenly in temperance, irony, good-nature, and knowledge of the world, 'Ah, monsieur, vous êtes bien jeune.'¹

To this time also belongs the story reported by Mr. Andrew Lang.² Stevenson, one day at a café, hearing a Frenchman say that the English were cowards, promptly hit him across the face. 'Monsieur, vous m'avez frappé!' said the Gaul. 'A ce qu'il paraît,' said the Scot, and there the incident ended. It is an instance the more of his fearlessness; for, although he would never have hesitated, he was quite incompetent to fight a duel with either pistol or sword.

¹ *Letters*, ii. 94.

² *North American Review*, Feb. 1895.

The effect produced upon outsiders must sometimes have been rather bewildering. He used to tell how one day he and his cousin Bob, happening to be rather more in funds than usual, went to dine in one of the cafés of the Palais Royal. 'The café was not very full,' so I remember the story, 'and there was nobody near us, but presently a gentleman and his wife came in and sat down at the next table. They were evidently people of good position, well dressed and distinguished in appearance. But they were talking French, and we paid not the slightest attention to them. We had lately got hold of the works of Thomas Aquinas, and our conversation was on the most extraordinary medley of subjects—on men, women, and things, with a very large leaven of mediæval theology, and on all we spoke in English with the most startling frankness and with the most bewildering transitions. Bob is the best talker in the world; I never knew him more brilliant, and I did my best.

'Those people sat and had their dinner and took not the slightest notice of us, but talked quietly to one another in Parisian French. Just before they got up to go, the gentleman turned to his wife and said to her in English without a trace of accent, "My dear, won't you take anything more?" I have often wondered who they were, and what on earth they thought of us.'

His deficiencies in letter-writing and his protracted absences from home led very naturally to protests from his parents and especially from his mother. The answer was characteristic.

Euston Hotel, 16th Oct. 1874.

'You must not be vexed at my absences. You must understand that I shall be a nomad, more or less, until my days be done. You don't know how much I used to long for it in old days; how I used to go and look at the trains leaving, and wish to go with them. And now, you know, that I have a little more that is solid under my feet, you must take my nomadic habits as a part of me.

Just wait till I am in swing, and you will see that I shall pass more of my life with you than elsewhere; only take me as I am, and give me time. I *must* be a bit of a vagabond; it's your own fault, after all, isn't it? You shouldn't have had a tramp for a son.'

While the man was in the making during these years, the writer also was passing through the stages of a development which was unusually protracted. The perfecting of his style was necessarily a work of time, but in the meanwhile, if he had seen his way to use the gifts at his command, his love of romance, his imagination, and his vivid interest in life might well have enabled him to produce work which would have secured him immediate popularity and reward.

Nothing of the sort, however, was accomplished, and, high as his standard always was, this delay may well have been a gain for his ultimate success. During the six years between his first appearance as a printed and paid author and the publication of the *Travels with a Donkey*, his published work consisted of some six-and-twenty magazine articles, chiefly critical and social essays, just half of which were in the *Cornhill Magazine*; two small books of travel; two books in serial instalments, afterwards reprinted; and five short stories also in periodicals. There were besides a few rejected articles, a certain amount of journalism, and at least eight stories or novels, none of which ever saw the light, as well as a play or two and some verses, a small part of which were ultimately included in his published works.

By this time Stevenson had left behind him the early stages of apprenticeship, and far as he still was from satisfying his own taste and aims, there is no longer any possibility of pointing out the definite stages through which he passed year by year, or the methods of work which he employed.

A list of his writings will be found in the appendix,

arranged under separate years. It is therefore unnecessary in this place to do more than record his general progress, adding merely a detached note on any point of interest as it arises, or quoting his own criticisms, which, for the most part, are singularly shrewd and free from bias.

In September 1873 he wrote: There is no word of "Roads"; I suspect the *Saturday Review* must have looked darkly upon it—so be it; we must just try to do something better.' And so, as we have seen, the article appeared in the *Portfolio* for December. Three weeks later, in a letter to his mother, he expressed the opinion that 'it is quite the best thing I have ever done, to my taste. There are things expressed in it far harder to express than in anything else ever had; and that, after all, is the great point. As for style, *ça viendra peut-être*.'

In 1874 he had five articles in four different magazines: these included 'Ordered South' in *Macmillan's*, and, still more important, the paper on 'Victor Hugo's Romances' in the *Cornhill*. The former, which took him three months to write, was his first work ever republished in its original form; the latter, which was anonymous, but afterwards reappeared in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, marked, in his own judgment, the beginning of his command of style. Long afterwards in Samoa, in answer to a question, he told me that in this essay he had first found himself able to say several things in the way in which he felt they should be said. It may also be noticed that this was his first appearance in the magazine which by the discernment of Leslie Stephen did so much for him in taking his early work.

This year he proposed to himself, and began to read for, a book on four great Scotsmen—Knox, Hume, Burns, and Scott. All that ever came of it, and he had the subjects a long time in his mind, were the essays on Burns and Knox, which dealt only with one aspect of

either character. At this time he was working at an essay on Walt Whitman, but his views did not find expression till 1878. The papers on Knox were read before the Speculative Society in November 1874 and January 1875. Late in the former year he was making another assault upon the stronghold of the Novel with a tale called 'When the Devil was Well,' dealing with the adventures of an Italian sculptor of the fifteenth century. It was finished the next year, and the unfavourable opinion of his friends was accepted as final.

1875 saw nothing published except two double articles, the 'Autumn Effect' and 'Knox,' the notice of Béranger in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the pamphlet entitled *An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland*. This last had been set up in type the preceding autumn, and was an appeal to the Scottish clergy to use the Church Patronage Act of 1874 as an opportunity for effacing differences between their own communion and the dissenting bodies, and to do all in their power to restore religious unity.

In January 1875 Stevenson proposed to *The Academy* a series of papers on the Parnassiens—de Banville, Coppée, Soulayr, and Prudhomme—and when this was not accepted, he devoted a good deal of his time to the study of the French literature of the fifteenth century, which resulted in the articles on Villon and Charles of Orleans. He was filled with enthusiasm for Joan of Arc, a devotion and also a cool-headed admiration which he never lost. He projected a series of articles which should include the Maid, Louis XI., and René of Anjou. The same reading led to the experiments in the French verse metres of that date which were almost contemporary with the work of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Austin Dobson, who brought the Ballade and Rondeau back to favour in England. Stevenson, however, never published any of these attempts, and except two translations published in the *Letters*, and one set preserved by

Mr. Lang, I believe the characteristic verses at the head of this chapter are the only finished piece which survives.

A prose poem on 'The Spirit of the Spring' unfortunately went astray, but one or two short studies of the same date and in a similar vein indicate that it was no masterpiece. After the Italian story was finished, he took up one of his old tales called *The Country Dance*, which likewise came to nothing: and also wrote *The Story of King Matthias' Hunting Horn*, of which I only know that it was 'wild and fantastic.'

As the result of a condensation of Burns's life and a criticism of his works for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the famous Scotsmen had now become 'Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns.' The editor of the *Encyclopædia* found the Burns too critical, and too much at variance with the accepted Scottish tradition, and though payment was made for it, it was not used. Stevenson wrote: '8th June 1876.—I suppose you are perfectly right in saying there was a want of enthusiasm about the article. To say truth, I had, I fancy, an exaggerated idea of the gravity of an encyclopædia, and wished to give mere bones, and to make no statements that should seem even warm. And perhaps also, I may have a little latent cynicism, which comes out when I am at work. I believe you are right in saying I had not said enough of what is highest and best in him. Such a topic is disheartening; the clay feet are easier dealt with than the golden head.'

To 1876 we owe the only piece of dramatic criticism that Stevenson ever published, and four articles in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which from this time onward marked all his contributions to its pages with the initials R. L. S. The full names of a few very eminent authors had been given from the commencement; but about the beginning of Leslie Stephen's editorship, in 1871, a second rank of distinction was established by allowing an equally small number of writers to denote their articles by their initials. All Stevenson's papers except the first

(1874) were thus distinguished; and though the R. L. S. caused them at first to be frequently attributed to the editor, yet it was under these initials that Stevenson first won recognition in the select circle which knew and appreciated literature.

A novel, *The Hair Trunk, or The Ideal Commonwealth*, was begun and partly carried out at this time. A party of friends meeting at Cambridge proposes to form a colony, which is to be established in 'Navigator's Island'—Samoa, of all places—of which the author had heard only the year before from his connection, the Hon. J. Seed, formerly Secretary to the Customs and Marine Departments of New Zealand,¹ who had been sent to report upon the islands by the New Zealand Government. *In the Windbound Arethusa* was another attempt of the same date which attained no better result.

The year 1876 thrice saw the rejection of the article on 'Some Portraits by Raeburn,' afterwards included in *Virginibus Puerisque*. It was refused in turn by the *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, though it is only fair to Stephen to say that he helped the author in trying to place it elsewhere. It was seldom that Stevenson either continued, or was driven, to try his fortune elsewhere with a rejected article. But this case is all the more interesting because he tried again and again, and was clearly in the right. Editors cannot always follow their judgment or their inclinations, but articles such as the Raeburn seldom come their way.

The event of the year was, of course, the canoe voyage. Stevenson, as we have already seen, had for some time shared his friends' taste for navigating the Firth of Forth in these craft, which the enthusiasm of 'Rob Roy' Macgregor had made popular ten years before. A good deal of time was spent, as we have seen, on the river at Grez, and canoes were introduced there by the English colony, headed by Sir Walter Simpson and his brother,

¹ *Letters*, i. 95.

and by R. A. M. Stevenson, who devised a leather canoe of his own 'with a niche for everything,' and, as his friends said, 'a place for nothing.' Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell had published in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1870 the log of the *Nautilus* and *Is's* canoes on a journey through Sweden and on the Baltic. But the idea of the journey itself seems to have been suggested by *Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers*, by Mr. J. L. Molloy, published in 1874, the account of a journey up the Seine and down the Loire in a four-oared outrigger.

That the cruise itself was on the whole rather a cheerless experience is seen by the following letter, in which Stevenson lets us behind the scenes, and for once even grumbles a little.

'Compiègne, 9th Sept 1876. [*Canoe Voyage.*]

'We have had deplorable weather quite steady ever since the start; not one day without heavy showers; and generally much wind and cold wind forby. . . . I must say it has sometimes required a stout heart; and sometimes one could not help sympathising inwardly with the French folk who hold up their hands in astonishment over our pleasure journey. Indeed I do not know that I would have stuck to it as I have done, if it had not been for professional purposes; for an easy book may be written and sold, with mighty little brains about it, where the journey is of a certain seriousness and can be named. I mean, a book about a journey from York to London must be clever; a book about the Caucasus may be what you will. Now I mean to make this journey at least a curious one; it won't be finished these vacations.

'Hitherto a curious one it has been; and above all in its influence on S. and me. I wake at six every morning; and we are generally in bed and asleep before half-past nine. Last night I found my way to my room with a dark cloud of sleep over my shoulders, so thick that the candle burnt red at about the hour of 8.40. If that isn't healthy, egad, I wonder what is.'

CHAPTER VII

TRANSITION—1876-79

‘You may paddle all day long ; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove ; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek.’

The concluding words of ‘An Inland Voyage.’

THE next three years of Stevenson’s life were so closely similar to the three preceding, that at first sight, but for his own selection of the age of five-and-twenty as the limit of youth, it might seem almost unnecessary to draw any division between them. He continued to spend his time between France, London, and Edinburgh, to lead a more or less independent life, and to give the best of his talents and industry to his now recognised profession. The year 1877 was marked by the acceptance of the first of his stories ever printed—*A Lodging for the Night*—and from that date his fiction began to take its place beside, and gradually to supersede, the essays with which his career had opened. The month of May 1878 saw not only the appearance of his first book—*An Inland Voyage*—but also the beginning of his two first serial publications—the *New Arabian Nights* and the *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh* ; and they were followed at the end of the year by the *Edinburgh* in book form, and in June 1879 by the *Travels with a Donkey*. All these, however, were but a measure of the author’s growing reputation, and of the facility with which he could now find a publisher.

Original as these writings were, and unlike the work of his contemporaries, none of them constituted any new departure in his life or any alteration in his attitude to the world: and the change that now came arrived from another quarter. His friendships, as we have seen, counted for a great deal with Stevenson, and though the roll of them was not yet closed, and ended indeed only at his death, it was at the beginning of this period that he made the acquaintance which affected him more than any other—he now met for the first time the lady who was afterwards to be his wife.

Already it is becoming difficult to realise that there was a time not long distant when study for all the professions, including that of art, was hedged about with arbitrary restrictions for women. At the date of which I am speaking these limitations had been removed to some extent in Paris as far as the studios were concerned, but the natural consequences had not yet followed in country quarters, and women artists were as yet unknown in any of the colonies about Fontainebleau. Hitherto these societies had been nearly as free from the female element as were afterwards the early novels of Stevenson himself: the landlady, the chambermaid, the peasant girl passed across the stage, but the leading rôles were filled by men alone. But when Stevenson and Sir Walter Simpson, the 'Arethusa' and the 'Cigarette,' returned from the Inland Voyage to their quarters at Grez, they found the colony in trepidation at the expected arrival of the invader.

The new-comers, however, were neither numerous nor formidable; being only an American lady and her two children—a young girl and a boy. Mrs. Osbourne had seen her domestic happiness break up in California, and had come to France for the education of her family. She and her daughter had thrown themselves with ardour into the pursuit of painting, and thus became acquainted with some of the English and American artists in Paris.

After profiting by the opportunities afforded them in the capital, they were in search of country lodgings, and accordingly, having taken counsel with their artist friends, they came to Grez.

So here for the first time Stevenson saw the woman whom Fate had brought half-way across the world to meet him. He straightway fell in love; he knew his own mind, and in spite of all dissuasions and difficulties, his choice never wavered. The difficulties were so great and hope so remote that nothing was said to his parents or to any but two or three of his closest friends. But in the meantime life took on a cheerful hue, and the autumn passed brightly for them all until the middle of October,¹ when Stevenson must return to Edinburgh, there to spend the winter.

In January 1877 he came to London for a fortnight, and first met Mr. Gosse, who, being immediately added to the ranks of his intimate friends, has given us a most vivid and charming description of the effect produced on strangers at that time by Stevenson.

'It was in 1877,² or late in 1876, that I was presented to Stevenson, at the old Savile Club, by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who thereupon left us to our devices. We went downstairs and lunched together, and then we adjourned to the smoking-room. As twilight came on I tore myself away, but Stevenson walked with me across Hyde Park, and nearly to my house. He had an engagement, and so had I, but I walked a mile or two back with him. The fountains of talk had been unsealed, and they drowned the conventions. I came home dazzled with my new friend, saying, as Constance does of Arthur, "Was ever such a gracious creature born?"

' . . . Those who have written about him from later

¹ To the next year belongs the charcoal drawing made by Mrs. Osbourne of her future husband, which has been redrawn by Mr. T. Blake Wirgman, and stands at the beginning of this volume.

² *Critical Kitts*: London, William Heinemann, 1896, p. 278.

impressions than those of which I speak, seem to me to give insufficient prominence to the gaiety of Stevenson. It was his cardinal quality in those early days. A child-like mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip upon the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jests; his inherent earnestness or passion about abstract things was incessantly relieved by jocosity; and when he had built one of his intellectual castles in the sand, a wave of humour was certain to sweep in and destroy it. I cannot, for the life of me, recall any of his jokes; and written down in cold blood, they might not be funny if I did. They were not wit so much as humanity, the many-sided outlook upon life. I am anxious that his laughter-loving mood should not be forgotten, because later on it was partly, but I think never wholly, quenched by ill-health, responsibility, and the advance of years. He was often, in the old days, excessively and delightfully silly—silly with the silliness of an inspired schoolboy; and I am afraid that our laughter sometimes sounded ill in the ears of age. . . .

‘My experience of Stevenson during these first years was confined to London, upon which he would make sudden piratical descents, staying a few days or weeks, and melting into air again. He was much at my house; and it must be told that my wife and I, as young married people, had possessed ourselves of a house too large for our slender means immediately to furnish. The one person who thoroughly approved of our great, bare, absurd drawing-room was Louis, who very earnestly dealt with us on the immorality of chairs and tables, and desired us to sit always, as he delighted to sit, upon hassocks on the floor. Nevertheless, as armchairs and settees straggled into existence, he handsomely consented to use them, although never in the usual way, but with his legs thrown sideways over the arms of them, or the head of a sofa treated as a perch. In particular, a certain shelf, with cupboards below, attached to a bookcase, is

worn with the person of Stevenson, who would spend half an evening while passionately discussing some great question of morality or literature, leaping sideways in a seated posture to the length of this shelf, and then back again. He was eminently peripatetic, too, and never better company than walking in the street, this exercise seeming to inflame his fancy.'

It was in these years especially that he gave the impression of something transitory and unreal, sometimes almost inhuman.

'He was careful, as I have hardly known any other man to be, not to allow himself to be burdened by the weight of material things. It was quite a jest with us that he never acquired any possessions. In the midst of those who produced books, pictures, prints, *bric-à-brac*, none of these things ever stuck to Stevenson. There are some deep-sea creatures, the early part of whose life is spent dancing through the waters; at length some sucker or tentacle touches a rock, adheres, pulls down more tentacles, until the creature is caught there, stationary for the remainder of its existence. So it happens to men, and Stevenson's friends caught the ground with a house, a fixed employment, a 'stake in life'; he alone kept dancing in the free element, unattached.'¹

These were the days when he most frequented the Savile Club, and the lightest and most vivacious part of him there came to the surface. He might spend the morning in work or business, and would then come to the Club for luncheon. If he were so fortunate as to find any congenial companions disengaged, or to induce them to throw over their engagements, he would lead them off to the smoking-room, and there spend an afternoon in the highest spirits and the most brilliant and audacious talk.

His private thoughts and prospects must often have been of the gloomiest, but he seems to have borne his

¹ *Critical Kitts*: London, William Heinemann, 1896, p. 300.

unhappiness with a courage as high as he ever afterwards displayed, and with a show of levity which imposed on his friends and often ended by carrying him out of himself.

The whim of independence to which Mr. Gosse refers was carried out to an extreme by the two Stevenson cousins, about this time, in one of their visits to Paris, an experience which Louis afterwards transferred to the pages of *The Wrecker*. 'Stennis, it may be explained, was the nearest approach to their name possible to Barbizon, and accordingly it was as Stennis *ainé* and Stennis *frère* that the pair were always known.

'The two Stennises had come from London, it appeared, a week before with nothing but greatcoats and tooth-brushes. It was expensive, to be sure, for every time you had to comb your hair a barber must be paid, and every time you changed your linen one shirt must be bought and another thrown away; but anything was better, argued these young gentlemen, than to be the slaves of haversacks. "A fellow has to get rid gradually of all material attachments: that was manhood," said they; "and as long as you were bound down to anything—house, umbrella, or portmanteau—you were still tethered by the umbilical cord."'¹

When he broke through this rule, his inconsistency was equally original and unexpected.

'*Paris, Jan. 1878.*—I have become a bird fancier. I carry six little creatures no bigger than my thumb about with me almost all the day long; they are so pretty; and it is so nice to waken in the morning and hear them sing.' Six or seven years later he again alludes to these or to other similar pets. 'There is only one sort of bird that I can tolerate caged, though even then I think it hard, and that is what is called in France the Bec-d'Argent. I once had two of these pigmies in captivity; and in the quiet, bare house upon a silent street where I was then

¹ *The Wrecker*, i. p. 73.

living, their song, which was not much louder than a bee's, but airily musical, kept me in a perpetual good-humour. I put the cage upon my table when I worked, carried it with me when I went for meals, and kept it by my head at night: the first thing in the morning, these *maestrini* would pipe up.'

The following letter written from Paris has preserved a record of one of the thousand little kind and thoughtful acts, which were so characteristic of Stevenson. Most of them are nameless and unremembered, but this—thanks to his perception of its humour—has been handed down to us.

'1st Feb. 1877, *Paris*.—My dear Mother,—I have ordered a picture. There is magnificence for you. Poor — is, as usual, hard up, and I knew wanted to make me a present of a sketch; so I took the first word and offered him 50*f.* for one. You should have seen us. I was so embarrassed that I could not finish a single phrase, and kept beginning, "You know," and "You understand," and "Look here, —," and ending in pitiful intervals of silence. I was perspiring all over. Suddenly I saw — begin to break out all over in a silvery dew; and he just made a dive at me and took me in his arms—in a kind of champion comique style, you know, but with genuine feeling.'

This letter is also an indirect confirmation of what has been said in the preceding chapter as to Stevenson's poverty. About this time, however, his father followed the precedent set in his own case, and paid to Louis as an instalment of his patrimony a considerable sum, amounting, I believe, to not less than a thousand pounds. The fact is certain, the date and exact details have been lost. In the end Stevenson derived small benefit himself. 'The little money he had,' as Mr. Colvin says, 'was always absolutely at the disposal of his friends.' In 1877 he had still £800, but, owing to misfortunes befalling his friends, in none of which was he under any obliga-

tion to intervene, within less than two years nothing of it remained. His income from writing was as yet extremely small, the payment for his essays amounting to a guinea a page, so that until 1878 he probably from all sources had never made £50 in any one year.

As to his work, the actual output of 1877 was no more than one contribution to *Temple Bar* and three *Cornhill* articles, of which the *Apology for Idlers* had been rejected for *Macmillan's* the year before. The *Temple Bar* story—*A Lodging for the Night* already mentioned—was the outcome of his studies for the essay on Villon in the *Cornhill* for August, and the last result of his attention to French mediæval literature. But of his acumen and insight into Villon's character (on which recent discoveries have thrown fresh light), the specialists can hardly find enough to say.¹

If this year had little to show, it was only because much of it was spent in preparing for the next year's harvest. 1878 was at once in quantity and in quality the richest year he had yet known. *An Inland Voyage* was published in May: the journey with the donkey was taken, and an elaborate diary of it kept: there were four essays and a story in *Cornhill*; three essays, a story, and the *New Arabian Nights* in *London*; a story in *Temple Bar*; while *Picturesque Notes of Edinburgh* ran in the *Portfolio* from June till December, and then came out in book form.

London was a weekly journal, founded by Robert Glasgow Brown, Stevenson's colleague on the *Edinburgh University Magazine*,² and after December 1877 edited by Mr. Henley, who some time before had left Edinburgh.

It was in page and type not unlike the *World*, and to the omniscience necessary to an ordinary weekly paper it added a strong flavour of literature. Much of Mr. Henley's lighter verse appeared first in its columns, and

¹ Letter of M. Marcel Schwob to Mr. Colvin, *Literature*, Nov. 4, 1899.

² *Memories and Portraits*, p. 128.

among its less irregular contributors were Mr. Andrew Lang, and the late Grant Allen and James Runciman. It was a staunch opponent of Mr. Gladstone and all his works, and won the favourable notice of Lord Beaconsfield. But the foundations of its finance were laid in sand, and it survived its originator little more than a year. It was the first paper edited by Mr. Henley, but though he never admitted to his columns work more brilliant of its kind, the *Arabian Nights* series was supposed by more than one of the proprietors sufficiently to account for the unpopularity of their journal.¹

The conception of these stories is recorded in a letter to R. A. M. Stevenson. 'The first idea of all was the hansom cabs, which I communicated to you in your mother's drawing-room in Chelsea. The same afternoon the Prince de Galles and the Suicide Club were invented, and several more now forgotten.' The first half was actually written partly at Burford Bridge, partly at Swanston, while the *Rajah's Diamond* was written at Monastier, before the author set out with his *ânesse*. *The Sire de Malétroit's Door* (Door being substituted for the original 'Mousetrap') was invented in France, first told over the fire one evening in Paris, and ultimately written at Penzance.

Providence and the Guitar was based upon a story told by a strolling French actor and his Bulgarian wife, who had stayed at Grez. The man had played inferior parts at a good theatre, and the woman also had been on the stage. They were quiet, innocent creatures, who spent all the daytime in fishing in the river. They had their meals on a bare table in the kitchen, and in the evening they sang in the dining-room and had a little 'tombola' as in the story. They made the best of the most hideous poverty, but the worst of it was that they were forced to leave their only child with a peasant woman, while

¹ L. Cope Cornford, *Robert Louis Stevenson*, p. 51. W. Blackwood and Sons: 1899.

they were tramping from village to village. She had let the child fall, and it was in consequence a hunchback. Stevenson had much talk with them, taking great pleasure in their company and delight in hearing of their experiences. But there is no further foundation for the legend that he went strolling with them, or ever acted to a French audience.

When the story appeared he sent to the pair the money it brought him, and he received a most charming letter of thanks, which unfortunately has disappeared.

In 1877 Stevenson having spent part of February and of June and July in France, returned there again from August to November. He did not carry out his original project of another canoe voyage by the Loing, the Loire, the Saône, and the Rhône to the Mediterranean, but spent some time with Sir Walter Simpson either at Nemours or at Moret where the Loing joins the Seine. Their experience of the Oise had suggested the charms of the life on board a barge, their imagination was kindled, nothing would content them but to acquire such a vessel for themselves, well found in all things they could desire, picturesque and romantic as craft had never yet been; and in this fashion they should make a leisurely progress along the waterways of Europe.

‘There should be no white fresher, and no green more emerald than ours, in all the navy of the canals. There should be books in the cabin, and tobacco jars, and some old Burgundy as red as a November sunset, and as fragrant as a violet in April.’

The *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* was ‘procured and christened,’ but on that cruise and under that flag she never started. A financial difficulty arose, and both barge and canoes alike had to be sold. So Stevenson’s only other travelling this year was a trip with his parents to Cornwall, when he went as far as the Scilly Islands with his mother.

In 1878 he seems to have spent no more than a fort-

night in Scotland until December, although he was in London four or five times. In April he stayed with his parents at the inn at Burford Bridge, under Box Hill, 'with its arbours and green garden and silent, eddying river,' 'known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion*, and Nelson parted from his Emma,' and connected hereafter, it may be, with the *New Arabian Nights*, and the friendship between Stevenson and Mr. George Meredith, of which this visit saw the beginning. All this summer he was acting as private secretary to Professor Fleeming Jenkin, who was a juror at the International Exhibition at Paris; the only post approaching any regular position or employment that Stevenson ever held.

This intimate association with his friend was a great delight to them both, and in no respect more than in the indulgence of their taste for the theatre.

'Another unalloyed dramatic pleasure, which Fleeming and I shared in the year of the Paris Exposition, was the *Marquis de Villemer*, that blameless play, performed by Madeleine Brohan, Delaunay, Worms, and Broisat—an actress, in such parts at least, to whom I have never seen full justice rendered. He had his fill of weeping on that occasion; and when the piece was at an end, in front of a café in the mild midnight air, we had our fill of talk about the art of acting.'¹

Of an earlier experience in the same year, Stevenson writes:—

'I have been to see Salvini, and I now know more about him; no diminution of respect, rather an increase, from being able to compare him with the Français people, but a more critical vein. I notice, above all, the insufficiency, the scholastic key of his gestures, as compared with the incomparable freedom and inspiration of his intonations. As for Sarah Bernhardt, although her fame is only now beginning to reach England, and is now

¹ *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, p. 145.

greater than ever in France, she is but the ghost of herself; and those who have not seen her before will never see her again—never see her at all, I mean.'

Meanwhile he was working hard, in spite of a touch of illness for which the doctor nearly ordered him to leave Paris for the South of France. *An Inland Voyage* had been accepted by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. at the beginning of the year; and on the 17th February we find the author writing from Paris: 'I have now been four days writing a—preface, a weary preface.' But it was that which stands before the *Inland Voyage*, and his readers have little reason to regret the amount of time so employed.

A week later he says: 'I am getting a lot of work ready in my mind, and as soon as I am able to square my elbows, I shall put it through my hands rapidly. What a blessing work is! I don't think I could face life without it; and how glad I am I took to literature! It helps me so much.'

In the whirl of Paris, during the same month, he wrote this letter to his father, sitting at a café in the Quartier Latin:—

Café de la Source, Bd. St. Michel, Paris, 15th Feb. 1878.

'A thought has come into my head which I think would interest you. Christianity is, among other things, a very wise, noble, and strange doctrine of life. Nothing so difficult to specify as the position it occupies with regard to asceticism. It is not ascetic. Christ was of all doctors (if you will let me use the word) one of the least ascetic. And yet there is a theory of living in the gospels which is curiously indefinable, and leans towards asceticism on one side, although it leans away from it on the other. In fact, asceticism is used therein as a means, not as an end. The wisdom of this world consists in making oneself very little in order to avoid many knocks; in preferring others, in order that, even

when we lose, we shall find some pleasure in the event ; in putting our desires outside of ourselves, in another ship, so to speak, so that, when the worst happens, there will be something left. You see, I speak of it as a doctrine of life, and as a wisdom for this world. People must be themselves, I suppose. I feel every day as if religion had a greater interest for me ; but that interest is still centred on the little rough-and-tumble world in which our fortunes are cast for the moment. I cannot transfer my interests, not even my religious interests, to any different sphere. . . . I have had some sharp lessons and some very acute sufferings in these last seven-and-twenty years—more even than you would guess. I begin to grow an old man ; a little sharp, I fear, and a little close and unfriendly ; but still I have a good heart, and believe in myself and my fellow-men and the God who made us all. . . . There are not many sadder people in the world, perhaps, than I. I have my eye on a sick-bed ;¹ I have written letters to-day that it hurt me to write, and I fear it will hurt others to receive ; I am lonely and sick and out of heart. Well, I still hope ; I still believe ; I still see the good in the inch, and cling to it. It is not much, perhaps, but it is always something.

‘I find I have wandered a thousand miles from what I meant. It was this : of all passages bearing on Christianity in that form of a worldly wisdom, the most Christian, and, so to speak, the key of the whole position, is the Christian doctrine of revenge. And it appears that this came into the world through Paul ! There is a fact for you. It was to speak of this that I began this letter ; but I have got into deep seas and must go on.

‘There is a fine text in the Bible, I don’t know where, to the effect, that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord. . . . Strange as it may seem to you, everything has been, in one way or the other, bringing me a little nearer to what I think you would

¹ R. Glasgow Brown lay dying in the Riviera.

like me to be. 'Tis a strange world, indeed, but there is a manifest God for those who care to look for him.

'This is a very solemn letter for my surroundings in this busy café; but I had it on my heart to write it; and, indeed, I was out of the humour for anything lighter.—Ever your affectionate son,

'ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

'P.S.—While I am writing gravely, let me say one word more. I have taken a step 'owards more intimate relations with you. But don't expect too much of me. . . . Try to take me as I am. This is a rare moment, and I have profited by it; but take it as a rare moment. Usually I hate to speak of what I really feel, to that extent that when I find myself *cornered*, I have a tendency to say the reverse. R. L. S.'

This graver tone was beginning to grow upon him, for all his spirits and light-heartedness. It seemed, indeed, as if happiness had shown him her face only that he might be filled with inextinguishable longing and regret. Mrs. Osbourne had hitherto remained in France, but this year she returned to California. All was dark before them. She was not free to follow her inclination, and though the step of seeking a divorce was open to her, yet the interests and feelings of others had to be considered, and for the present all idea of a union was impossible. Stevenson, on his side, was still far from earning his own livelihood, and could not expect his parents to give their assistance or even their consent to the marriage. So there came the pain of parting without prospect of return, and he who was afterwards so long an exile from his friends, now suffered separation from his dearest by the breadth of a continent and an ocean.

At first he continued to lead his life as if nothing had happened. After his Exhibition work was over, he went to Monastier, a mountain town near the sources of the Loire, and there occupied himself with a strenuous effort in completing both the *New Arabian Nights* and the

Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh, both at this time in their serial career. There seems an irony in the fact that, having lived most of his life in Edinburgh, more or less against his will, he should retire to France only to write about it. But, as if by way of protest against realism, he never drew his native country or his countrymen better than when he was absent from Scotland.

At Monastier he spent some three weeks and completed his work, finding time also for some pencil sketches of the country and of the people, and obtaining, as always, a pleasant footing among the inhabitants, most of whom probably had never seen an Englishman (or Scotchman) in their lives.¹

On September 23rd he set out with his donkey on his eleven days' journey through the Cevennes, but here too his thoughts pursued him.

'I heard the voice of a woman singing some sad, old, endless ballad not far off. It seemed to be about love and a *bel amoureux*, her handsome sweetheart; and I wished I could have taken up the strain and answered her, as I went on upon my invisible woodland way, weaving, like Pippa in the poem, my own thoughts with hers. What could I have told her? Little enough; and yet all the heart requires. How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near only to separate them again into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and "hope, which comes to all," outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say: yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!'²

The *Inland Voyage* had been published in May 1878, producing no more sensation than a small book, written for the sake of style by an unknown author, was likely to produce among the public, although the

¹ *The Studio*: Winter Number, 1896-97; *Juvenilia*, p. 216.

² *Travels with a Donkey*, p. 310.

reviews showed uniform favour and occasional discernment. The author wrote to his mother: 'I was more surprised at the tone of the critics than I suppose any one else. And the effect it has produced on me is one of shame. If they liked that so much, I ought to have given them something better, that's all. And I shall try to do so. Still it strikes me as odd; and I don't understand the vogue.' And later in the year he has been reading it through again and finds it 'not badly written, thin, mildly cheery and strained.' His final verdict, given in Samoa in the last year of his life, was that though this book and the *Travels with a Donkey* contained nothing but fresh air and a certain style, they were good of their kind, and possessed a simplicity of treatment which afterwards he thought had passed out of his reach.

The first draft of the *Voyage* was made some time in 1877 in Edinburgh, much of it being taken without alteration from his log-book. There are in this draft numerous variations from the text as finally printed, although many consecutive pages have no word altered, but the chief difference between them lies in the fact that most of the longer passages of general reflections are not to be found in the draft. Thus in the opening chapter the second and third and most of the last paragraph are as yet wanting.

Of the work of the year, *Will o' the Mill* shows perhaps the greatest advance. It was the first of his tales taken by the *Cornhill*, and in spite of the obvious influence of Hawthorne and a certain amount of dissatisfaction with the uneven development of the allegory, more than any of his shorter pieces it produced the impression that a new writer had arisen, original in his conceptions, and already a master of style. The setting was composed, he told Mr. Iles, from a combination of the Murgthal in Baden, and the Brenner Pass in Tyrol, over which he went on his Grand Tour at the age of twelve.

Apart from its manner, the interest of the story lies for us in its divergence from Stevenson's scheme and conduct of life. It was written, he told me, as an experiment, in order to see what could be said in support of the opposite theory: much as he used to present to his cousin Bob any puzzling piece of action in order to find out what could be urged in its defence.¹ One of his ruling maxims was that 'Acts may be forgiven: not even God can forgive the hanger-back'; yet here he depicted the delight of fruition indefinitely deferred, the prudence of giving no hostages to fortune, the superiority of the man who suffices to himself. In the story, however, there were embodied so much wisdom, so much spirit, so much courage, so much of all that was best in the writer, that it imposed on others long after it had ceased to satisfy himself. And as a work of art it may well outlast far more correct philosophy. It has this also: although in later days he ventured on a more elaborate treatment of his heroines, it seems to me—if any man may venture so far—that it is impossible to maintain that he was still ignorant of the heart of woman who now drew with so delicate and so firm a touch the outlines of 'the parson's Marjory.'

The *Travels with a Donkey* were written in the winter and published in June 1879. In the spring Louis wrote to R. A. M. Stevenson: 'My book is through the press. It has good passages. I can say no more. A chapter called "The Monks," another "A Camp in the Dark," a third, "A Night among the Pines." Each of these has, I think, some stuff in it in the way of writing. But lots of it is mere protestations to F., most of which I think you will understand. That is to me the main thread of interest. Whether the damned public—— But that's all one.'

He returned to London and began to collaborate with Mr. Henley in a play based on the latest of his drafts of

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, p. 187.

Deacon Brodie, which he had not touched since he was nineteen. In the meantime he started on another walk, this time down the valley of the Stour, which separates the counties of Essex and Suffolk; but a sore heel soon brought him back to London, not unwillingly, as he found it 'dull, cold, and not singularly pretty on the road.' In December he wrote to his mother: 'I don't wish the play spoken of at all; for of course, as a first attempt, it will most likely come to nothing. It is, however, pretty good in parts. I work three hours every morning here in the club on the *brouillons* and then three in the afternoon on the fair copy. In bed by ten; here again in the morning, to the consternation of the servants, as soon as the club is open.'

It was probably at this time that he made the social experiment recorded in the *Amateur Emigrant* of practising upon the public by 'going abroad through a suburban part of London simply attired in a sleeve-waistcoat.'

'The result was curious. I then learned for the first time, and by the exhaustive process, how much attention ladies are accustomed to bestow on all male creatures of their own station; for, in my humble rig, each one who went by me caused a certain shock of surprise and a sense of something wanting. In my normal circumstances, it appeared, every young lady must have paid me some passing tribute of a glance; and though I had often been unconscious of it when given, I was well aware of its absence when it was withheld. My height seemed to decrease with every woman who passed me, for she passed me like a dog. This is one of my grounds for supposing that what are called the upper classes may sometimes produce a disagreeable impression in what are called the lower; and I wish some one would continue my experiment, and find out exactly at what stage of toilette a man becomes invisible to the well-regulated female eye.'¹

¹ *The Amateur Emigrant*, p. 83.

But life was not to be lived upon the old terms. His heart was elsewhere, and the news which reached him was disquieting. For some time it was fairly good ; then Mrs. Osbourne fell seriously ill. There had been, there could be, no restoration of her home life ; but it appeared that she would be able to obtain a divorce without causing any unnecessary distress to her family, and in this conjuncture Stevenson could not see clearly what his course of action ought to be. He was first at Swanston with Mr. Henley, finishing *Deacon Brodie* ; then in London ; at Swanston again, this time alone, writing his chapters on *Lay Morals* ; then at the Gareloch with his parents. In May he went to London, and, after staying with Mr. George Meredith, crossed over to France. Had he found a companion, he would perhaps have gone to the Pyrenees, but he spent most of his time at Cernay la Ville, and returned to London in the end of June. He there saw Mr. Macdonald of the *Times*, in reference to some negotiations for his employment ; he expressed himself as unwilling to accept 'leaders,' but apparently asked for some more general commission, which, however, he did not receive.

The *Travels with a Donkey* had been published in June, and obtained the same unsubstantial success as the *Inland Voyage*, although, contrary to its author's own judgment of the two books, it afterwards had slightly the better sale.

On 14th July he returned to Edinburgh, and by the 30th his mind was made up—to California he must go. From Edinburgh he came back to London, presumably to make arrangements for his start ; and wherever he went, he found his friends unanimous in their opinion that he ought to stay at home. Under these circumstances it seemed to him so hopeless to expect any other judgment on the part of his parents, that he did not even go through the form of consulting them on the matter, and with open eyes went away, knowing that he need look for no further

countenance from home. He had long felt it to be a duty that every man on reaching manhood should cease to be a burden to his father; he had now learned his craft, and every circumstance seemed to him to point out that the time was come for him to seek his own livelihood and justify his independence. These considerations were very present to his mind, and perhaps he hardly realised the distress which he would inevitably cause his parents by leaving them without a word and in almost total ignorance of the hopes and motives which inspired him.

CHAPTER VIII

CALIFORNIA—1879-80

‘What a man truly wants, that will he get, or he will be changed in trying.’—R. L. S., Aphorism.

‘TO MY WIFE.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight
The great artificer
Made my mate.

‘Honour, anger, valour, fire ;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me.’

Songs of Travel, No. xxvi.

FROM London he went north, and on August 7th, 1879, sailed from the Clyde in the steamship *Devonia*, bound for New York. She carried a number of emigrants, but Stevenson, though mixing freely with them, had, chiefly to obtain a table for his writing, taken his passage in the second cabin, which was almost indistinguishable from the steerage. His object in travelling in this fashion was, in the first instance, economy, and next to that, a desire

to gain first-hand knowledge for himself of emigrants and emigration, which might be of immediate use for making a book and of ultimate service to him in a thousand ways. He suffered a good deal on the voyage, being already anxious and highly strung before he started, but he stuck manfully to his work and wrote, 'in a slantindicular cabin, with the table playing bob-cherry with the ink-bottle,' the greater part of *The Story of a Lie*. The rest of his time he devoted to making the acquaintance of his fellow-passengers, learning their histories, studying their characters, and—as any one may see between the lines of *The Amateur Emigrant*¹—rendering them endless unobtrusive services, and helping and cheering them in every way possible. He passed easily for one of themselves.

Among my fellow-passengers,' he wrote elsewhere,² 'I passed generally as a mason, for the excellent reason that there was a mason on board who *happened to know*; and this fortunate event enabled me to mix with these working people on a footing of equality. . . . It chanced there was a blacksmith on board who was not only well-mannered himself and a judge of manners, but a fellow besides of an original mind. He had early diagnosed me for a masquerader and a person out of place; and as we had grown intimate upon the voyage, I carried him my troubles. How did I behave? Was I, upon this crucial test, at all a gentleman? I might have asked eight hundred thousand blacksmiths (if Wales or the world contain so many) and they would have held my question for a mockery; but Jones was a man of genuine perception thought a long time before he answered, looking at me comically, and reviewing (I could see) the events of the voyage, and then told me that "on the whole" I did "pretty well." Mr. Jones was a humane man, and very much my friend, and he could get no further than "on the whole" and "pretty well." I was chagrined at the

¹ *The Amateur Emigrant*, Edinburgh Edition.

² *Scribner's Magazine*, May 1888.

moment for myself; on a larger basis of experience, I am now only concerned for my class. My coequals would have done but little better, and many of them worse.'

The voyage passed without event, and the steamer arrived at New York on the evening of the 18th of August. Stevenson passed the night in a shilling Irish boarding-house, Re-Union House, No. 10 West Street. 'A little Irish girl,' he writes, 'is now reading my book¹ aloud to her sister at my elbow; they chuckle, and I feel flattered. P.S.—Now they yawn, and I am indifferent: such a wisely conceived thing is vanity.' The following day he spent in making purchases, and also is said to have entered the offices of various magazines to establish, if possible, an American connection. Angels have been dismissed unawares at other places and at other times, and—if there be any truth in the story—Stevenson found that the moment of his welcome was not yet come.

Within four-and-twenty hours of his first arrival he was already on his way as an emigrant to the Far West, a chief part of his baggage being 'Bancroft's *History of the United States* in six fat volumes.'

The railway journey began in floods of rain and the maximum of discomfort. The record of it is in the hands of all to read, and I need say only that it occupied from a Monday evening to the Saturday morning of the following week, and that the tedium and stress of the last few days in the emigrant train proper were almost unbearable.

On the 30th of August Stevenson reached San Francisco, but so much had the long journey shaken him that he looked like a man at death's door. The news so far was good; Mrs. Osbourne was better, but that was all. To recover from the effects of his hardships he forthwith went another hundred and fifty miles to the south, and camped out by himself in the coast range of mountains beyond Monterey. But he had overtaxed his strength,

¹ I.e. the *Travels with a Donkey*, then recently published.

and broke down. Two nights he 'lay out under a tree in a sort of stupor,' and if two frontiersmen in charge of a goat-ranche had not taken him in and tended him, there would have been an end of his story. They took him back to the ranche, and amid romantic surroundings and in that enchanting climate, he made a recovery for the time.

'I am now lying in an upper chamber, with a clinking of goat bells in my ears, which proves to me that the goats are come home and it will soon be time to eat. The old bear-hunter is doubtless now infusing tea; and Tom the Indian will come in with his gun in a few minutes.'

Here he spent a couple of weeks, passing the mornings in teaching the children to read, and then went down to Monterey, where he remained until the middle of December. In those days it still was a small Mexican town, altered but slightly by the extraordinarily cosmopolitan character of the few strangers who visited it. In his own words, it was 'a place of two or three streets, economically paved with sea-sand, and two or three lanes, which were watercourses in the rainy season, and at all times were rent up by fissures four or five feet deep. There were no street lights. . . . The houses were for the most part built of unbaked adobe brick, many of them old for so new a country, some of very elegant proportions, with low, spacious, shapely rooms, and walls so thick that the heat of summer never dried them to the heart. . . . There was no activity but in and around the saloons, where people sat almost all day long playing cards. . . . The smallest excursion was made on horse-back. You would scarcely ever see the main street without a horse or two tied to posts, and making a fine figure with their Mexican housings. . . . In a place so exclusively Mexican as Monterey, you saw not only Mexican saddles, but true Vaquero riding—men always at the hand-gallop, up hill and down dale, and round

the sharpest corner, urging their horses with cries and gesticulations and cruel rotatory spurs, checking them dead with a touch, or wheeling them right-about-face in a square yard. . . . Spanish was the language of the streets. It was difficult to get along without a word or two of that language for an occasion. The only communications in which the population joined were with a view to amusement. A weekly public ball took place with great etiquette, in addition to the numerous fandangoes in private houses. There was a really fair amateur brass band. Night after night, serenaders would be going about the street, sometimes in a company and with several instruments and voices together, sometimes severally, each guitar before a different window. It was a strange thing to lie awake in nineteenth-century America, and hear the guitar accompany, and one of these old, heart-breaking Spanish love-songs mount into the 'night air, perhaps in a deep baritone, perhaps in that high-pitched, pathetic, womanish alto which is so common among Mexican men, and which strikes on the unaccustomed ear as something not entirely human, but altogether sad.'¹

Here Stevenson found quarters curiously to his taste, which was simple, though discriminating. He lodged with the doctor, and for his meals went to a restaurant.

'Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants—and I believe it, other things being equal, to be unrivalled—one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful, indeed, to many a swinging signboard, to many a rusty wine-bush; but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were the gathering-places of excellent companions; but take them for all in all, not one can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey.

'To the front, it was part barber's shop, part bar; to the back, there was a kitchen and a *salle à manger*. The

¹ 'The Old Pacific Capital,' *Across the Plains*, p. 179.

intending diner found himself in a little, chill, bare, adobe room, furnished with chairs and tables, and adorned with some oil sketches roughly brushed upon the wall in the manner of Barbizon and Cernay. The table, at whatever hour you entered, was already laid with a not spotless napkin, and, by way of epergne, with a dish of green peppers and tomatoes, pleasing alike to eye and palate. If you stayed there to meditate before a meal, you would hear Simoneau all about the kitchen, and rattling among the dishes.'

The fragment breaks off, or we should have had a picture of M. Simoneau, the proprietor, with whom Stevenson 'played chess and discussed the universe' daily. At his table there 'sat down, day after day, a Frenchman, two Portuguese, an Italian, a Mexican, and a Scotsman; they had for common visitors an American from Illinois, a nearly pure-blood Indian woman, and a naturalised Chinese; and from time to time a Switzer and a German came down from country ranches for the night.'

This society afforded Stevenson most of the diversion that he could now spare the time to enjoy. Of his adventures in the forest he has told us, and chiefly of that day when, setting fire to a tree in mere experiment and idleness of mind, he ran for his life in fear of being lynched. But during all these weeks he was working as he had hardly worked before. Half of a novel called *A Vendetta in the West* was written, and the whole of *The Pavilion on the Links*, which he had begun in London, was despatched to England. The scenery of the latter was, I believe, suggested by Dirleton in East Lothian, near North Berwick, and midway between Tantallon and Gullane, haunts of his boyhood, to which he returned in *Catriona*. At the same time he was writing up his emigrant experiences, about half of the original manuscript being completed at Monterey. There was a tiny local newspaper, *The Monterey Californian*, of which one of his friends was owner, editor, printer, and everything

else, and to this Stevenson occasionally lent a hand. But he was still greatly agitated and worried, and though by this time word came from San Francisco that Mrs. Osbourne was well, and that matters were taking their course, the main object of his journey still seemed no nearer than before. The strain of exertion and anxiety was again too great, and 'while leading a dull regular life in a mild climate,' he developed pleurisy, and had for a few days to relax his exertions.

All this time he was the kindly and bright companion; his gaiety and courage never flagged. 'There is something in me worth saying,' he wrote to Mr. Henley, 'though I can't find what it is just yet.'

About the middle of December he came to San Francisco, and there hired the cheapest lodging he could find, a single room in a poor house in Bush Street. All his meals he took outside at some of the small restaurants; he lived at seventy cents a day, and worked yet harder than before. He made inquiries about work on the San Francisco *Bulletin*, but the payment offered by that newspaper for literary articles was too small to be of any use to a writer so deliberate.¹ The *Bulletin* afterwards accepted at its own rates a couple of papers which he had not written specially for it, but his connection with the San Francisco press was absolutely limited to this transaction.²

But the worst part of the change from Monterey was that he was thrown more upon himself. In place of the bright social life of the little Spanish town, a life such as is common on the Continent of Europe, but is hardly

¹ 'There is no ground for the statement that he ever acted as a reporter for the *Chronicle* or any other San Francisco paper, the records of that journal bearing out the recollection of all his friends on this point' (*Times*, 2nd July 1901). A legend that the San Francisco doctors refused him advice except for ready money seems equally unfounded.

² Mrs. Stevenson is perfectly clear and definite in her recollections on this point, but so far all search for these articles in the back files of the *Bulletin* has been unavailing, and now these have probably perished.

to be found in England, he was plunged into the terrible solitude of a large city. On the 26th December he writes: 'For four days I have spoken to no one but my landlady or landlord, or to restaurant waiters. This is not a gay way to pass Christmas, is it?' And again: 'After weeks in this city, I know only a few neighbouring streets; I seem to be cured of all my adventurous whims, and even of human curiosity, and am content to sit here by the fire and await the course of fortune.'

It was in these days that he met that 'bracing, Republican postman in the city of San Francisco. I lived in that city among working folk, and what my neighbours accepted at the postman's hands—nay, what I took from him myself—it is still distasteful to recall.'¹

His friends were very few, and those of but a few weeks' standing. They hardly extended, indeed, beyond Mr. Virgil Williams and his wife, the artist couple to whom *The Silverado Squatters* was afterwards dedicated, and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, whose picturesque lodging is commemorated in *The Wrecker*.

In Mr. Williams he found a man of great culture and refinement, a scholar as well as a painter, who was always ready to respond to his verses, and, together with his wife, able and eager to discuss the literatures of Europe. Their house was always open to Stevenson, and their only regret was that he could not come more frequently. To Mr. Stoddard also he was no less welcome a companion; from him he borrowed the delightful books of Herman Melville, *Typee* and *Omoo*, and the *South Sea Idylls*,² which charmed Stevenson alike with their subject and their style. So here in his darkest hour he received the second impulse, which in the end was to 'cast him out as by a freshet' upon those 'ultimate islands.'

¹ *Later Essays*: Edinburgh Edition, p. 291.

² Published in England by Mr. John Murray in 1874 as *Summer Cruising in the South Seas*, by Charles Warren Stoddard.

San Francisco itself was still far from a prosaic place ; its early history and its large foreign population rendered it not less dangerous than picturesque. Kearney, the Irish demagogue, had only just 'been snuffed out by Mr. Coleman, backed by his San Francisco Vigilantes and three Gatling guns.' Stevenson himself was not without experiences, perhaps less uncommon there at that time than in other large cities. 'There are rough quarters where it is dangerous o' nights ; cellars of public entertainment which the wary pleasure-seeker chooses to avoid. Concealed weapons are unlawful, but the law is continually broken. One editor was shot dead while I was there ; another walked the streets accompanied by a bravo, his guardian angel. I have been quietly eating a dish of oysters in a restaurant, where, not more than ten minutes after I had left, shots were exchanged and took effect ; and one night, about ten o'clock, I saw a man standing watchfully at a street corner with a long Smith-and-Wesson glittering in his hand behind his back. Somebody had done something he should not, and was being looked for with a vengeance.'¹

But his private needs now pressed upon him ; money was growing scarce ; the funds he had brought with him were exhausted, and those transmitted from England, being partly his own money and partly the payment for his recent work, very frequently failed to reach him. In the end of January he had to drop from a fifty cent to a twenty-five cent dinner, and already had directed his friend Mr. Charles Baxter to dispose of his books in Edinburgh and to send him the proceeds.

His diligence had not been without results. The *Amateur Emigrant* had been finished and sent home ; likewise two *Cornhill* articles on *Thoreau* and *Yoshida Torajiro*. His interest in Japan was chiefly derived from his acquaintance with sundry Japanese who came to Edinburgh to study lighthouse engineering, with some

¹ *Pacific Capitals* : Edinburgh Edition, p. 198.

of whom he afterwards for a while carried on correspondence.

The influence of America in literature during the nineteenth century has perhaps been most deeply exercised upon English authors through Hawthorne, Whitman, and Poe. Other names have been more widely celebrated, but these three have the most intimately affected their fellow-writers, and the influence of the two latter at any rate has been out of proportion to their achievement. With Stevenson Thoreau came after his countrymen in point of time, but the effect was even more considerable: 'I have scarce written ten sentences since I was introduced to Thoreau, but his influence might be somewhere detected by a close observer.' Had Stevenson not now been on the threshold of marriage, he might yet more strongly have been affected by these ascetic and self-sufficing doctrines.

At this time *Prince Otto* began to suffer a resurrection out of one of his old plays, *Semiramis, a Tragedy*, but as yet it was known as *The Greenwood State, a Romance*. An article on Benjamin Franklin and the Art of Virtue was projected, and another upon William Penn, whose *Fruits of Solitude* now became a very favourite book with Stevenson. 'A Dialogue between Two Puppets'¹ was also written, and about the half of an autobiography in five books.²

His prospects were gloomy; for although the manuscripts he had sent home were accepted by editors, yet the judgment of his friends upon some of them was justly unfavourable, and at this crisis he could not afford rejection or even delay in payment.

His correspondence with his parents since his departure had been brief and unsatisfactory. His father, being imperfectly informed as to his motives and plans, naturally took that dark view of his son's conduct to which his temperament predisposed him. But even so, hearing of

¹ *Miscellanea*, p. 28.

² See pp. 83, 86.

Louis' earlier illness, he sent him a twenty-pound note, though, as fate would have it, this was one of the letters that miscarried.

Lonely, ill, and poor; estranged from his people, unsuccessful in his work, and discouraged in his attempt to maintain himself, Stevenson yet did not lose heart or go back for one moment from his resolution. He wrote to Mr. Baxter: *20th Jan.*—‘I lead a pretty happy life, though you might not think it. I have great fun trying to be economical, which I find as good a game of play as any other. I have no want of occupation, and though I rarely see any one to speak to, have little time to weary.’

‘However ill he might be,’ says Mrs. Williams, ‘or however anxious had been his vigils, he was always gay, eloquent, and boyish, with the peculiar youthfulness of spirit that was destined to last him to the end.’

He stuck to his work; even, a harder feat, he had the determination to give himself a week's holiday. But though his spirit was indomitable, his physical powers were exhausted; his landlady's small child was very ill, and he sat up nursing it. The child recovered, but Stevenson a short while afterwards broke down, and could go on no more.

He was, as he afterwards wrote to Mr. Gosse, on the verge of a galloping consumption, subject to cold sweats, prostrating attacks of cough, sinking fits in which he lost the power of speech, fever, and all the ugliest circumstances of the disease.¹

Fortunately by this date his future wife had obtained her divorce, and was at liberty to give him as nurse those services, for which there was unfortunately only too frequent occasion during the next few years. It was a very anxious time, and he was nearer ‘the grey ferry’ than he had been since childhood. Slowly he mended, and his recovery was helped by his letters and telegrams from home. Already by the middle of February he must

¹ *Letters*, i. p. 169.

have heard that his father admitted that the case was not what he supposed, and that if there were as long a delay as possible, he was prepared to do his best in the matter. At that very date Mr. Stevenson was writing again that it was preposterous of Louis to scrimp himself, and that if he would inform him what money he wanted, it would be sent by telegram, if required. And early in April a telegram came, announcing to Louis that in future he might count upon two hundred and fifty pounds a year. His gratitude was unbounded, he realised very clearly what his extremity had been and the fate from which he had been rescued.

To Mr. Baxter again he wrote —

‘It was a considerable shock to my pride to break down ; but there—it’s done, and cannot be helped. Had my health held out another month, I should have made a year’s income ; but breaking down when I did, I am surrounded by unfinished works. It is a good thing my father was on the spot, or I should have had to work and die.’

All obstacles were at last removed, and on May 19, 1880, Robert Louis Stevenson was married to Fanny Van de Grift at San Francisco, in the house of the Rev. Dr. Scott, no one else but Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Williams being present.

Of the marriage it need only be said that from the beginning to the end husband and wife were all in all to one another. His friends rejoiced to find in her, as Mr. Colvin says, ‘a character as strong, interesting, and romantic almost as his own ; an inseparable sharer of all his thoughts, and staunch companion of all his adventures ; the most open-hearted of friends to all who loved him ; the most shrewd and stimulating critic of his work ; and in sickness, despite her own precarious health, the most devoted and most efficient of nurses.’¹

Two years before his death Stevenson wrote, in refer-

¹ *Letters*, vol. i. p. 179.

ence to another love match: 'To be sure it is always annoying when people choose their own wives; and I know only one form of consolation—they know best what they want. As I look back, I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life. Not only would I do it again; I cannot conceive the idea of doing otherwise.'

Of his devotion to his wife he was even more reticent than of his affection to his parents. 'I love my wife,' he once wrote, 'I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her.' And once or twice in letters to those who knew and loved them best, he almost unconsciously revealed his affection, which, for the rest, is embodied in the lyric written a year or two before his death, and printed at the head of this chapter. As he lived, so he died, and the last moments of his consciousness were occupied with the attempt to lift the burden of foreboding which was weighing so heavily upon his wife.

Immediately after the marriage Stevenson and his wife and stepson went to the country fifty miles north of San Francisco, there to seek health in the mountains. How they took possession of all that was left of a mining-town, and lived in isolation and independence among the ruins, is told once for all in *The Silverado Squatters*; but it is not mentioned that Mrs. Stevenson and her son there sickened of diphtheria, and that the anxiety and danger of a serious illness were added to their lot.

By this time Stevenson knew that his father and mother were longing for nothing in the world so much as to see his face again, to make the acquaintance of his wife, and to welcome her for his sake.

It was not however until July was well advanced that the party could leave Calistoga, but on the seventh of August they sailed from New York, and, ten days later, found Thomas Stevenson and his wife and Sidney Colvin waiting for them at Liverpool.

In California the year before, Louis had written of his father: 'Since I have gone away, I have found out for the first time how I love that man; he is dearer to me than all, except Fanny.' And now his joy at seeing his parents was heightened, if possible, by the share which his wife had in their reception. Any doubts that had existed as to the wisdom of his choice were soon driven from their minds, and the new-comer was received into their affection with as much readiness and cordiality as if it were they and not Louis who had made the match. Old Mr. Stevenson in particular discovered in his daughter-in-law so many points which she possessed in common with himself, that his natural liking passed rapidly into an appreciation and affection such as are usually the result only of years of intimacy. In his own wife's notes I find that before his death he made his son promise that he would 'never publish anything without Fanny's approval.'

In consequence of the new order of things, Swanston Cottage had finally been given up early in the summer, and the family party, passing hastily through Edinburgh, went on first to Blair Athol and then to Strathpeffer, returning to Heriot Row in the middle of September. Never before, Stevenson declared, had he appreciated the beauty of the Highlands, but now he was all enthusiasm. Except an article at Calistoga, he had done no work for months, but these new influences suffered him to rest no longer: he wrote 'The Scotsman's Return from Abroad,'¹ and was planning for himself no less a book on Scotland than a *History of the Union*. At Strathpeffer he met Principal Tulloch, already a friend of his parents, and the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, with whom he had much talk, and by whom he was confirmed in the purpose of his book. Moreover, 'The Scotsman's Return' and the paper on Monterey were accepted for *Fraser*.

On the other hand, both Stevenson and his father now considered it undesirable to publish the account of his

¹ *Underwoods*, xii. : In Scots.

recent experiences as an emigrant in its existing form. It was necessarily somewhat personal, and the circumstances under which it was written had told against its success. It had been sold, but it was the work which his friends had criticised most severely, and there no longer existed the dire need for making money by any possible means. The sum paid by the publishers was refunded by Mr. Stevenson, and for the time being the book was withdrawn.

The exile's return to his native country was of short duration, for the hardships he had endured and his consequent illness had rendered him quite unable to face a Scottish winter. On consulting his uncle, Dr. George Balfour, the well-known Edinburgh doctor, he was informed of his condition, and advised to try the climate of the High Alps, which had lately come into favour as a resort for patients suffering from phthisis.

Accordingly, on October 7th Stevenson left Edinburgh with his wife and stepson and a new member of the family, who held a high place in their affections, and was an important element in all their arrangements for the next half-dozen years. This was a black Skye terrier, a present from Sir Walter Simpson, after whom he was called, until 'Wattie' had passed into 'Woggs,' and finally became unrecognisable as 'Bogue.' In Heriot Row every dog worshipped Thomas Stevenson (with the sole exception of 'Jura,' who was alienated by jealousy) and so Louis never had a dog until now who really regarded him as owner. But Woggs was a person of great character, with views and a temper of his own, entirely devoted to his master and mistress, and at odds with the world at large.

In London, Dr. Andrew Clark confirmed both the opinion and the advice which had been given, and a few days only were spent in seeing Stevenson's friends, who now found their first opportunity to welcome him back and to make the acquaintance of his wife.

CHAPTER IX

DAVOS AND THE HIGHLANDS—1880-82

‘A mountain valley, an Alpine winter, and an invalid’s weakness make up among them a prison of the most effective kind.’

R. L. S. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 21st February 1881.

By the middle of October the party again started, made a journey broken by frequent halts, and on the fourth of November reached Davos Platz, where they were to spend the winter. They took up their quarters in the Hotel Belvedere, the nucleus of the present large establishment, and there they stayed until the following April.

The great feature of the place for Stevenson was the presence of John Addington Symonds, who, having come there three years before on his way to Egypt, had taken up his abode in Davos, and was now building himself a house. To him the new-comer bore a letter of introduction from Mr. Gosse. On November 5th Louis wrote to his mother: ‘We got to Davos last evening; and I feel sure we shall like it greatly. I saw Symonds this morning, and already like him; it is such sport to have a literary man around. My father can understand me, when he thinks what it would be to come up here for a winter and find TAIT.¹ Symonds is like a Tait to me; eternal interest in the same topics, eternal cross-causeway of special knowledge. That makes hours to fly.’

¹ Professor P. G. Tait, the eminent man of science, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, 1860-1901: a close friend of Thomas Stevenson.

And a little later he wrote: 'Beyond its splendid climate, Davos has but one advantage—the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting.'¹

This first winter Stevenson produced but little. He arrived full of eagerness to begin his Scottish history, but a little study and reflection, following upon his new-found enthusiasm for the parts of Scotland where he had been staying, had fixed his attention exclusively upon one section of his original subject, and for the time he limited his view to a history of the Highlands extending from 1715 to his own day. 'I breathe after this Highland business,' he wrote in December, 'feeling a real, fresh, lively, and modern subject, full of romance and scientific interest in front of me. It is likely it will turn into a long essay.'

Even this, it seemed, was beyond his powers for the present. The doctor in a few weeks spoke hopefully of his case, but the climate, though beneficial in the long run, was not at first conducive to any deliberate effort. Of the sensations produced in himself, Stevenson has left an analysis² that may be contrasted with the moods of the convalescent in *Ordered South*.

'... In many ways it is a trying business to reside upon the Alps... But one thing is undeniable—that in the rare air, clear, cold, and blinding light of Alpine winters, a man takes a certain troubled delight in his existence, which can nowhere else be paralleled. He is perhaps no happier, but he is stingingly alive. It does not, perhaps, come out of him in work or exercise, yet he feels an enthusiasm of the blood unknown in more temperate climates. It may not be health, but it is fun.

'There is nothing more difficult to communicate on paper than this baseless ardour, this stimulation of the brain, this sterile joyousness of spirits. You wake every

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*, sub 'Symonds.'

² *Pall Mall Gazette*, 5th March 1881, 'The Stimulation of the Alps.'

morning, see the gold upon the snow-peaks, become filled with courage, and bless God for your prolonged existence. The valleys are but a stride to you ; you cast your shoe over the hill-tops ; your ears and your heart sing ; in the words of an unverified quotation from the Scotch psalms, you feel yourself fit "on the wings of all the winds" to "come flying all abroad." Europe and your mind are too narrow for that flood of energy. Yet it is notable that you are hard to root out of your bed ; that you start forth singing, indeed, on your walk, yet are unusually ready to turn home again ; that the best of you is volatile ; and that although the restlessness remains till night, the strength is early at an end. With all these heady jollities, you are half conscious of an underlying languor in the body ; you prove not to be so well as you had fancied ; you weary before you have well begun ; and though you mount at morning with the lark, that is not precisely a song-bird's heart that you bring back with you when you return with aching limbs and peevish temper to your inn.

'It is hard to say wherein it lies, but this joy of Alpine winters is its own reward. Baseless, in a sense, it is more than worth more permanent improvements. The dream of health is perfect while it lasts ; and if, in trying to realise it, you speedily wear out the dear hallucination, still every day, and many times a day, you are conscious of a strength you scarce possess, and a delight in living as merry as it proves to be transient. The brightness—heaven and earth conspiring to be bright—the levity and quiet of the air ; the odd, stirring silence—more stirring than a tumult ; the snow, the frost, the enchanted landscape : all have their part in the effect on the memory, *tous vous tapent sur la tête* ; and yet when you have enumerated all, you have gone no nearer to explain or even to qualify the delicate exhilaration that you feel—delicate, you may say, and yet excessive, greater than can be said in prose, almost greater than an invalid can bear. There is a certain wine of France, known in

England in some gaseous disguise, but when drunk in the land of its nativity, still as a pool, clean as river water, and as heady as verse. It is more than probable that in its noble natural condition this was the very wine of Anjou so beloved by Athos in the *Musketeers*. Now if the reader has ever washed down a liberal second breakfast with the wine in question, and gone forth, on the back of these dilutions, into a sultry, sparkling noontide, he will have felt an influence almost as genial, although strangely grosser, than this fairy titillation of the nerves among the snow and sunshine of the Alps. That also is a mode, we need not say of intoxication, but of insobriety. Thus also a man walks in a strong sunshine of the mind, and follows smiling, insubstantial meditations. And whether he be really so clever or so strong as he supposes, in either case he will enjoy his chimera while it lasts.

‘The influence of this giddy air displays itself in many secondary ways. People utter their judgments with a cannonade of syllables; a big word is as good as a meal to them; and the turn of a phrase goes further than humour or wisdom. By the professional writer many sad vicissitudes have to be undergone. At first, he cannot write at all. The heart, it appears, is unequal to the pressure of business, and the brain, left without nourishment, goes into a mild decline. Next, some power of work returns to him, accompanied by jumping headaches. Last, the spring is opened, and there pours at once from his pen a world of blatant, hustling polysyllables. He writes them in good faith and with a sense of inspiration; it is only when he comes to read what he has written that surprise and disquiet seize upon his mind. What is he to do, poor man? All his little fishes talk like whales. This yeasty inflation, this stiff and strutting architecture of the sentence, have come upon him while he slept; and it is not he, it is the Alps who are to blame. He is not, perhaps, alone, which somewhat comforts him. Nor is the ill without a remedy. Some

day, when the spring returns, he shall go down a little lower in this world, and remember quieter inflections and more modest language. . . .

'Is it a return of youth, or is it a congestion of the brain? It is a sort of congestion, perhaps, that leads the invalid, when all goes well, to face the new day with such a bubbling cheerfulness. It is certainly congestion that makes night hideous with visions; all the chambers of a many-storeyed caravanserai haunted with vociferous nightmares, and many wakeful people come down late for breakfast in the morning. Upon that theory the cynic may explain the whole affair—exhilaration, nightmares, pomp of tongue and all. But on the other hand the peculiar blessedness of boyhood may itself be but a symptom of the same complaint, for the two effects are strangely similar; and the frame of mind of the invalid upon the Alps is a sort of intermittent youth, with periods of lassitude. The fountain of Juventus does not play steadily in these parts; but there it plays, and possibly nowhere else.'

Apart from this exhilaration, there was much that he disliked in Davos, more especially the cut-and-dry walks alone possible to him, the monotonous river, the snow (in which he could see no colour), and the confinement to a single valley. 'The mountains are about you like a trap,' he wrote; 'you cannot foot it up a hillside and behold the sea as a great plain, but live in holes and corners, and can change only one for the other.'

The drawbacks of hotel life seem to have affected him but little; he had the company of his wife, and a constant interest in his stepson, who, having brought the toy-press given him the previous spring in California and used at Silverado, now devoted to printing all the time he could secure from lessons with his tutor.

A characteristic story which I have from Mrs. Stevenson belongs to this period. When they were leaving for Davos, her father-in-law, warned by the experiences of

Louis in California, made her promise that she would let him know if at any time they were in want of money.

'The time came,' she says, 'when Louis had influenza and did need more, but he would not let me tell his father. I used every argument. At last I said, "What do you think should be done with the money your father has so carefully laid by for the use of his family?" "It should be given," said Louis, "to some young man of talent, who is in poor health and could not otherwise afford to get a necessary change of climate." "Oh, very well," said I, "I shall appeal to your father at once in the case of a young man named Stevenson, who is in just that position." At this Louis could only laugh, and I wrote the story to his father, who was much amused by it, and of course sent the necessary supplies.'

In these days, and indeed throughout his life, he was often unreasonable, but this very unreason seems always to have had a quality and a charm of its own, which only endeared Stevenson the more to those who suffered under its caprice, as two other anecdotes of Davos may serve to show. A young Church of England parson, who knew him but slightly, was roused one morning about six o'clock by a message that Stevenson wanted to see him immediately. Knowing how ill his friend was, he threw on his clothes and rushed to Stevenson's room, only to see a haggard face gazing from the bed-clothes, and to hear an agonised voice say, 'For God's sake, —, have you got a Horace?'

Another friend had received from Italy a present of some Christmas roses, to which particular associations gave a personal sentiment and value. Stevenson was seeking high and low for some flowers—the occasion, I think, was the birthday of a girl who could never live to see another—he heard of the arrival of these. He came, he stated the paramount necessity of depriving his friend, and he bore the flowers away. The two stories might end here, and show Stevenson in rather an unamiable

light: their point is that neither of his friends ever dreamed of resenting his conduct or regarding it with any other feeling but affectionate amusement.

Often in the evening he would turn into the billiard-room, and there his talk might be heard at its best. A fellow-visitor has given a spirited and sympathetic description of him in those days, and adds: 'Once only do I remember seeing him play a game of billiards, and a truly remarkable performance it was. He played with all the fire and dramatic intensities that he was apt to put into things. The balls flew wildly about, on or off the table as the case might be, but seldom indeed ever threatened a pocket or got within a hand's-breadth of a cannon. "What a fine thing a game of billiards is," he remarked to the astonished onlookers, "—once a year or so!"'¹

When he was well, Stevenson had to be out of doors a good deal, and spent the time mostly in walks, often with his dog for a companion.

'15th December 1880.—My dear Mother,—I shall tell you about this morning. When I got out with Woggs about half-past seven, the sky was low and grey; the Tinzenhorn and the other high peaks were covered. It had snowed all night, a fine, soft snow; and all the ground had a gloss, almost a burnish, from the new coating. The woods were elaborately powdered grey—not a needle but must have had a crystal. In the road immediately below me, a long train of sack-laden sledges was going by, drawn by four horses, with an indescribable smoothness of motion, and no sound save that of the bells. On the other road, across the river, four or five empty sledges were returning towards Platz, some of the drivers sitting down, some standing up in their vehicles; they glided forward without a jolt or a tremor, not like anything real, but like cardboard figures on a toy-theatre. I wonder if you can understand how odd this looked.'

¹ Mr. Harold Vallings in *Temple Bar*, February 1901, p. 25.

Occasionally he joined in skating and more frequently in the tobogganing then newly introduced. The latter experiences, as in all sports in which he ever took part were delightful to him chiefly for the surroundings, and quite apart from all rivalry or competition, since, as he says in the *Inland Voyage*, he 'held all racing as a creature of the devil.' The following passage shows how he extracted the keenest pleasure both from the exercise itself and the romantic conditions with which he was able to invest it:—

'Perhaps the true way to toboggan is alone and at night. First comes the tedious climb, dragging your instrument behind you. Next a long breathing space, alone with snow and pine woods, cold, silent, and solemn to the heart. Then you push off; the toboggan fetches way; she begins to feel the hill, to glide, to swim, to gallop. In a breath you are out from under the pine-trees, and a whole heavenful of stars reels and flashes overhead. Then comes a vicious effort; for by this time your wooden steed is speeding like the wind, and you are spinning round a corner, and the whole glittering valley and all the lights in all the great hotels lie for a moment at your feet; and the next you are racing once more in the shadow of the night, with close shut teeth and beating heart. Yet a little while and you will be landed on the highroad by the door of your own hotel. This, in an atmosphere tingling with forty degrees of frost, in a night made luminous with stars and snow, and girt with strange white mountains, teaches the pulse an unaccustomed tune, and adds a new excitement to the life of man upon his planet.'¹

In the meanwhile he was allowed to work two hours in the morning, and one, if he wished, in the afternoon, and this time was not wholly without result. The first edition of *Virginibus Puerisque*—his earliest volume of collected papers—was prepared for the press, and the

¹ 'Alpine Diversions,' *Pall Mall Gazette*, 26th February 1881.

second essay in that book and the thrice-rejected article on Raeburn were there printed for the first time. The essay on Pepys was written, and a paper for the *Fortnightly*, but this was all the prose that he succeeded in finishing before his departure, except the four articles on Davos, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The last were mere impressions, anonymous, unfinished, and unrevised: yet no one can doubt for a moment the authorship of the extracts I have given.

Chiefly for his own amusement during the winter, he wrote also a good deal of familiar verse, the best of which was in Scots dialect, and included the lines addressed to the author of *Rab and his Friends*. In a series of octosyllabic stanzas he denounced certain dishonest tradesmen of Davos, and he also wrote a sequence of sonnets—almost his only use of this metrical form—their subject being one Peter Brash, a publican of Edinburgh, who had been the subject of his early jokes.

An outline of the Highland history may be found in the *Letters*,¹ but the book itself remained unwritten, and is never likely now to become what Stevenson could have made of it. But he spent some time in preparatory reading, and even began to learn Gaelic for the purpose, though he never got beyond the rudiments of the language.

A health-resort, from its very conditions, often casts upon a visitor shadows of death and bereavement, but this year the Stevensons were affected with the deepest sympathy for a loss that touched them nearly; their friend Mrs. Sitwell arrived unexpectedly with her son, who was already in the last stages of a swift consumption, and before the end came in April, there were but the alternations of despair and of hoping against hope until the blow fell.

Shortly afterwards Stevenson and his wife set out for France, accompanied only by Woggs, for the boy had

¹ *Letters*, vol. i. p. 187.

gone to England to school. They spent several weeks, first at Barbizon; then in Paris, whence they were driven by drains; and at St. Germain, where Stevenson for the first time in his life heard a nightingale sing, and, having proclaimed that no sounds in nature could equal his favourite blackbird, forthwith surrendered all prejudice and fell into an ecstasy. They found themselves in straits at St. Germain, owing to the failure of supplies and the general suspicious appearance of Stevenson's wardrobe; being suddenly delivered from insults, they left their landlord, as Mrs. Stevenson alleged, in the belief that he had turned from his doors the eccentric son of a wealthy English nobleman.

They reached Edinburgh May 30th, 1881, and three days later started with his mother for Pitlochry, where they spent two months at Kinnaird Cottage: his father coming to them as often as business permitted. Louis had written to his parents that for country quarters his desiderata were these: 'A house, not an inn, at least not an hotel; a burn within reach; heather and a fir or two. If these can be combined, I shall be pretty happy.' These requisites he found, and indeed the man would be hard to satisfy who asked more of any stream—'a little green glen with a burn, a wonderful burn, gold and green and snow-white, singing loud and low in different steps of its career, now pouring over miniature crags, now fretting itself to death in a maze of rocky stairs and pots; never was so sweet a little river. Behind, great purple moorlands reaching to Ben Vrackie.'¹

He had thus his heart's desire, and in return, if (as he was always urging) man is but a steward on parole, he did not fail to repay mankind for this season of delight. For in these two months he wrote 'Thrawn Janet' and the 'Merry Men.' 'The Body Snatcher' belongs to the same time, all three being intended for a volume of tales of the supernatural. For 'Thrawn Janet' Stevenson after-

¹ *Letters*, vol. i. p. 204.

wards claimed that if he had never written anything but this tale and the story of 'Tod Lapraik' in *Catriona*, he would yet have been a writer.¹ It was the outcome of a study of the Scotch literature of witchcraft, and is hardly open to any other criticism than that which its author himself found against it. 'Thrawn Janet' has two defects; it is true only historically, true for a hill parish in Scotland in old days, not true for mankind and the world. Poor Mr. Soulis' faults we may eagerly recognise as virtues, and we feel that by his conversion he was merely worsened; and this, although the story carries me away every time I read it, leaves a painful impression on my mind.' Even from the days of the *Edinburgh University Magazine* he had attached great importance to the names of his characters, and was never weary of improvising new lists for his amusement. 'My own uncle,' he wrote to Mr. Barrie, 'has simply the finest name in the world, *Ramsay Traquair*. Beat that you cannot.' But I can remember his saying to me one day with a tone of deep regret, 'I have already used up the best name in all the world—Mr. Soulis.'

The 'Merry Men' was always one of his favourites, rather on account of the sentiment and the style than for the actual story. It was, as he put it, 'a fantasia, or vision of the sea,' and was designed to express the feeling of the West coast of Scotland as he conceived it in accordance with the memories of his engineering days, especially the weeks spent upon the island of Earraid.

He had now found his powers in dialect, in which hitherto he had written only a few verses and recorded but a few remembered phrases in his sketches or essays. But from this time much of the speech of his strongest novels was in Scotch, more or less broad, and the fame of Stevenson as a novelist is inseparably connected with his mastery over the common tongue of his own country. It may, perhaps, be added that the work done at Pit-

¹ *Vailima Letters*, p. 241.

lochry is the only published prose that he ever wrote in the vernacular in Scotland itself.¹

Over and above these stories he had in his mind at this time a scheme in connection with Jean Cavalier, the Protestant leader of the Cevennes in the eighteenth century, who had been a favourite hero with him since his travels with the donkey in that region. A copy of verses on Cavalier survives in one of his notebooks, but in spite of the inquiries he made of Mr. Gosse and others upon the subject, he seems never to have touched it again.

Towards the end of June he heard that Professor Æneas Mackay was about to resign the chair of History and Constitutional Law in the University of Edinburgh. It was possible to discharge the duties of this professorship by lecturing only during the summer session; the election was in the hands of the Faculty of Advocates, and Stevenson resolved to stand. Of the history of Scotland he knew more at any rate than some who had formerly held the chair: his knowledge of Constitutional Law was probably limited to what he had learned during one session from an infrequent attendance at the lectures of the professor, which were confined to the subject of Constitutional History with special reference to England; and to this topic I doubt whether Stevenson had ever given any serious attention whatever. He applied to his friends and got together a set of thirteen testimonials that are a tribute to the ingenuity of the human intellect, and were wholly disregarded by the electors. Grateful as Louis was to the loyalty of his supporters, he did not fail to see the humour of their conjunction: 'It is an odd list of names. Church of England, Church of Scotland, Free Kirk, Pessimist, Radical, Tory: certainly I

¹ Here is a picture from one of his notebooks. Could any other language have produced just the same effect?—

'The gloaming had come lang syne; there was a wee red winter sun on the ae side, and on the ither a cauld, wameless moon; the snaw in the lang loan squeaked under my feet as I ran.'

am not a party man.' In the meantime he was so full of the idea, and so eager to try his powers, that he used to deliver specimen lectures to his stepson. The boy was seated on a chair, while the would-be professor declaimed for an hour upon Constitutional History, every now and then stopping to make sure that his class was following his meaning. The election took place in the winter and Stevenson, although disappointed, was not surprised at the completeness of his failure.

On August 2nd the party left for Braemar; on the journey, Stevenson first conceived the family of Durrisdeer and the earlier part of *The Master of Ballantrae*, though both as yet were nameless, and it was six years and more before he began to set any word of it on paper.

At Braemar, having more accommodation, they were able to enjoy the society of some of their friends—Mr. Colvin, Mr. Baxter and others. One of the first who arrived was the late Dr. Alexander Hay Japp, a new acquaintance, invited to discuss Thoreau, and to set Stevenson right upon one or two points in his history. Thoreau was duly discussed, but before the visitor left, he heard the first eight or ten chapters of *Treasure Island*, then newly written, which he carried off in order to offer it to a publisher. Stevenson himself has told the history of the book. With what gusto he describes beginning the first chapter, in words that glow like the beginning of an adventure. 'On a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window, I began *The Sea Cook*, for that was the original title.' Having first drawn the chart of an island (charts being to him 'of all books the least wearisome to read and the richest in matter'), he then from the names, marked at random, constructed a story in order to please his school-boy stepson, who asked him to try and write 'something interesting'; his father, another schoolboy in disguise, took fire at this and urged him on, helping him with lists

and suggestions; unconscious memory came to his aid, and *Treasure Island* was half written.¹

Mr. Gosse immediately succeeded Dr. Japp as the family visitor, and under his congenial influence the story grew at the rate of a chapter a day; before Stevenson left Braemar, nineteen chapters had been written.² As soon as the idea of publication occurred, the book had been intended for Messrs. Routledge, but by Dr. Japp's good offices it was accepted for *Young Folks* by Mr. Henderson, the proprietor, when he saw the opening chapters and heard an outline of the story.

In this summer Stevenson first began to write the verses for children, which were afterwards published in the *Child's Garden*. His mother tells how she had Miss Kate Greenaway's *Birthday Book for Children*, with verses by Mrs. Sale Barker, then newly published, and how Louis took it up one day, and saying, 'These are rather nice rhymes, and I don't think they would be difficult to do,' proceeded to try his hand. About fourteen numbers seem to have been written in the Highlands, and apparently after three more had been added, they were then discontinued for a time.

But in the meanwhile the weather grew suddenly bad; Stevenson made a hurried flight (in a respirator) from Braemar on September 23rd, and after a few days in Edinburgh, passed on to London. Here he called on his new publisher; 'a very amusing visit indeed; ordered away by the clerks, who refused loudly to believe I had any business; and at last received most kindly by Mr. Henderson.'

From London they passed to Paris and so to Davos, which they reached on October 18th. This year they had taken for the winter a chalet belonging to the Hotel

¹ 'My First Book': *Juvenilia*, p. 288.

² I am greatly obliged both to Mr. Gosse and to Dr. Japp for their recollections of this time. See also the *Academy*, lviii., pp. 189, 209, 237.

Buol, where Symonds was still living; they hired a servant of their own, and only occasionally took meals in the hotel.

This winter differed considerably from the last. Stevenson was in better health, and being accustomed to the climate, and also less subject to interruption, produced a great deal more work, though, as before, a certain proportion of his labours was futile. Symonds was anxious that he should write an essay or essays on the Characters of Theophrastus, but *Treasure Island* was already beginning its serial course, with the latter half of it yet unwritten. Fortunately the inspiration that had failed the author returned, the last fourteen chapters took but a fortnight, and at the second wave the book was finished as easily as it was begun.

Again he started eagerly upon a new book, a *Life of Hazlitt*, he had long been wanting to write. There is a legend which is significant, although it cannot now be verified, that he had applied for a commission for this subject in some biographical series, but was refused on the ground that neither he nor his theme was of sufficient importance to justify their inclusion. Now he writes gleefully to his father: 'I am in treaty with Bentley (Colvin again) for a Hazlitt! Is not that splendid? There will be piles of labour, but the book should be good. This will please you, will it not? Biography anyway, and a very interesting and sad one.' He had long made a favourite study of the essays of his author, whose paper 'On the Spirit of Obligations' had 'been a turning-point' in his life. From no writer does he quote more freely, and he couples Hazlitt with Sterne and Heine as the best of companions on a walking tour. But a wider study of his writings produced a cooler feeling, and the *Liber Amoris* is said to have created a final distaste, which rendered any continued investigation or sympathetic treatment impossible.

Treasure Island, by 'Captain George North,' had been

running an obscure career in the pages of its magazine from October to January, openly mocked at by more than one indignant reader. On its completion Stevenson announced to his father his intention of rewriting 'the whole latter part, lightening and *siccating* throughout.' But it did not make its appearance as a book till nearly two years later. ✓

The Scottish history had fallen into abeyance, or had come down to an article on 'Burt, Boswell, Mrs. Grant, and Scott,' and a paper on the Glenure murder, afterwards the central incident in *Kidnapped*, but neither of these was even begun. The volume of *Familiar Studies* was prepared for press, and the critical preface was written. The two papers on Knox the author now found dull, and he even hesitated about keeping them back as material for a new life of the great Scottish statesman and Reformer.

About this time also he had a good deal of correspondence with Mr. Gosse on a work he had proposed they should undertake in collaboration—'a re-telling, in choice literary form, of the most picturesque murder cases of the last hundred years. We were to visit the scenes of these crimes,' says Mr. Gosse, 'and turn over the evidence. The great thing, Louis said, was not to begin to write until we were thoroughly alarmed. "These things must be done, my boy, under the very shudder of the goose-flesh." We were to begin with the "Story of the Red Barn," which is indeed a tale pre-eminently worthy to be retold by Stevenson. But the scheme never came off, and is another of the dead leaves in his Vallombrosa.'¹

In January Stevenson gives an irresistible description of himself: 'I dawdle on the balcony, read and write, and have fits of conscience and indigestion. The ingenious human mind, face to face with something it downright ought to do, *does something else*. But the relief is temporary.'

¹ *Critical Kitts*, p. 292.

Temporary also was the idleness. *The Silverado Squatters*, the record of the circumstances of his honeymoon, was written, and no less than five magazine articles, including the first part of 'Talk and Talkers' and the 'Gossip on Romance.' But this did not satisfy him. He wrote to his mother 'I work, work away, and get nothing or but little done; it is slow, slow, slow; but I sit from four to five hours at it, and read all the rest of the time for Hazlitt.' And to Charles Baxter a little later he wrote: 'I am getting a slow, steady, sluggish stream of ink over paper, and shall do better this year than last.' Before April he can say: 'I have written something like thirty-five thousand words since I have been here, which shows at least I have been industrious.'¹

To this time apparently belong the verses called 'The Celestial Surgeon,' which are as characteristic of Stevenson as anything he ever wrote. An eloquent modern preacher treating of the deadly sin of accidie, 'gloom and sloth and irritation,' the opposite of 'the vertue that is called *fortitude* or strength,' quotes these 'graceful, noble lines' at length, and says, 'Surely no poet of the present day, and none, perhaps, since Dante, has so truly told of the inner character of accidie, or touched more skillfully the secret of its sinfulness.'²

Whether in spite or in consequence of his harder work, his health continued to improve, notwithstanding great anxiety about his wife, who was affected by the high elevation. Early in December she was sent to Zurich and then to Berne with indifferent results. Finally, Stevenson went down and brought her home on Christmas Day, the party travelling seven hours in an open sleigh in the snow, but fortunately nobody was the worse. Though frequently ailing, she managed with two short changes

¹ Cf. *Letters*, i. 237.

² The Right Rev. Dr. Paget, Bishop of Oxford. *The Spirit of Discipline* Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1891.

to stay out the necessary season, but was fit for little, and quite unable to take charge of the house. To cheer her depression, Symonds and her husband, and sometimes Mr. Horatio Brown, would forego their walk and spend the afternoon at her bedside. Stevenson would fling himself upon the bed with his feet to the pillow, and the hours passed in the most animated and varied discussion. Symonds, it will be remembered, was the Opalstein of 'Talk and Talkers.' On the first reading of that essay he affected indignation: 'Louis Stevenson, what do you mean by describing me as a moonlight serenader?' The sketch, however, gives, I believe, a real impression of the qualities of his talk, and it is only to be regretted that he has nowhere done the same for his companion.

Housekeeping was a burden and a doubtful economy, but the chalet in other respects was a great success. For one thing, it got the sun an hour sooner, and kept it an hour later than the hotels; for another, it provided its master with a spot where he was at liberty to create and develop for himself the amusement which pleased him best of all—the game of war. His childish enthusiasm about the army in the Crimea will be remembered, though it was but the common feeling of the children of this country at the time. Deeds of arms would always raise a thrill in his breast, but so far as I know there was no outward sign of this interest in warfare or strategy during his youth or early manhood. In December 1878 he wrote from the Savile Club: 'I am in such glee about Peiwar.¹ I declared yesterday I was going to add the name to mine, and be Mr. Peiwar Stevenson for the future.' In October 1880, an old general who was a friend of the family came to see him in London, and brought as a present Sir Edward Hamley's *Operations of War*. R. A. M. Stevenson was there at the time, and both cousins were transported with enthusiasm. 'I

¹ Lord Roberts's brilliant victory over the Afghans.

am drowned in it a thousand fathom deep,' wrote Louis, 'and "O that I had been a soldier" is still my cry.' He had never made any affectation of abandoning a pursuit he was supposed to have outgrown. He clung to the colouring of prints and to childish paintings long after most boys of his age have given up the diversions of the nursery. A large part of the winter of 1877 he spent in building with toy-bricks in his room at Heriot Row, and regretted that he had not been an architect. As Bishop Earle said of a child, 'We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest': it often is not wisdom, but dullness, that keeps men from joining in the livelier fancies of children. Stevenson, deterred by no false shame, extracted from toys much of the zest of reality, and raised their employment almost to the intensity of active life. And now, beginning to help his schoolboy with games, he became absorbed in the pursuit, and developed a *kriegspiel* of his own, adapted to the conditions under which, of necessity, he played. While it was impossible for him to secure the services of an umpire, this very independence allowed the operations to be protracted for any length of time needed for the completion of an entire campaign. But his enthusiasm and the thoroughness and ingenuity he exhibited are best described in the account given by his adversary, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne:—

'The abiding spirit of the child in him was seldom shown in more lively fashion than during those days of exile at Davos, where he brought a boy's eagerness, a man's intellect, a novelist's imagination, into the varied business of my holiday hours; the printing-press, the toy-theatre, the tin soldiers, all engaged his attention. Of these, however, the tin soldiers most took his fancy; and the war game was constantly improved and elaborated, until, from a few hours, a "war" took weeks to play, and the critical operations in the attic monopolised half our thoughts. This attic was a most chilly and dismal spot, reached by a crazy ladder, and unlit save for a single

frosted window ; so low at the eaves and so dark that we could seldom stand upright, nor see without a candle. Upon the attic floor a map was roughly drawn in chalks of different colours, with mountains, rivers, towns, bridges, and roads of two classes. Here we would play by the hour, with tingling fingers and stiffening knees, and an intentness, zest, and excitement that I shall never forget. The mimic battalions marched and counter-marched, changed by measured evolutions from column formation into line, with cavalry screens in front and massed supports behind, in the most approved military fashion of to-day. It was war in miniature, even to the making and destruction of bridges, the intrenching of camps ; good and bad weather, with corresponding influence on the roads ; siege and horse artillery, proportionately slow, as compared to the speed of unimpeded foot, and proportionately expensive in the upkeep ; and an exacting commissariat added the last touch of verisimilitude. Four men formed the regiment or unit, and our shots were in proportion to our units and amount of our ammunition. The troops carried carts of printers' "ems"—twenty "ems" to each cart—and for every shot taken an "em" had to be paid into the base, from which fresh supplies could be slowly drawn in empty carts returned for the purpose.¹

The strength of the enemy in any given spot could only be ascertained according to strictly defined regulations, and an attempt was even made to mark certain districts as unhealthy and to settle by the hazard of the dice-box the losses incurred by all troops passing through them.

During one war Stevenson chronicled the operations in a series of extracts from the *Glendarule Times* and the *Yallobally Record*, until the editor of the latter sheet was hanged by order of General Osbourne and its place supplied by the less offensive *Herald*.

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898, p. 709.

Year after year he reverted to the game, and even in Samoa there was a campaign room with the map coloured on the floor, although the painful realities of actual warfare, either present or imminent, occupied all our thoughts for the closing period of Stevenson's life.

But busy as he was this winter, he had time not only for this game, but also, turning aside to help young Osbourne with his printing, he first wrote verses for the toy-press, and then, getting hold of a bit of rough wood, began to design and cut illustrations for his text, or in some cases to create pictures which a text must elucidate.

In February 1882 he sent to his parents 'two woodcuts of my own cutting; they are moral emblems; one represents "anger," the other "pride scorning poverty." They will appear among others, accompanied by verses, in my new work published by S. L. Osbourne. If my father does not enjoy these, he is no true man.' And to his mother: 'Wood-engraving has suddenly drave between me and the sun. I dote on wood-engraving. I'm a made man for life. I've an amusement at last.'

Of these blocks about two dozen in all were cut, most of them by Stevenson's own hands, though the elephant, at any rate, was due to his wife, and 'the sacred ibis in the distance' was merely the result of an accident turned to advantage. He had in his boyhood received a few lessons in drawing as a polite accomplishment: later he found great difficulty in the mechanical work of his original profession, in which of course he had been specially trained. Thus, in 1868, he wrote to his mother, 'It is awful how slowly I draw and how ill.' Barbizon seemed to rouse in him no tendency to express himself in line or colour, and it was not till he was alone at Monastier in 1878 that he made for his own pleasure such sketches as any grown man with no technical education might attempt.

Art criticism is for the expert; I will only say that to

me these sketches seem to show an excellent eye for the configuration of the country. But after this Stevenson seems to have drawn no more landscape until, his camera being lost, he tried his hand at representing some of the coast scenery in the Marquesas, and his sketch, redrawn by Mr. Charles Wyllie, gives me a very vivid impression of the scenery of an island I have never visited.

It would be very easy to overrate not merely the importance but even the interest of these blocks. Stevenson soon obtained some pear-wood, and then, after he returned to Scotland, he procured box; on this latter material the illustrations of *The Graver and the Pen* were cut, but their merits are impaired rather than heightened by the improved technique.

That Stevenson had an eye for country, as I have said, for clouds, for water, and for the action of the human figure, the cuts are a clear proof. The most ridiculous of his puppets are full of life, from the 'industrious pirate' with his spyglass, to Robin 'who has that Abbot stuck as the red hunter spears the buck.' One and all, they show in their rough state a touch full of spirit and original quality, that teaching might have refined away.¹

In April again the family quitted the Alps, but this year with welcome news. 'We now leave Davos for good, I trust, Dr. Ruedi giving me leave to live in France, fifteen miles as the crow flies from the sea, and if possible near a fir wood. This is a great blessing: I hope I am grateful.'

They crossed the Channel with little delay; Louis stayed first at Weybridge, and then at Burford Bridge, where he renewed his friendship with Mr. George Meredith. By May 20th he was in Edinburgh, and there spent most of June, though he made a week's expedition with his father to Lochearnhead, hard by the Braes of Balquhiddy. Here he made inquiries about

¹ *The Studio*, Winter number, 1896-97. Robert Louis Stevenson, Illustrator. By Joseph Pennell. With twelve illustrations.

the Appin murder, perpetrated only forty miles away, and was successful in finding some local traditions about the murderer still extant.¹

The flow of work at the beginning of the year was followed by a long period of unproductiveness after he returned to this country. He had an article in each number of the *Cornhill* from April to August, but except the second part of 'Talk and Talkers' these had been written at Davos. After this his connection with the magazine came to an end. During the past seven years its readers had grown accustomed to look eagerly every month in hope of finding an article by R. L. S., and all its rivals have, by comparison, ever since seemed conventional and dull. Leslie Stephen resigned the editorship in 1883 to the late James Payn, who was no less a friend of Stevenson and an admirer of his work, but the price of the magazine was reduced and its character somewhat modified. In August the *New Arabian Nights*, long withheld by the advice of an experienced publisher, were issued in two volumes by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and reached a second edition before the end of the year.

On June 26th the family went to the manse of Stobo in Peeblesshire for the summer. But the weather was bad, the house shut in by trees, and the result most unbeneficial. In a fortnight Louis was ordered away, went to London to consult Dr. Andrew Clark, and in accordance with his advice started on July 22nd for Speyside in the company of Mr. Colvin. The rest of the family soon joined him at Kingussie, and here again by a burn—'the golden burn that pours and sulks,'² he spent the last entire month he ever passed in Scotland. Having gone to France to write about Edinburgh, in the Highlands he turned again to France, and now wrote most of the *Treasure of Franchard*. The weather

¹ Introduction to *Kidnapped*.

² *Memories and Portraits*, p. 145.

again did its worst; he had an invitation to meet Cluny Macpherson, and was eagerly looking forward to a talk about the Highlands. But a hemorrhage intervened, Stevenson had to leave in haste, and by September 9th he was in London, again asking the advice of Dr. Clark. The opinion was so far favourable that there was no need to return to Davos, which disagreed with Mrs. Stevenson, and of which they were both heartily tired. They were thus at liberty to seek a home in some more congenial spot.

CHAPTER X

THE RIVIERA—1882-84

‘Happy (said I), I was only happy once, that was at Hyères ; it came to end from a variety of reasons, decline of health, change of place, increase of money, age with his sterling steps ; since then, as before then, I know not what it means.’—*ailma Letters*, p. 53.

ACCORDINGLY about the middle of September Stevenson started for the south of France, and since he was unfit to go alone, and his wife was too ill to undertake the journey, he started in the charge and company of his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson. Their object was to discover some place suitable for both husband and wife, possessing more of the advantages of a town and fewer of the drawbacks of a health-resort than the Alpine valley from which they were now finally released. Paris was left without delay, and Montpellier was next tried and rejected, but not until Louis had a slight hemorrhage. He wrote to his wife : ‘I spent a very pleasant afternoon in the doctor’s consulting-room among the curious, meridional peasants, who quarrelled and told their complaints. I made myself very popular there, I don’t know how.’

His companion had to return home, and Louis made his way to Marseilles, where, a few days later, on October 11th, he was joined by his wife.

No time was wasted ; within three days a house that seemed all they could desire was found and taken. It was a commodious *maison de campagne* with a large garden, situated about five miles from Marseilles, with

such facilities of communication with the city as a considerable suburb ensures. 'In a lovely spot, among lovely wooded and cliffy hills—most mountainous in line—far lovelier to my eyes than any Alps.'

In another week they were installed in Campagne Defli, and had sent for such property as they needed. Here they proposed to make their home for several years. 'The tragic folly of my summers is at an end for me,' Louis wrote; 'twice have I gone home and escaped with a flea in my ear; the third or fourth time I should leave my bones with a general verdict of "sarve him right for a fool."' 'The white cliffs of Albion shall not see me,' he wrote in January; 'I am sick of relapsing; I want to get well.' 'As for my living in England, three years hence will be early enough to talk of it.'

But whether the house or the neighbourhood or the season was unhealthy, St. Marcel proved a most unfortunate choice. Stevenson was never well there, and never for more than three or four days at a time capable of any work. He had several slight hemorrhages and mended very slowly. By Christmas he wrote: 'I had to give up wood-engraving, chess, latterly even Patience, and could read almost nothing but newspapers. It was dull but necessary. I seem hopelessly hidebound, as you see; nothing comes out of me but chips.'

At the end of the year an epidemic of fever broke out in St. Marcel, and he found himself so unwell, that in desperation he went to Nice lest he should become too ill to move. They were unprepared for the move, and his wife stayed behind until they could obtain further supplies. In the meantime telegrams and letters went astray, and at the end of a week Mrs. Stevenson arrived at Nice quite distraught. She had received no news whatever of her husband, having telegraphed in all directions for three days in vain, and had been assured by every one that he must have had a fresh hemorrhage,

have left the train at some wayside station, and there died and been buried.

In the meantime all went well, but it was obviously impossible for Stevenson to think of returning to St. Marcel; by the middle of February 1883 they got the *Campagne Defli* off their hands, and were at liberty to seek a fresh settlement. They thought of Geneva, but, after a short visit to Marseilles, they went to a hotel at Hyères, and there by the end of March were once more established in a house of their own—Chalet La Solitude. It was situated just above the town, on a slope of the hill on which the castle stands, commanding a view of Les Oiseaux and the *Iles d'Or*; a cottage scarce as large as the Davos chalet, 'with a garden like a fairy-story and a view like a classical landscape.'

Here for a year, or, to be strictly accurate, for a little more than nine months, Stevenson was to find happiness, a greater happiness than ever came to him again, except perhaps at moments in his exile. Hardly anything seemed wanting; his wife was always able to be with him, and he had besides the company of his stepson, in which he delighted. There was the affectionate intercourse with his parents, clouded only by the gradual failure in his father's spirits; there was the correspondence with his friends; already in March he had been able to welcome Mr. Colvin as the first of his visitors; and, not least, he found a measure of health once more and a renewed capacity for employing his increased skill.

Of the first of these elements in his happiness he wrote to his mother in 1884: 'My wife is in pretty good feather; I love her better than ever and admire her more; and I cannot think what I have done to deserve so good a gift. This sudden remark came out of my pen; it is not like me; but in case you did not know, I may as well tell you, that my marriage has been the most successful in the world. I say so, and being the

child of my parents, I can speak with knowledge. She is everything to me: wife, brother, sister, daughter and dear companion; and I would not change to get a goddess or a saint. So far, after four years of matrimony.' And of his delight in his surroundings he said in 1883: 'This house and garden of ours still seem to go between us and our wits.' Their material comfort was further increased in May when Valentine Roch entered their service, an extremely clever and capable French girl, who remained with them for six years, and even accompanied them on their first cruise in the Pacific.

For a period of nearly eight months he had been unable to earn any money or to finish any work, and it was therefore with the greatest delight that in the beginning of May he received an offer from Messrs. Cassell for the book-rights of *Treasure Island*. 'How much do you suppose? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so. Shall I? Anyway I'll turn the page first. No—well, a hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful?'¹ . . . 'It is dreadful to be a great, big man, and not to be able to buy bread.'

Already, before he reached La Solitude, his enforced leisure had come to an end. Verse writing with him was almost always a resource of illness or of convalescence, and he now took advantage of his recovery to increase the poems of childhood (for which his first name was *Penny Whistles*), until they amounted to some eight-and-forty numbers. Now also in answer to an application from Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century Magazine*, the *Silverado Squatters* was finished and despatched to New York, and so began his first important connection with any of the American publishers who were afterwards to prove so lucrative to him. Of course, like

¹ This was in advance only: the book has since brought the author or his representatives more than two thousand pounds.

others, he had suffered at the hands of persons who had not only appropriated his books without licence, but even, a less usual outrage, had wantonly misspelt his name. 'I saw my name advertised in a number of the *Critic* as the work of one R. L. Stephenson and, I own, I boiled. It is so easy to know the name of the man whose book you have stolen; for there it is, at full length, on the title-page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson.'¹

The ground was now clear before him, and on April 10th he set to work once more from the beginning upon *Prince Otto*, which he had left untouched for three years. Ten days later he wrote: 'I am up to the waist in a story; a kind of one volume novel; how do they ever puff them out into three? Lots of things happen in this thing of mine, and one volume will swallow it without a strain.' At first all went swimmingly. By May 5th—in five-and-twenty days—he had drafted fifteen chapters. But there was a stumbling-block in his path—he had yet to reckon with his women characters. When he came to the scenes where the intervention of the Countess von Rosen is described, his resources were taxed to their utmost, and when the battle went against him, he renewed his attack again and again. Seven times was the fifteenth chapter rewritten, and it was only the eighth version which finally was suffered to pass.

On May 26th, in answer to Mr. Henderson's application for another story, he began the *Black Arrow*, and the first six chapters seem to have been finished in as many days. Eight years before, in studying the fifteenth century, he had read the Paston Letters, and mainly from this material he now constructed a style and story which he thought would please the public for whom he was writing, though to his friends he announced it with cynicism and described the work as 'Tushery.' On June 30th the first number of the tale appeared in *Young Folks*; for the next

¹ *Letters*, i. 293.

four months it continued with perfect regularity, and it was probably the one of its author's works which suffered most from the demands of periodical publication. In June he went for a week to Marseilles, and on July 1st left for Royat, and by these moves being separated from the instalments of his proof-sheets, he had at one time, according to his own account in later days, actually forgotten what had last happened to several of his principal characters. This, however, did not affect the popularity of the story, which, published like *Treasure Island* under the signature of 'Captain George North,' had a vogue far beyond that of its predecessor, even raising the circulation of its paper by many hundreds of copies a week during its appearance.¹

The visit to Royat was most successful, as his parents joined the party and there spent several weeks, but early in September Louis and his wife were back at La Solitude. *Treasure Island* had been prepared for press, and was already in the hands of the printers with the sole exception of the chart out of which the story had grown. This, having been accidentally mislaid, had now to be reconstructed from the text, and was being drawn in the Stevensons' office in Edinburgh. In spite of what had been said about rewriting and improving the story, only a few paragraphs were altered, chiefly in the sixteenth and two following chapters, and none of the modifications were of any importance.²

On September 19th Stevenson heard of the death of his old friend Walter Ferrier, who had long been in bad health, but was not supposed to be in any immediate danger. The record of their friendship is contained in the essay called 'Old Mortality,' which was written this winter; part of the letter has already been quoted³ which Stevenson wrote to Mr. Henley at this time upon hearing of their common loss, a letter which is, moreover, given

¹ *The Academy*, 3rd March 1900.

² Cf. *The Academy*, 3rd March 1900.

³ P. 89.

at length in Mr. Colvin's collection. Hence there is no occasion to say more here than that this was the first breach death had made in the inner circle of Stevenson's friends.

That very spring he had written in a letter of consolation, 'I am like a blind man in speaking of these things, for I have never known what mourning is, and the state of my health permits me to hope that I shall carry this good fortune unbroken to the grave.' The hope was not to be fulfilled, but never again, with the exception of his father and of Gleeming Jenkin, did any loss so nearly affect him as the death of Walter Ferrier.

At once his thoughts turned to the past, the past that was, and that which might have been; and he again took up the fragment which he had written upon 'Lay Morals' in the spring of 1879. On October 2nd he wrote to his father:—

'This curious affair of Ferrier's death has sent me back on our relation and my past with much unavailing wonder and regret. Truly, we are led by strange paths. A feeling of that which lacked with Ferrier and me when we were lads together has put me upon a task which I hope will not be disliked by you: a sketch of some of the more obvious provinces and truths of life for the use of young men. The difficulty and delicacy of the task cannot be exaggerated. Here is a fine opportunity to pray for me: that I may lead none into evil. I am shy of it; yet remembering how easy it would have been to help my dear Walter and me, had any one gone the right way about, spurs me to attempt it. I will try to be honest, and then there can be no harm, I am assured; but I say again: a fine opportunity to pray for me. Lord, defend me from all idle conformity, to please the face of man; from all display, to catch applause; from all bias of my own evil; in the name of Christ. Amen.'

Nevertheless he made but little more progress with his

Ethics. After a new preface addressed 'to any young man, conscious of his youth, conscious of vague powers and qualities, and fretting at the bars of life,' he reverted to his earlier manuscript, which still remains the more effective of the two drafts.

In October he received an offer from America for a book upon the islands of the Grecian Archipelago; but in consideration of the risk involved, and of the expenses of the journey, he fortunately decided not to accept the proposal.

All through the autumn his house continued to afford him fresh satisfaction. 'My address is still the same,' he writes to Mr. Low,¹ 'and I live in a most sweet corner of the universe, sea and fine hills before me, and a rich variegated plain; and at my back a craggy hill, loaded with vast feudal ruins. I am very quiet; a person passing by my door half startles me; but I enjoy the most aromatic airs, and at night the most wonderful view into a moonlit garden. By day this garden fades into nothing, overpowered by its surroundings and the luminous distance; but at night, and when the moon is out, that garden, the harbour, the flight of stairs that mount the artificial hillock, the plumed blue gum-trees that hang trembling, become the very skirts of Paradise. Angels I know frequent it; and it thrills all night with the flutes of silence.'

This enchanting abode and the excellence of the climate were to Stevenson the chief recommendations of Hyères, for of the residents and of the outside country he saw little or nothing, restricting himself to his own house and almost entirely to the circle of his own household. It was in the days of Fontainebleau and of the journeys that he acquired his knowledge of France and its inhabitants; to whatever use he may afterwards have turned them, his immediate surroundings for the time but seldom affected his work. And few foreigners have

¹ *Letters*, i. 287.

shown such understanding as is to be found in the stories of *The Treasure of Franchard* and *Providence and the Guitar*.

It is to this period that the reminiscence belongs, recorded in his letter to Mr. W. B. Yeats, of the spell cast upon him by Meredith's *Love in the Valley*; 'the stanzas beginning "When her mother tends her" haunted me and made me drunk like wine; and I remember waking with them all the echoes of the hills about Hyères.'¹

He began a story called *The Travelling Companion*, afterwards refused by a publisher as 'a work of genius but indecent,' and two years later condemned by Stevenson as having 'no urbanity and glee, and no true tragedy'; later still it was burned on the ground that 'it was not a work of genius, and *Jekyll* had supplanted it.' The *Note on Realism* was written for the *Magazine of Art*, and *Prince Otto*, by the beginning of December, was wanting only the last two chapters. And at the end of this year or the beginning of next the copyright of his first three books was bought back from the publishers by his father. The *Donkey* had gone into a third edition, the *Voyage* into a second; of the essays only nine hundred copies had been sold, and so badly were all three selling that the price was no more than a hundred pounds.

Treasure Island was published as a book in the end of November, when Stevenson obtained his first popular success. Its reception reads like a fairy-tale. Statesmen and judges and all sorts of staid and sober men became boys once more, sitting up long after bedtime to read their new book. The story goes that Mr. Gladstone got a glimpse of it at Lord Rosebery's house, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy. The editor of the *Saturday Review*, the superior, cynical 'Saturday' of old days, wrote excitedly to say that he thought *Treasure Island* was the best book that had

¹ *Letters*, ii. 324

appeared since *Robinson Crusoe*; and James Payn, who, if not a great novelist himself, yet held an undisputed position among novelists and critics, sent a note hardly less enthusiastic. Mr. Andrew Lang spent over it 'several hours of unmingled bliss.' 'This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know, except *Tom Sawyer* and the *Odyssey*, that I ever liked any romance so well.' It was translated and pirated in all directions, appearing within a couple of years as a *feuilleton* even in Greek and Spanish papers. For all this, it brought in no great emolument, for during the first year no more than five thousand six hundred copies were sold in this country.

Its author, at all events, did not lose his head or over-estimate his merits. Writing to his parents he says: 'This gives one strange thoughts of how very bad the common run of books must be; and generally all the books that the wiseacres think too bad to print are the very ones that bring me praise and pudding.'

One link with the past had snapped, one friendship had vanished, and Stevenson was looking forward all the more eagerly to seeing two of his oldest friends, Mr. Henley and Mr. Baxter, who were coming out to spend a long-promised holiday with him. Before it could begin, *Prince Otto* ought to be finished, and to this end he devoted all his powers. The New Year came, his friends arrived at Hyères, and for about a week he enjoyed the delights to which he had looked forward. But the house was too small for their reception, and Stevenson proposed that they should all go away together to some other place, that he might share with them the benefit of a change. Accordingly the party of four went to Nice, and there almost at once Stevenson took cold. At first it seemed slight, and his friends who were due to return home went away without thought of anxiety. The cold, however, resulted in congestion of the lungs, and suddenly the situation became grave. 'At

a consultation of doctors,' Mrs. Stevenson says, 'I was told there was no hope, and I had better send for some member of the family to be with me at the end. Bob Stevenson came, and I can never be grateful enough for what he did for me then. He helped me to nurse Louis, and he kept me from despair as I believe no one else could have done; he inspired me with hope when there seemed no hope.'

Very slowly he grew better; it was some time before he was out of danger, and a month before he was able to set foot outside the house; but at last they returned to La Solitude. Before his return he wrote in answer to his mother's inquiries: 'I survived, where a stronger man would not. There were never two opinions as to my immediate danger; of course it was chuck-farthing for my life. That is over, and I have only weakness to contend against. . . . Z—— told me to leave off wine, to regard myself as "an old man," and to "sit by my fire." None of which I wish to do. . . . As for my general health, as for my consumption, we can learn nothing till Vidal¹ sees me, but I believe the harm is little, my lungs are so tough.'

This illness, however, marked the beginning of a new and protracted period of ill-health, which lasted with but little intermission until he had left Europe. /

Miss Ferrier, his friend's sister, came out at this time and stayed with them until their return to England, proving an unfailing support to them in their increasing troubles. For in the first week in May Stevenson was attacked with the most violent and dangerous hemorrhage he ever experienced. It occurred late at night, but in a moment his wife was by his side. Being choked with the flow of blood and unable to speak, he made signs to her for a paper and pencil, and wrote in a neat firm hand, 'Don't be frightened; if this is death, it is an easy one.' Mrs. Stevenson had always a small bottle of ergotin and

¹ His own extremely clever doctor at Hyères.

a minim glass in readiness; these she brought in order to administer the prescribed quantity. Seeing her alarm, he took bottle and glass away from her, measured the dose correctly with a perfectly steady hand, and gave the things back to her with a reassuring smile.

Recovery was very slow and attended by numerous complications, less dangerous, but even more painful than the original malady. The dust of street refuse gave him Egyptian ophthalmia, and sciatica descending upon him caused him the more pain, as he was suffering already from restlessness. The hemorrhage was not yet healed, and we now hear for the first time of the injunctions to absolute silence, orders patiently obeyed, distasteful as they were. In silence and the dark, and in acute suffering, he was still cheery and undaunted. When the ophthalmia began and the doctor first announced his diagnosis, Mrs. Stevenson felt that it was more than any one could be expected to bear, and went into another room, and there, in her own phrase, 'sat and gloomed.' Louis rang his bell and she went to him, saying, in the bitterness of her spirit, as she entered the room, 'Well, I suppose that this is the very best thing that could have happened!' 'Why, how odd!' wrote Louis on a piece of paper, 'I was just going to say those very words.' When darkness fell upon him and silence was imposed, and his right arm was in a sling on account of the hemorrhage, his wife used to amuse him for part of the day by making up tales, some of which they afterwards used in the *Dynamiter*; when these were at an end, he continued the *Child's Garden*, writing down the new verses for himself in the dim light with his left hand. And at this time he wrote the best of all his poems, the 'Requiem' beginning 'Under the wide and starry sky,' which ten years later was to mark his grave upon the lonely hill-top in Samoa.

When he got a little better he wrote to his mother, 'I

do nothing but play patience and write verse, the true sign of my decadence.' With careful nursing he began to mend. Here, as everywhere, he excited the utmost sympathy, which manifested itself sometimes in embarrassing and unexpected ways. The washerwoman's little boy brought, of all things in the world, a canary to amuse the sick gentleman! Fortunately it doesn't sing, or it would drive the sick gentleman mad.'

Thomas Stevenson was in too precarious health even to be told of his son's illness, but the two friends who had visited Louis at Nice in January took counsel and on their own responsibility sent their doctor from London to see what could be done, and at any rate to learn the exact condition of the patient. In a few days Mrs. Stevenson was able to write to her mother-in-law:—

'[18th May 1884.]— . . . The doctor says, "Keep him alive till he is forty, and then although a winged bird, he may live to ninety." But between now and forty he must live as though he were walking on eggs, and for the next two years, no matter how well he feels, he must live the life of an invalid. He must be perfectly tranquil, trouble about nothing, have no shocks or surprises, not even pleasant ones; must not eat too much, drink too much, laugh too much; may write a little, but not too much; talk *very* little, and walk no more than can be helped.'

His recovery was steady and satisfactory; with great caution and by the aid of a courier the party made their way to Royat without mishap early in June. For a moment Stevenson turned his thoughts reluctantly towards Davos, and then wrote to his mother announcing his return to England in order to obtain a final medical opinion upon his health and prospects. The only course before him apparently was to 'live the life of a delicate girl' until he was forty. But uncongenial

as this seemed, his spirits were as high as ever, and he signed the letter with a string of names worthy of Bunyan's own invention—'I am, yours,

Mr. Muddler.

Mr. Addlehead.

Mr. Wandering Butterwits.

Mr. Shiftless Inconsistency.

Sir Indecision Contentment.'

The journey was safely accomplished, and Stevenson and his wife reached England on the 1st of July, the day before the first representation on the London stage of *Deacon Brodie*.

CHAPTER XI

BOURNEMOUTH—1884-87

‘This is the study where a smiling God
Beholds each day my stage of labour trod,
And smiles and praises, and I hear him say :
“The day is brief ; be diligent in play.”’

R. L. S.

THE next three years Stevenson was to spend in England—the only time he was ever resident in this country—and then Europe was to see him no more. At first sight the chronicle of this time would seem to be more full of interest than any other period of his life. *Treasure Island*, his ‘first book,’ had just been given to the world ; the year after his return *A Child’s Garden of Verses* and *Prince Otto* were published, and *Jekyll and Hyde* and *Kidnapped* appeared in the following year. To have written almost any one of these brilliant yet widely dissimilar books would be to challenge the attention of the most distinguished contemporary men of letters ; and to meet Stevenson at this time was instantly to acknowledge the quality and charm of the man and the strong fascination of his talk. For the whole of the period he made his home at Bournemouth, within easy reach of London visitors ; and in London itself Mr. Colvin (who had now become Keeper of Prints at the British Museum) not only had a house always open to him, but delighted to bring together those who by their own powers were best fitted to appreciate his society.

Yet the reality is disappointing. To produce brilliant writings it is not necessary at the time to live an exciting

or even a very full life, and Stevenson's health deprived him more and more of the ordinary incidents which happen to most men in their daily course. Looking back on this period in after days, he cries out: 'Remember the pallid brute that lived in Skerryvore like a weevil in a biscuit.' Nearly all the time which was not devoted to contending with illness was taken up with his work, and as he rarely left home without returning in a more or less disabled condition, he stayed in his own house and led the most retired of lives. Even there it was no uncommon experience for a visitor who had come to Bournemouth specially to see him, to find himself put to the door, either on the ground of having a cold, to the contagion of which it was unsafe for Stevenson to be exposed, or because his host was already too ill to receive him.

But this is to anticipate matters. On his return from Royat he was unable to be present at the *matinée* on July 2nd, at the Prince's Theatre,¹ when the Deacon was played by Mr. Henley's brother. The play had been given at Bradford eighteen months before, and during the summer of 1883 had been acted by a travelling company some forty times in Scotland and the North of England without any marked success. It was in the gallery of one of the houses where it was played that the complaint was heard during the performance of another piece: 'A dunna' what's coom to Thayter Royal. Thar's been na good moorder there for last six months'; and the Deacon's fate may not have been up to the usual standard. The play was now received in London with interest, and regarded as full of promise by critics who knew better what to expect of it, but the lack of stage experience told against it, and it has not been revived in this country.

Having passed a few days in a hotel at Richmond, Stevenson and his wife went down to Bournemouth, where Lloyd Osbourne had for some months past been at school. After staying at a hotel, and trying first one and then another set of lodgings on the West Cliff, at the

¹ Now the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

end of October they migrated into a furnished house in Branksome Park. The doctors whom he consulted were equally divided in their opinions, two saying it would be safe for him to stay in this country, while two advised him to go abroad; and in the end he yielded only to the desire to be near his father, who, though still at work, was evidently failing fast.

Meanwhile the first two months at Bournemouth were spent chiefly in the company of Mr. Henley, and were devoted to collaboration over two new plays. The reception of *Deacon Brodie* had been sufficiently promising to serve as an incentive to write a piece which should be a complete success, and so to grasp some of the rewards which now seemed within reach of the authors. They had never affected to disregard the fact that in this country the prizes of the dramatist are out of all proportion to the payment of the man of letters, and already in 1883 Stevenson had written to his father: 'The theatre is the gold mine; and on that I must keep an eye.' Now that they were again able to meet, and to be constantly together, the friends embarked upon some of the schemes they had projected long ago, and no doubt had talked over at Nice at the beginning of the year. By October the drafts of *Beau Austin* and *Admiral Guinea*¹ were completed and set up in type; and in the following spring, at the suggestion of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the two collaborators again set to work and produced their English version of *Macaire*.

These were to have been but the beginning of their labours, but more necessary work intervened, and the plays were never resumed.²

It may be convenient here to round off the history of Stevenson's dramatic writings: early in 1887 he helped his wife with a play, *The Hanging Judge*, which was not

¹ *Letters*, ii. 362.

² A list in Stevenson's writing shows some of their projects at the time, though it is certain that these had not been worked out, and we may doubt whether they would ever have been seriously considered. 'Farmer George'

completed at the time and has never yet been printed. Except for an unfinished fragment, intended for home representation at Vailima, he never again turned his hand to any work for the stage. *Beau Austin* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1890, *Admiral Guinea* and *Macaire* have since been performed, and all the plays written in partnership with Mr. Henley have thus been seen upon the stage, though none of them have kept it. The want of practical stage-craft may partly be to blame, and it must be remembered that Stevenson, at any rate, had not been inside a theatre since his return from America; but their chief interest lies in their literary quality, and it is to be feared that Mr. Archer was premature in his declaration that the production of *Beau Austin* showed triumphantly that 'the aroma of literature can be brought over the footlights with stimulating and exhilarating effect.'¹

As soon as the two finished plays were laid aside, husband and wife began to put together the second series of *New Arabian Nights* from the stories which Mrs. Stevenson had made up to while away the hours of illness at Hyères. Stevenson wrote the passages relating

was to have covered the whole reign of George the Third, ending with a scene in which the mad king recovered for a while his reason:—

Deacon Brodie : Drama in Four Acts and Ten Tableaux.

Beau Austin : Play in Four Acts.

Admiral Guinea : Melodrama in Four Acts.

Honour and Arms : Drama in Three Acts and Five Tableaux

The King of Clubs : Drama in Four Acts.

Pepys' Diary : Comedy.

The Admirable Crichton : Romantic Comedy in Five Acts.

Ajax : Drama in Four Acts.

The Passing of Vanderdecken : (Legend !) in Four Acts.

Farmer George : Historical Play in Five Acts.

The Gunpowder Plot : Historical Play in

Marcus Aurelius : Historical Play

The Atheists : Comedy.

The Mother-in-Law : Drama.

Madam Fate : Drama in a Prologue and Four Acts.

Madam Destiny :

The World, 12th Nov. 1890.

to Prince Florizel and collaborated in the remainder ; but the only complete story of his invention in the book was 'The Explosive Bomb': by which he designed 'to make dynamite ridiculous, if he could not make it horrible.'

Meanwhile, on receiving an application from the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for a Christmas story, he attempted to produce a new tale for the occasion. It proved, however, what, in the slang of the studio, he called a 'machine,' and 'Markheim,' which was now ready, being too short, as a last resource he bethought himself of 'The Body Snatcher,' one of the 'tales of horror' written at Pitlochry in 1881, and then 'laid aside in a justifiable disgust.' It was not one of his greater achievements, and would probably have excited little comment, had it not been for the gruesome and unauthorised methods of advertisement.

Soon afterwards he successfully concluded negotiations for a Life of the Duke of Wellington, which he was commissioned to write for the series of 'English Worthies,' edited by Mr. Andrew Lang. The military genius of the strategist had long dazzled Stevenson, who had also been deeply fascinated by the study of his character. I will not say that to him the man who wrote the Letters to Miss J. was as remarkable as the victor of Waterloo, but it is certain that the great soldier became twice as interesting on account of that marvellous correspondence. According to Mr. Gosse, special emphasis was to be given to the humour of Wellington, and certainly the biography was by no means to be restricted to his military career. Three years before, Stevenson had written to his father about a book on George the Fourth, perhaps the *Greville Memoirs*: 'What a picture of Hell! Yet the punishment of the end seemed more, if possible, than he had deserved. Iron-handed Wellington crushing him in his fingers; contempt, insult, disease, terror—what a haunted, despicable scene!'

The book, however, although it was in Stevenson's mind for several years and was advertised as 'in pre-

paration,' was never written, or, so far as I know, even begun. Not the least interesting part of the whole story is the picture of Stevenson sitting down to address a letter of inquiries to Mr. Gladstone, for whose political career he had always the most complete aversion, and finding himself, somewhat to his dismay, overcome with an involuntary reverence for the statesman who embodied so much of England's past.

Casting about for a new story, he turned in February to the highroad that to him and to his father before him had for long been one of the richest fields of romance. When to his delight he had first found his powers of narrative in *Treasure Island*, and discovered what possibilities lay before him of writing for boys the kind of stories he liked himself, he announced with glee to Mr. Henley that his next book was to be 'Jerry Abershaw: A Tale of Putney Heath.'¹ He was also to write 'The Squaw Men: or, The Wild West,' and of this one chapter was actually drafted. The new venture was, however, called 'The Great North Road,' but like *St. Ives* in later days it rapidly increased in proportions and in difficulty of management. So at the end of the eighth chapter it was relinquished for *Kidnapped* and apparently dropped out of sight. Already in its beginnings it showed an increase of skill in dealing with Nance Holdaway, who foreshadowed other heroines yet to come.

By the end of January, so successful had the winter been that Thomas Stevenson bought a house at Bournemouth as a present for his daughter-in-law. Its name was forthwith changed to Skerryvore in commemoration of the most beautiful and the most difficult to build of all the light-houses erected by the family.² It was no great distance from where they were already living: a modern brick house, closely covered with ivy; and from the top windows it was possible to catch a glimpse of the sea. There was half an acre of ground very charmingly arranged, running down from the lawn at the back, past a bank of heather,

¹ *Letters*, i. 223. Cf. 'A Gossip on Romance.'

² See p. 9.

into a chine or small ravine full of rhododendrons, and at the bottom a tiny stream.

Mrs. Stevenson at once started off for Hyères, whence she returned with their books and other belongings. The new house, however, was not ready for their occupation until the end of April, and when the move was made, to no one did it bring greater satisfaction than to Stevenson.

Wanderer as he was, and still gave the impression of being, he entered into his new property with a keenness of delight that must have amused those of his friends who remembered his former disparagement of all household possessions.¹ 'Our drawing room is now a place so beautiful that it's like eating to sit in it. No other room is so lovely in the world; there I sit like an old Irish beggarman's cast-off bauchle in a palace throne-room. Incongruity never went so far; I blush for the figure I cut in such a bower.'

The large dovecot is commemorated in *Underwoods*; the garden was an endless pleasure to Mrs. Stevenson, and having long been the domain of 'Boguey' in his lifetime, became at last his resting-place. Having been sent to hospital to recover from wounds received in battle, he broke loose, in his maimed state attacked another dog more powerful than himself, and so perished. His master and mistress were inconsolable, and never, even in Samoa, could bring themselves to allow a successor.

I have already referred to the easy access to Bournemouth, which was, of course, a prime consideration with his parents. But Stevenson's friends had seen little of him for several years past, so in this also there was a welcome change from Hyères. Nearly all the old and tried companions whom I have mentioned came to Skerryvore during these years: R. A. M. Stevenson and his wife, and his sister, Mrs. de Mattos, and her children; Miss Ferrier, Mr. Baxter, Professor Jenkin and Mrs. Jenkin, Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Henley all paid more or less frequent visits. Among the new-comers were Mr.

¹ Vol. i. p. 148.

Sargent, who twice came to paint his host's portrait, Mr. James Sully, an old friend at the Savile Club; Mr. William Archer, who owed his first coming to his severe but inspiring analysis of Stevenson, and remained as one of the most valued of his critics and appreciative of his friends; and, last and most welcome of the admissions into the inmost circle, his very dear friend, Mr. Henry James.

One of the most frequent visitors was R. A. M. Stevenson, who had, after some time, decided to give up the thankless task of producing pictures for the public which were not those he wanted to paint, and to use his technical knowledge and matchless powers of exposition in the criticism of art. That other art of writing, however, which Louis had spent his life in learning, could not be mastered in a day for the purposes of journalism even by so brilliant a talker as Bob, and it fell to Louis and Mr. Henley to give him many hints and put him through an apprenticeship in the technical part of the new profession in which he so rapidly made his mark.

Nor were the residents of Bournemouth to be overlooked, although (besides Dr. Scott, to whom *Underwoods* was chiefly dedicated, and Mrs. Boodle and her daughter, the 'Gamekeeper' of the *Letters*) close friendship was confined to two families—Sir Henry Taylor and his wife and daughters, and Sir Percy and Lady Shelley. Sir Percy, the son of the poet, was devoted to yachting and the theatre (especially melodrama), and his genial, kindly nature, in which shrewdness and simplicity were most attractively blended, endeared him to his new as to all his old friends, while Lady Shelley, no less warm-hearted, took the greatest fancy to Louis, and discovering in him a close likeness to her renowned father-in-law, she forthwith claimed him as her son.

But it was the Taylors with whom he lived in more intimate relations in spite of the impression he seems here again to have produced of a being wholly transitory and detached, a bird of passage resting in his flight from

some strange source to regions yet more unknown. Sir Henry indeed died almost before the friendship had commenced, but Lady Taylor and her daughters continued to live at Bournemouth until long after Skerryvore was transferred to other hands.

But before Sir Henry Taylor passed away, Stevenson had suffered a more unexpected and a heavier blow in the death of his friend Fleeming Jenkin on June 12, 1885. Only once again in his life was he to lose one very near to him, and the subsequent task of writing his friend's life not only raised his great admiration but even deepened the regret for his loss.

To some of his friends in these days, and chiefly to Miss Una Taylor, Mrs. Jenkin, Mr. Henley, and his cousin Bob, he owed the revival of his interest in music, which now laid greater hold upon him than ever before. He began to learn the piano, though he never reached even a moderate degree of skill; he flung himself with the greatest zeal into the mysteries of composition, wherein it is but honest to say that he failed to master the rudiments. 'Books are of no use,' he says; 'they tell you how to write in four parts, and that cannot be done by man. Or do you know a book that really tells a fellow? I suppose people are expected to have ears. To my ear a fourth is delicious, and consecutive fifths the music of the spheres. As for hidden fifths, those who pretend to dislike 'em I can never acquit of affectation. Besides (this in your ear) there is nothing else in music; I know; I have tried to write four parts.'

His delight and eagerness were enhanced rather than decreased by difficulties, and in a period of his life when nearly all pleasures were taken away from him, he was able at least to sit at the piano and create for the ear of his imagination those heavenly joys it is the prerogative of music to bestow.

Besides enjoying the company of his friends, he made good use of his few other opportunities. Since at

Bournemouth his health hardly ever allowed him to pass beyond the gate of Skerryvore, the chance seldom presented itself to him of meeting men of any other class whose lives lay outside his own, but those who fell in his way received unusual attention at his hands, more especially if they possessed originality or any independence of character. Thus, the barber that came to cut his hair, the picture-framer, the 'vet' who attended 'Bogues,' each in their different way were originals to a man whose life was so secluded; their coming was welcomed, they invariably stayed to meals, and, sooner or later, told the story of their lives.

Such was his own life, and such were his surroundings at this period; and yet to leave the picture without a word of warning would be wholly to misrepresent Stevenson. A popular novelist, toiling incessantly at his writing, and confined by ill-health almost entirely within the walls of a suburban villa at an English watering-place, is about as dreary a figure as could be formed from the facts. The details are as accurate as if they were in a realistic novel, and yet the essence is wholly untrue to life. It is necessary to insist again and again on the 'spirit intense and rare,' the courage, the vivacity, the restless intellect ever forming new schemes with unceasing profusion. There are people who might live a life of the wildest adventure, of the most picturesque diversity, and yet be dull. Stevenson could lie in a sick-room for weeks without speaking, and yet declare truly, as he asserted to Mr. Archer, 'I never was bored in my life.' When everything else failed, and he was entirely incapable of work, he would build card-houses, or lie in bed modelling small figures of wax or clay, taking the keenest interest in either process. On being told that a friend of his 'has fallen in love with stagnation,' from his invalid chair he protests that the dream of his life is to be 'the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry,' and his favourite attitude 'turning in the saddle to look back at my whole command (some five thousand strong)

following me at the hand-gallop up the road out of the burning valley by moonlight.’¹ In him at least the romantic daydream called out as completely the splendid virtues of courage and enterprise and resolution as he could ever have displayed them on the field of battle.

Illness and anxiety had, as he afterwards said, put an end to the happiness of Hyères, but he was maintaining the unequal fight with much of the spirit and gaiety that he always showed; his sufferings did not dull the kindness and sympathy which largely formed the fascination of his character, unique, perhaps, in being at once so lovable and so brilliant.

In the meantime he was hard at work. His interest in all questions relating to the methods of literature was unfailing. A lecture from Sir Walter Besant and an answer by Mr. Henry James brought Stevenson in his turn into the pages of *Longman's Magazine* for December 1884. In ‘A Humble Remonstrance’ he urged the paramount claims of the ‘story’ in fiction, and dwelt on the problems involved for the student of method. Several months later he followed this up by a most inspiring but more strictly professional disquisition on ‘The Technical Elements of Style,’ ‘the work of five days in bed,’ which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for April. At the time it was ill received and generally misunderstood: it is, however, the result of long and close study, and is a singularly suggestive inquiry into a subject which has always been considered too vague and difficult for analysis, at any rate since the days of the classical writers on rhetoric, whom Stevenson had never read. He continued to meditate and to develop his ideas, and during 1886 had even planned a course of lectures to be delivered in London to students of his art. So full of the subject was he that when this project was peremptorily forbidden by the doctors, he could not rest until he found in Miss Boodle a pupil to whom he could disburden himself of the ideas with which he was overflowing.

¹ *Letters*, i. 311.

In March 1885 *A Child's Garden of Verses* was published at last, after having been set up twice in proof. In April *Prince Otto* began to run in *Longman's Magazine*, coming out as a book in October, and by May *More New Arabian Nights* appeared. Soon after the issue of *Prince Otto*, Stevenson wrote to Mr. Henley: 'I had yesterday a letter from George Meredith, which was one of the events of my life. He cottoned (for one thing), though with differences, to *Otto*; cottoned more than my rosierest visions had inspired me to hope; said things that (from him) I would blush to quote.' Mr. Meredith's letter unfortunately has disappeared, but in another from the same source there occur these words: 'I have read pieces of *Prince Otto*, admiring the royal manner of your cutting away of the novelist's lumber. Straight to matter is the secret. Also approvingly your article on style.'

Still, with all this production, and with praise from so high a quarter, it must not be supposed that Stevenson's writing as yet brought in any very extravagant payment. His professional income for this year, in fact, was exactly the same as that which he had averaged for the three years preceding, and amounted to less than four hundred pounds. Nor were his receipts materially increased before he reached America.

A subject much in his thoughts at this time was the duality of man's nature and the alternation of good and evil; and he was for a long while casting about for a story to embody this central idea. Out of this frame of mind had come the sombre imagination of 'Markheim,' but that was not what he required. The true case still delayed, till suddenly one night he had a dream. He awoke, and found himself in possession of two, or rather three, of the scenes in the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Its waking existence, however, was by no means without incident. He dreamed these scenes in considerable detail, including the circumstance of the transforming powders, and so vivid was the impression that he wrote

the story off at a red heat, just as it had presented itself to him in his sleep.

‘In the small hours of one morning,’ says Mrs. Stevenson, ‘I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily: “Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.” I had awakened him at the first transformation scene.’

Mr. Osbourne writes: ‘I don’t believe that there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of *Dr. Jekyll*. I remember the first reading as though it were yesterday. Louis came downstairs in a fever; read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he was away again and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long; as three days.’

He had lately had a hemorrhage, and was strictly forbidden all discussion or excitement. No doubt the reading aloud was contrary to the doctor’s orders; at any rate Mrs. Stevenson, according to the custom then in force, wrote her detailed criticism of the story as it then stood, pointing out her chief objection—that it was really an allegory, whereas he had treated it purely as if it were a story. In the first draft Jekyll’s nature was bad all through, and the Hyde change was worked only for the sake of a disguise. She gave the paper to her husband and left the room. After a while his bell rang; on her return she found him sitting up in bed (the clinical thermometer in his mouth), pointing with a long denunciatory finger to a pile of ashes. He had burned the entire draft. Having realised that he had taken the wrong point of view, that the tale was an allegory and not another ‘*Markheim*,’ he at once destroyed his manuscript, acting not out of pique, but from a fear that he might be tempted to make too much use of it, and not rewrite the whole from a new standpoint.

It was written again in three days (‘I drive on with Jekyll: bankruptcy at my heels’); but the fear of losing the story altogether prevented much further criticism.

The powder was condemned as too material an agency, but this he could not eliminate, because in the dream it had made so strong an impression upon him.

'The mere physical feat,' Mr. Osbourne continues, 'was tremendous; and instead of harming him, it roused and cheered him inexpressibly.' Of course it must not be supposed that these three days represent all the time that Stevenson spent upon the story, for after this he was working hard for a month or six weeks in bringing it into its present form.

The manuscript was then offered to Messrs. Longmans for their magazine; and on their judgment the decision was taken not to break it up into monthly sections, but to issue it as a shilling book in paper covers. The chief drawbacks of this plan to the author were the loss of immediate payment and the risk of total failure, but these were generously met by an advance payment from the publishers on account of royalties. 'The little book was printed,' says Mr. Charles Longman, 'but when it was ready the bookstalls were already full of Christmas numbers etc., and the trade would not look at it. We therefore withdrew it till after Christmas. In January it was launched—not without difficulty. The trade did not feel inclined to take it up, till a review appeared in the *Times*¹ calling attention to the story. This gave it a start, and in the next six months close on forty thousand copies were sold in this country alone.' Besides the authorised edition in America, the book was widely pirated, and probably not less than a quarter of a million copies in all have been sold in the United States.

Its success was probably due rather to the moral instincts of the public than to any conscious perception of the merits of its art. It was read by those who never read fiction, it was quoted in pulpits, and made the subject of leading articles in religious newspapers. But the praise, though general, was not always according to knowledge, as, for example, in one panegyric, which lauded

¹ The *Times*, January 25, 1886.

'a new writer, following in some detail, perhaps more of style than matter, the much regretted Hugh Conway.' Yet even this criticism by no means represents the extreme range of its circulation.

But as literature also it was justly received with enthusiasm. Even Symonds, though he doubted 'whether any one had the right so to scrutinise the abysmal depths of personality,' admitted, 'The art is burning and intense'; and the cry of horror and pain which he raised was in another sense a tribute to its success. 'How had you the *ilia dura ferro et ære triplici duriora* to write Dr. Jekyll? I know now what was meant when you were called a sprite.'¹

In his *Chapter on Dreams*, Stevenson has told his readers how the 'brownies' suddenly became useful in providing him with stories for his books, but in spite of this statement it appears that besides *Jekyll and Hyde* there is only one other plot thus furnished which he ever actually completed. This was 'Olalla,' which appeared in the Christmas number of the *Court and Society Review*; in connection with it there arises an interesting point—an apparent plagiarism from the *Strange Story* by Lord Lytton. In either tale a squirrel is caught in the boughs of a tree by a semi-human youth and is shortly afterwards killed. It is true that Margrave slays the animal in revenge for a bite, whereas Stevenson's Felipe deliberately tortures the innocent creature, but the agility and the lack of humanity are the gist of both episodes. Beside the account in *Dreams* must be set Stevenson's own statement that his invention of Felipe was in part deliberate,² and it is impossible now to say whether (if the resemblance was more than accidental) the incident came back into the author's mind in his sleep or in his waking hours.

With the general result he was never well satisfied.

¹ *John Addington Symonds: a Biography*. By Horatio F. Brown. London: Nimmo, 1895.

² *In the South Seas*, p. 353.

To Lady Taylor he wrote: 'The trouble with "Olalla" is, that it somehow sounds false. . . . The odd problem is: What makes a story true? "Markheim" is true; "Olalla" false; and I don't know why, nor did I feel it while I worked at them; indeed I had more inspiration with "Olalla," as the style shows. I am glad you thought that young Spanish woman well dressed; I admire the style of it myself, more than is perhaps good for me; it is so solidly written. And that again brings back (almost with the voice of despair) my unanswerable: Why is it false?'

Kidnapped was begun in March 1885 as another story for boys, and with as little premeditation as afterwards sufficed for its sequel. But when once the hero had been started upon his voyage, the tale was laid aside and not resumed until the following January, just after the publication of *Jekyll and Hyde*. No greater contrast can be imagined than the strong, healthy, open-air life of the new book and the dark fancies of the allegory which preceded it. Though the former was the product of his waking hours, it was no less spontaneous than a dream.

'In one of my books, and in one only, the characters took the bit in their teeth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their backs on me and walked off bodily; and from that time my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story.'¹

But within two months Stevenson began to flag, and not long after a visit for his father's sake to Matlock, where he had made small progress with the writing, he decided, at Mr. Colvin's suggestion, to break off with David's return to Edinburgh and leave the tale half told. Mr. Henderson gladly accepted the story for *Young Folks*, where it ran under Stevenson's own name from May to July, and was then published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

It was dedicated to Mr. Baxter, whose permission was asked in a letter indicating its character and showing its author's capacity in dialect, if he had ever had a mind to

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, 1888, p. 764.

let it run riot in his pages. 'It's Scōtch, sir: no strong, for the sake o' thae pock-puddens, but jist a kitchen o't, to leaven the wersh, sapless, fushionless, stotty, stytering South Scōtch they think sae muckle o'.'

The whole took him, as he said, 'probably five months' actual working; one of these months entirely over the last chapters, which had to be put together without interest or inspiration, almost word for word, for I was entirely worked out.' But as a whole, the author thought it the best and most human work he had yet done, and its success was immediate with all readers. To mention two instances only:—Matthew Arnold, who apparently knew Stevenson's work little, if at all, before this, was at once filled with delight, and we are told that it was the last book Lord Iddesleigh was able to read with pleasure—'a volume,' continues Mr. Lang, 'containing more of the spirit of Scott than any other in English fiction.'

The elder Stevenson had for several years, as we have seen, been declining in health and spirits, and the shadows began to close about his path. In 1885 he gradually reduced the amount of his work, though he still continued his practice, and could not altogether refuse the solicitations he received to appear as a scientific witness before Parliamentary Committees.

The tenderness of the relation between father and son now became pathetic in the extreme. As the old man's powers began to fail, he would speak to Louis as though he were still a child. When they went to the theatre together, and Louis stood up in his place, the father put his arm round him, saying: 'Take care, my dearie, you might fall.' At night, as he kissed his son, he would say reassuringly: 'You'll see me in the morning, dearie.' 'It was,' says his daughter-in-law, 'just like a mother with a young child.'

It was chiefly in the summers and autumns that Louis left Bournemouth, but even then he rarely travelled any distance or was absent for any length of time. In 1885 he went to London in June, and then accompanied his

wife on a last visit to Cambridge, to stay with Mr. Colvin, who was now resigning his professorship. In August he started for Dartmoor, but after meeting Mr. Thomas Hardy and his wife at Dorchester, was laid up with a violent hemorrhage at Exeter, in the hotel, and was compelled to remain there for several weeks, before he was able to return home. In the following year he went to town in June, and again in August, the latter time extending his journey to Paris in the company of his wife and Mr. Henley, to see their friends Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Low, then, after a long interval, revisiting France for the first time.

Meeting once more in their early haunts, the old friends revived many memories. One trivial reminiscence of this occasion is yet so characteristic of Stevenson, and so illustrates the working of his mind, that it may find a place here. The two friends, painter and writer, both possessing a fine palate for certain wines, had always laughed at one another's pretensions to such taste. In 1875 or 1876, soon after Mr. Low's marriage, he and his wife had gone to dine with Stevenson at the Musée de Cluny in the Boulevard St. Michel. Mr. Low, hesitating for a moment in his choice of a wine, Stevenson turned to Mrs. Low, and on the spot made up and elaborately embellished a story of how her husband had once gone with him to dine at a restaurant, and had tasted and rejected every vintage the establishment was able to offer. At last—so the tale ran—the proprietor confessed that there was one bottle even finer in his cellar, which had lain there forty years, but that he was ready to give it up to such a master, although it was like surrendering a part of his life. A procession was formed, first the proprietor, then the cellarman, then the waiters of the establishment, and they all went down to the cellar to get the famous bottle. Back they came in the same order with the priceless treasure borne tenderly in the arms of the cellarman, a man with a long beard down to his waist, who had been so much in the cellar that the light made him blink. Slowly and reverently they approached

the table, and then they all sighed. The bottle was deliberately and ceremoniously uncorked, and the wine poured into small glasses, while the waiters looked on with breathless reverence. The two connoisseurs touched glasses and slowly carried them to their lips. There was absolute silence. All eyes were upon them, and when they drank deeply and expressed their satisfaction, the whole establishment heaved a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Low now reminded Stevenson of this story, and he, declaring it was no 'story,' but an historical account of what had actually happened, repeated it word for word as he had originally told it. When he came to the end, he added, 'And the cellarman, overcome with emotion, dropped dead.' As he said these words, he saw by his hearers' faces that this was a divergence from the original tale, and added quickly, 'That about the cellarman is not *really* true!'

The quickness with which he caught the first sign of surprise at the only variation, and the readiness with which he recovered himself, were no less characteristic of Stevenson, as Mr. Low truly says, than the fact that the story of his invention took so concrete a form in his mind that, perhaps without its having recurred to his memory in all the interval, he was able to give the identical words and details as they had originally presented themselves to him.

An old project had this year been revived by Mr. Gilder of a boat-voyage down the Rhone to be written by Stevenson and illustrated by Mr. Low, but the former's health was now too precarious for even the most luxurious of such journeys. His visit to Paris, however, was most successful, its chief event being a visit to Rodin the sculptor, to whom Mr. Henley introduced him. He came home in what was for him exceptionally good health; but returning in October to The Monument—his invariable name for Mr. Colvin's house at the British Museum—he did not escape so easily. The second holiday began delightfully, for it was on this occasion

that he met some of the most distinguished of his elders in the world of letters and of art—especially, as Mr. Colvin records, Browning, Lowell, and Burne-Jones. But soon the visitor was taken ill, confined to bed, and unable to return home until the very end of November, when a succession of fogs made the danger of remaining in London greater than the risk of any journey.

This autumn there occurred a curious event in Stevenson's literary career, which is recorded in a letter to his mother. '5th Sept. 1886.— . . . I have just written a French (if you please!) story for a French magazine! Heaven knows what it's like; but they asked me to do it, and I was only too pleased to try.'

Although Stevenson had a wide and full vocabulary, and spoke French with a good accent and complete fluency, it seems certain that he had not the perfect knowledge of the language necessary for serious composition. At any rate the attempt came to nothing. 'I was not brave enough to send it to the publishers,' he said, 'so I destroyed it, as one should all literary temptations of every class.'¹

By this time he had begun to write the *Memoir* of his friend Jenkin, the only biography which he ever actually carried to an end. A few months later Mrs. Jenkin came to Skerryvore to afford him what assistance he needed, and of his method of dealing with the work, she has given a description.

'I used to go to his room after tea, and tell him all I could remember of certain times and circumstances. He would listen intently, every now and then checking me while he made a short note, or asking me to repeat or amplify what I had said, if it had not been quite clear. Next morning I went to him again, and he read aloud to me what he had written — my two hours of talk compressed

¹ *Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific*, by Arthur Johnstone, p. 106. Messrs. Chatto and Windus: 1905.

into a page, and yet, as it seemed to me, all there, all expressed. He would make me note what he had written word by word, asking me, "Does this express quite exactly what you mean?" Sometimes he offered me alternative words, "Does this express it more truly?" If I objected to any sentence as not conveying my meaning, he would alter it again and again—unwearied in taking pains.'

His life in England led him to take both in home and in foreign politics a closer interest than he had felt before. He was deeply moved during these years by two events, though neither in the end led to any action on his part, nor even an open declaration of his views. These were the death of Gordon and a case of boycotting women in Ireland.

In 1884 he had felt acutely the withdrawal of the garrisons from the Soudan. 'When I read at Nice that Graham was recalled from Suakim after all that butchery, I died to politics. I saw that they did not regard what I regarded, and regarded what I despised; and I closed my account. If ever I could do anything, I suppose I ought to do it; but till that hour comes, I will not vex my soul.'

This was no passing wave of sentiment; Gordon's fate was laid even more deeply to heart, and one of the motives which induced Stevenson to begin his letters to the *Times* upon Samoan affairs was the memory that in 1884 he had stood by in silence while a brave man was being deserted and a population dependent for help on the government of this country was handed over to the mercies of barbarism. So when he finally came to the point of writing the letter to Mr. Gladstone about the Iron Duke,¹ he could think of no other signature open to him than 'Your fellow-criminal in the eyes of God,' and forbore.

But although the passionate indignation and 'that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound' were highly characteristic of Stevenson, at the most they could have led to nothing more than a series of letters to the papers. They might have stirred the public conscience,

¹ See *ante*, p. 6.

but though Stevenson would have been dealing with matters less remote from the knowledge of his readers, his part in any agitation or protest would not have differed greatly from his efforts in the cause of Samoa. The other project, on the contrary, would, if he had been able to carry it out, have led to a definite and entire change of the whole course of his life. On Nov. 13, 1885, Mr. John Curtin had been murdered by a party of moonlighters in his house, Castle Farm, at Castle Island, County Kerry. His grown-up sons and daughters had shown the greatest courage, and one of the murderers had been shot. For this the family were cut off as far as possible from all the necessities of life, and in April 1887 the boycott still continued. Stevenson, while admitting the wrongs of Ireland, had always the most profound regard for the paramount claims of the law, and had long been shocked both by the disregard of it in Ireland and by the callous indifference of the English to the needs of those engaged in its support. He now pitched upon the case of the Curtin family as a concrete instance in which it behoved England to do her duty, and since no one else was forthcoming for the task, he prepared to offer himself as an agent, and, if need were, a martyr in the cause. As a man of letters he was not tied down to any one place to do his work, so he proposed to take the Curtins' farm and there live with his wife and his stepson. His wife added her protests to those of all his friends who heard of the project, but in vain, and so without sharing his illusions she cheerfully prepared to accompany him.

It is impossible to conceive a more quixotic design. Many of the objections to it Stevenson realised himself, or was told by his friends.¹ But perhaps he never suspected how little he understood the Irish, or how utterly futile his action would have proved. As a matter of fact he hardly ever came into contact with Irishmen at any time during his life, was probably misled by false inferences from the Highlanders as to Celtic peculiarities,

¹ *Letters*, ii. 27. Mr. Colvin has kindly helped me to decide that this letter belongs to 1887.

and in the principal Irishman whom he drew—Colonel Burke in *The Master of Ballantrae*—he has not carried conviction.¹ But these considerations, even if they had been brought home to him, would equally have failed to move him, and it was nothing but his father's illness which kept him for the time in this country. He abandoned the design with reluctance, and, as Mr. Colvin says, 'to the last he was never well satisfied that he had done right in giving way.'

It was driven from his mind, however, by events which touched him more nearly. In the autumn his parents had taken a house in Bournemouth for the winter, that Mr. Stevenson might have the companionship of his son. For some time after they came Louis was laid up in London, and even when he returned he was too ill to see much of his father or to have any cheering influence upon him. In February Thomas Stevenson was taken by his wife to Torquay, but came back to Bournemouth on the first of April. By the twenty-first he was so ill that it was thought better to bring him home, and he returned to Edinburgh. The accounts of him grew so alarming, that Louis followed on the sixth of May, but was too late for his coming to be of any use, and on the eighth all was over.

Of the son's affection and of his appreciation for his father enough has been said to show how great the sense of his loss must have been. The shock of having found his father no longer able to recognise him preyed upon his mind, and for some time to come he was haunted day and night with 'ugly images of sickness, decline, and impaired reason,' which increased yet further his sadness and the physical depression that weighed him down.

In the meantime he took cold, was not allowed to attend the funeral, and never left the house until, at the end of May, he was able to return to Bournemouth, and quitted Scotland for the last time.

¹ Mac, the Ulsterman in *The Wrecker*, is a better story, but would not have helped his creator much in Kerry.

CHAPTER XII

THE UNITED STATES—1887-88

‘But, indeed, I think we all belong to many countries. I am a Scotchman, touch me and you will find the thistle; I am a Briton, and live and move and have my being in the greatness of our national achievements; but am I to forget the long hospitality of that beautiful and kind country, France? Or has not America done me favours to confound my gratitude? Nay, they are all my relatives; I love them all dearly; and should they fall out among themselves (which God in his mercy forbid!), I believe I should be driven mad with their conflicting claims upon my heart.’

R. L. S., MS. of *The Silverado Squatters*.

THE chief link which bound Stevenson to this country was now broken, for his mother was free to follow him and his wife to whatever climate the advice of the doctors might send him. Year after year the struggle with ill-health was becoming more painful; ‘an enemy who was exciting at first, but has now, by the iteration of his strokes, become merely annoying and inexpressibly irksome.’ He seemed condemned to a life in the sick-room, and even there to be steadily losing ground. Under the altered circumstances, his uncle, Dr. George Balfour, peremptorily insisted on a complete change of climate for a year, suggesting a trial of either one of the Indian hill-stations or Colorado; this advice was reinforced by his Bournemouth physician, Dr. Scott, and, for several obvious reasons, America was preferred. As soon as his mother’s promise to accompany the party was obtained, Skerryvore was let, and by the middle of July their tickets were taken for New York.

Early in the same month he had written to his mother:

'... I can let you have a cheque for £100 to-morrow, which is certainly a pleasant thing to be able to say. I wish it had happened while my father was still here; I should have liked to help him once—perhaps even from a mean reason: that he might see I had not been wrong in taking to letters. But all this, I dare say, he observes, or, in some other way, feels. And he, at least, is out of his warfare, as I could sometimes wish I were out of mine. The mind of the survivor is mean; it sees the loss, it does not always feel the deliverance. Yet about our loss, I feel it more than I can say—every day more—that it is a happy thing that he is now at peace.'

But the invalid was not to escape from England without another illness; worn as he was by his recent experiences, he once more broke down, and was laid up again with hemorrhage.

On the 20th August, however, he left Bournemouth for London, and spent Sunday in the city, at Armfield's Hotel. Here those of his closest friends who at that season were within reach came to bid him farewell, a last good-bye as it proved for all, since he never saw any one of them again. 'In one way or another,' he had written, 'life forces men apart and breaks up the goodly fellowships for ever,' and he himself was now to become 'no more than a name, a reminiscence, and an occasional crossed letter very laborious to read.'¹

As Mr. Colvin had been the first to welcome him on his return from America, so he was the last to take leave of him the next day, when the party of five—for Valentine Roch accompanied them—embarked on the steamship *Ludgate Hill*.

The beginning of their voyage was an unpleasant surprise, for their passages had been taken in ignorance that the ship was used as a cattle-boat, and it was only when the family came on board that they learned that they were going to put in at Havre for their cargo before

¹ *Virginibus Puerisque*, chap. i.

sailing for America. But Stevenson, ill as he was, did not allow mere discomfort to affect him. His mother's diary contains an entry highly characteristic both of herself and of her son: 'We discover that it is a cattle-ship, and that we are going to Havre to take in horses. We agree to look upon it as an adventure and make the best of it. . . . It is very amusing and like a circus to see the horses come on board.' Not only was there a ship-load of horses, but the vessel resembled the fleet of Ophir at least in this, that she carried a consignment of apes; of which 'the big monkey, Jacko, scoured about the ship,' and took a special fancy to Stevenson. The other passengers were not unentertaining, and the voyage itself was to him a pure delight, until they came to the Banks off Newfoundland, where he again caught cold. 'I was so happy on board that ship,' he wrote to his cousin Bob; 'I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather, and many discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. And truly there is nothing else. I had literally forgotten what happiness was, and the full mind—full of external and physical things, not full of cares and labours and rot about a fellow's behaviour. My heart literally sang; I truly care for nothing so much as for that.'¹

By this time his reputation had crossed the Atlantic, and, chiefly by means of *Jekyll and Hyde*, had spread there to an extent which he had probably not yet realised. The first indication reached him, however, before he had sighted the coast-line of the States, for, on September 6th, when the pilot came on board, it turned out that he was known on his boat as Hyde, while his better-tempered partner was called Jekyll.

The next day the *Ludgate Hill* arrived at New York,

¹ *Letters*, ii. 67.

where Stevenson was met by a crowd of reporters, and—what was more to his taste—by his old friend, Mr. Will H. Low. He was forthwith carried off to an hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchild had made all arrangements for his reception, and the next day he proceeded to their house at Newport. But on the journey he caught fresh cold, and spent a fortnight there chiefly in bed.

On his return to New York he saw a few people, mostly old friends like Mr. Low and his wife, and first made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Charles Scribner and Mr. Burlingame. Mr. St. Gaudens, the eminent American sculptor, now began to make the necessary studies for the large medallion, which was not completed until five years later. It is the most satisfactory of all the portraits of Stevenson, and has been reproduced with one or two slight modifications for the memorial in St. Giles' Cathedral. The artist was a great admirer of Stevenson's writings, and had said that if he ever had the chance he would gladly go a thousand miles for the sake of a sitting. The opportunity came to his doors; he now modelled the head and shoulders from life, and in the following spring made casts as well as drawings of the hands.

At this time the popularity of Stevenson's work in America was attested also by its appearance on the stage; not only were there two dramatised versions of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* upon the boards, but *Deacon Brodie* was shortly afterwards produced in Philadelphia by an English company.

For the dramatisation of his story Stevenson was of course in no way responsible, but the publicity and the advertisement of his name had naturally the effect of enabling publishers to offer better terms for his work. He had already contributed to American magazines for several years, in the first instance to the *Century*, and then to the new periodical of Messrs. Scribner, for which

he now undertook to write a series of twelve articles during the ensuing year. For this he was to receive £700, and this bargain was followed shortly afterwards by an offer of £1600 from another firm for the American serial rights of his next story. The first proposal of all—from the *New York World*, was £2000 for an article every week for a year; but this he had refused. In February 1883 he had written to his mother: 'My six books (since 1878) have brought me in upwards of £600, about £400 of which came from magazines.' So great was the change in four years. It must be remembered that in England also he had now reached the turning-point of his fortunes; and early in the following year he became a member of the Athenæum Club in London under the rule permitting the committee to elect nine persons annually 'as being of distinguished eminence in Science, Literature or the Arts, or for Public Services.' In this very year it had been found worth while to collect and republish with additions such of his stories, essays, and verse as had hitherto appeared only in magazines. But though the change was not solely due to the greater enterprise of American publishers, it is none the less striking.

His first need, however, for the present was to select a climate where he could best pass the winter. He had come to America in search of health, but the information he received in New York dissuaded him from Colorado Springs, which, situated as it is nearly six thousand feet above the sea, would have deprived him of the company of his wife, to whom such high altitudes were no longer possible. He turned instead to a place at a lower elevation in the Adirondack Mountains, close to the Canadian border, where a sanatorium for consumptive patients had recently been established near the shores of Saranac lake.

Thither went accordingly Mrs. Louis Stevenson and her son, and there they succeeded in finding a house

which would serve as winter-quarters for the family. Stevenson arrived with his mother on October the 3rd, and here he remained until the middle of the following April. It was no very pleasant spot, at all events in the winter months, and formed a curious contrast to his experience in the tropics. The climate comprised every variety of unpleasantness: it rained, it snowed, it sleeted, it blew, it was thick fog; it froze—the cold was Arctic; it thawed—the discomfort was worse; and it combined these different phases in every possible way. Two things only could be advanced in its favour, the first and vital fact that Stevenson's health did not suffer, but actually improved; and secondly, it served at times to remind him of Scotland—a Scotland 'without peat and without heather,' but that is no very hard task with the true Scot, as may be seen with Stevenson himself in the Pacific.

The place was still somewhat undeveloped; the railway was opened to Saranac itself only during the course of the winter. It was nevertheless so far accessible that visitors not unfrequently found their way there to make Stevenson's acquaintance, and occasionally even stayed a few days, though there was in the house but one spare attic of limited capacity. In Dr. Trudeau, the physician, Stevenson found an agreeable companion, and he also enjoyed the society of some of the resident patients, though he went but little beyond the limits of his own family. They occupied a house belonging to a guide, a frame-house of the usual kind with a verandah; here, with the services of Valentine and a cook, and a boy to chop wood and draw water, they made themselves as comfortable as possible during the winter.

The younger Mrs. Stevenson began the campaign by a hasty visit to Canada to lay in a supply of furs for the family, and her foresight was well rewarded. In December the cold began, and by January the thermometer was sometimes nearly 30 degrees below zero.

There was a stove in each chamber, and an open fireplace for logs in the central living-room, but these were of little avail. 'Fires do not radiate,' wrote Stevenson; 'you burn your hands all the time on what seem to be cold stones.' His mother gives an illustration: 'Cold venison was crunching with ice after being an hour in the oven, and I saw a large lump of ice still unmelted in a pot where water was steaming all round it.'

Stevenson himself stood the cold better than any of his family, and, arrayed in a buffalo coat, astrakhan cap, and Indian boots, used to go out daily. He would take short walks on a hill behind the house, and skated on the lake when the ice could be kept clear. But both the ladies were ordered away for their health at different times, while in February the maid was laid up with a severe attack of influenza, the next victim being Stevenson himself.

In the meantime he had not been idle. By December he had written four of the essays for the magazine, and was already on the threshold of a new Scotch story.

'I was walking one night in the verandah of a small house in which I lived, outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinary clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below, the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders: a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly among the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. I was besides moved with the spirit of emulation, for I had just finished my third or fourth perusal of *The Phantom Ship*. "Come," said I to my engine, "let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilisation; a story that shall have the same large features, and may be treated in the same summary elliptic method as the book you have been reading and admiring." . . . There cropped up in

my memory a singular case of a buried and resuscitated fakir, which I had often been told by an uncle of mine, then lately dead, Inspector-General John Balfour. On such a fine frosty night, with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with much vivacity; and the next moment I had seen the circumstance transplanted from India and the tropics to the Adirondack wilderness and the stringer cold of the Canadian border. . . . If the idea was to be of any use at all for me, I had to create a kind of evil genius to his friends and family, take him through many disappearances, and make this final restoration from the pit of death, in the icy American wilderness, the last and grimmest of the series. I need not tell my brothers of the craft that I was now in the most interesting moment of an author's life; the hours that followed that night upon the balcony, and the following nights and days, whether walking abroad or lying wakeful in my bed, were hours of unadulterated joy. My mother, who was then living with me alone, perhaps had less enjoyment; for, in the absence of my wife, who is my usual helper in these times of parturition, I must spur her up at all seasons to hear me relate and try to clarify my unformed fancies.

‘And while I was groping for the fable and the character required, behold I found them lying ready and nine years old in my memory. . . . Here, thinking of quite other things, I had stumbled on the solution, or perhaps I should rather say (in stagewright phrase) the Curtain or final Tableau of a story conceived long before on the moors between Pitlochry and Strathairdle, conceived in Highland rain, in the blend of the smell of heather and bog-plants, and with a mind full of the Athole correspondence and the Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone. So long ago, so far away it was, that I had first evoked the faces and the mutual tragic situation of the men of Durrisdeer.’¹

¹ ‘Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae’: *Juvenilia*, p. 297.

The accessibility of his winter-quarters had its advantages, but was not without its dangers for Stevenson, now that publishers recognised him as a writer for whose works they must contend in advance. Acute and capable as he was when confronted with any piece of business, the moment it was done he dismissed it from his mind, and allowed its details, if not its very existence, to fade from his memory. Having promised Messrs. Scribner the control of all his work which might appear in America, he shortly afterwards, in sheer forgetfulness, sold the serial rights of his next story to Mr. M'Clure. Nobody could have been more sincerely or more deeply distressed over the matter than Stevenson himself, and, fortunately for his peace of mind, nobody seems ever for one instant to have thought him capable of any act of bad faith. But it must have been as much of a relief to every one concerned, as it was very greatly to his own advantage, when shortly afterwards he handed over the disposal of his writings to the management of his old and trusted friend, Mr. Charles Baxter.

At Saranac Mr. Osbourne wrote entirely on his own account a story called at first *The Finsbury Tontine* and afterwards *The Game of Bluff*, which, after the lapse of many months and a course of collaboration with his stepfather, was to appear as *The Wrong Box*. At first this was an independent book, but as soon as the idea of collaboration had occurred to them, several projects were speedily set on foot, since the joint books would have this advantage, that Mr. Osbourne being an American citizen, they could be copyrighted in the United States. The *New York Ledger* is a paper which had long a reputation for sensational stories of the fine old melodramatic kind, and as the editor was willing to give Stevenson a commission, it seemed to him highly entertaining to try his hand at this style of narrative. A plot was drawn out, and then: 'Study of the *Ledger* convinced me that "Fighting the Ring" would not do.

Accordingly, at about nine one night Lloyd and I began, and next day before lunch we had finished the design of a new and more sensational tale, "The Gaol Bird." 'Tis the correct *Ledger* subject of a noble criminal, who returns to prove his innocence; but it seems picturesquely designed, and we flatter ourselves that the relations between the criminal and the man whom he suspects (Donald, first Baron Drummond of Drummond and Raracaroo, late Governor-General of India) are essentially original, and should quite bind all but the most experienced.'

Mr. Osbourne laboured at this tale by himself for many a long day in vain; but the plot was hardly sketched before the collaborators were again deep in the plan of a new novel dealing with the Indian Mutiny—'a tragic romance of the most tragic sort.' . . . 'The whole last part is—well, the difficulty is that, short of resuscitating Shakespeare, I don't know who is to write it.'

Of their methods Mr. Osbourne writes: 'When an idea for a book was started, we used to talk it over together, and generally carried the tale on from one invention to another, until, in accordance with Louis' own practice, we had drawn out a complete list of the chapters. In all our collaborations I always wrote the first draft, to break the ground, and it is a pleasure to me to recall how pleased Louis was, for instance, with the first three chapters of *The Ebb Tide*. As a rule, he was a man chary of praise, but he fairly overflowed toward those early chapters, and I shall never forget the elation his praise gave me. The first draft was then written again and rewritten by Louis and myself in turn. It was then worked over and over by each of us, as often as was necessary. For instance the chapter at Honolulu where Dodd goes out to the lighthouse must have been written and rewritten eleven times. Naturally it came about that it was the bad chapters that took the most rewriting. After this how can anybody but Louis or myself pretend

to know which of us wrote any given passage? The Paris parts of *The Wrecker* and the end of *The Ebb Tide* (as it stands) I never even touched. (*Letters*, ii. 356.) The collaboration was a mistake, for me, nearly as much as for him; but I don't believe Louis ever enjoyed any work more. He liked the comradeship—my work coming in just as his energy flagged, or *vice versâ*; and he liked my applause when he—as he always did—pulled us magnificently out of sloughs. In a way, I was well fitted to help him. I had a knack for dialogue—I mean, of the note-taking kind. I was a kodaker: he an artist and a man of genius. I managed the petty makeshifts and inventions which were constantly necessary; I was the practical man, so to speak, the one who paced the distances, and used the weights and measures; in *The Wrecker*, the storm was mine; so were the fight and the murders on the *Currency Lass*; the picnics in San Francisco, and the commercial details of Loudon's partnership. Nares was mine and Pinkerton to a great degree, and Captain Brown was mine throughout. But although the first four chapters of *The Ebb Tide* remain, save for the text of Herrick's letter to his sweetheart, almost as I first wrote them, yet *The Wrong Box* was more mine as a whole than either of the others. It was written and then rewritten before there was any thought of collaboration, and was actually finished and ready for the press. There was, in consequence, far less give and take between us in this book than in the others. Louis had to follow the text very closely, being unable to break away without jeopardising the succeeding chapters. He breathed into it, of course, his own incomparable power, humour, and vivacity, and forced the thing to live as it had never lived before; but, even in his transforming hands, it still retains (it seems to me) a sense of failure; and this verdict has so far been sustained by the public's reluctance to buy the book. *The Wrecker*, on the other hand, has always been in excellent demand, rivalling *Kidnapped*,

The Master of Ballantrae, and *Catriona*, and still continues to earn £200 a year with unvarying regularity.'

At Saranac Stevenson carried on his music under disadvantages, and his chief solace lay in the pleasures of adaptation. 'All my spare time, he wrote, 'is spent in trying to set words to music. My last attempt is the divine theme of Beethoven's six *variations faciles*. — will know it; and if she does not like it—well, she knows nothing of music, or sorrow, or consolation, or religion. . . . That air has done me more good than all the churches of Christendom.'

Meanwhile, as an interpreter, he fell from the piano-forte to the more portable penny whistle. 'Tis true my whistle explodes with sharp noises, and has to be patched with court-plaster like a broken nose; but its notes are beginning to seem pretty sweet to the player—*The Penny Piper*.'

But already, in the heart of the mountains, he had been laying plans of travel, which were to lead him far and wide across the seas and to end in a continued exile of which at this time he had never dreamed. He had always nourished a passion for the sea, whether in romance or in real life; it ran in his blood, and came to him from both his father and his grandfather.¹ As a boy, on Saturday afternoons, he would make a party to go down to Leith to see the ships, for in those days, as always, he loved a ship 'as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak.' The sea was to him the redeeming feature of engineering, and a year or two after he had given up the profession he wrote with eager anticipation of a projected trip in the *Pharos*, the lighthouse steamer. Then for ten years he hardly mentioned the sea again, and even in crossing the Atlantic as an amateur emigrant, he seems to have taken more interest in his fellow-passengers than in the ocean. But his feelings were

¹ 'It was that old gentleman's blood that brought me to Samoa.'—*Letters*, ii. 258.

unchanged: in 1883 his idea of a fortune is to 'end with horses and yachts and all the fun of the fair'; and in some verses written at Hyères, contrasting his wife's aspirations with his own, he declares—

'She vows in ardour for a horse to trot,
I stake my votive prayers upon a yacht.

We have seen how he enjoyed his voyage across the Atlantic; and to this pleasure he was perpetually recurring: 'I have been made a lot of here, . . . but I could give it all up, and agree that — was the author of my works, for a good seventy-ton schooner and the coins to keep her on. And to think there are parties with yachts who would make the exchange! I know a little about fame now; it is no good compared to a yacht; and anyway there is more fame in a yacht, more genuine fame.'¹ And no doubt his envy had been excited at Newport by hearing of Mr. Osbourne's experiences in learning to sail a cat-boat.²

It was therefore no unexpected development, no outbreak of any new taste, when it became a favourite diversion of the winter nights at Saranac to plan a yachting cruise. So far indeed were the discussions carried, that the place for the piano in the saloon and the number and disposition of the small-arms were already definitely settled. At first, in spite of the severity of the climate and the proverbial roughness of the weather, they had looked chiefly to the Atlantic seaboard, but in the end of March, when Mrs. Stevenson left Saranac for California on a visit to her people, she was instructed to report if she could find any craft suitable for their purpose at San Francisco.

At last, by the middle of April, Stevenson was free to return to the cities if he chose. He made a heroic effort to deal with the arrears of his correspondence: 'In three

¹ *Letters*, ii. 68.

² A rather broad and shallow boat, round-bottomed, with a centre-board, and a single mast stepped at the extreme point of the bow.

of my last days I sent away upwards of seventy letters'; and then turning his steps to New York he there spent about a fortnight. The time to which he recurred with the greatest pleasure was an afternoon he spent on a seat in Washington Square enjoying the company and conversation of 'Mark Twain.' But of the city he soon wearied; in the beginning of May he crossed the Hudson, and went to an hotel near the mouth of the Manasquan, a river in New Jersey, where with his mother and stepson he spent nearly a month. The place had been recommended to him by Mr. Low, who was able to spend some time there, and who says: 'Though it was early spring and the weather was far from good, Louis (pretending that, in comparison with Scotland at least, it was fine spring weather) was unusually well, and we had many a pleasant sail on the river and some rather long walks. Louis was much interested in the "cat-boat," and, with the aid of various works on sailing-vessels, tried to master the art of sailing it with some success.

'He was here at Manasquan when a telegram arrived from his wife, who had been in San Francisco for a few weeks, announcing that the yacht *Casco* might be hired for a trip among the islands of the South Seas. I was there at the time, and Louis made that decision to go which exiled him from his dearest friends—though he little suspected at the time—while the messenger waited.'

The decision taken, Stevenson returned to New York on the 28th, and by the 7th of June he had reached California. Who that has read his description of crossing the mountains on his first journey to the West but remembers the phrase—'It was like meeting one's wife!?' And this time his wife herself was at Sacramento to meet him.

It was a busy time. The *Casco* was the first question—a fore and aft schooner, ninety-five feet in length, of seventy tons burden, built for cruising in Californian waters,¹

¹ *Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific*, by A. Johnstone, p. 47. Chatto and Windus: 1905. See criticisms by Captain Otis.

though she had once been taken as far as Tahiti. She had most graceful lines, and with her lofty masts, white sails and decks and glittering brasswork, was a lovely craft to the eye, as she sat like a bird upon the water. Her saloon was fitted most luxuriously with silk and velvet of gaudy colours, for no money had been spared in her construction; nevertheless her cockpit was none too safe, her one pump was inadequate in size and almost worthless; the sail-plan forward was meant for racing and not for cruising, and even if the masts were still in good condition, they were quite unfitted for hurricane weather.

Nevertheless the vessel was chartered and all preparations were put in hand. The owner, Dr. Merritt, an eccentric Californian millionaire, was at first most backward about the whole affair, and, without having seen him, displayed the greatest distrust of Stevenson. The latter was very unwell, and getting rapidly worse, for San Francisco disagreed with him. Matters hung fire, but at last his wife discovered that Dr. Merritt wanted to meet him. An interview took place and all difficulties vanished. 'I'll go ahead now with the yacht,' said the doctor: 'I'd read things in the papers about Stevenson, and thought he was a kind of crank; but he's a plain, sensible man that knows what he's talking about just as well as I do.'

If any fears had existed in his mind about the solvency of his lessee they were unfounded. Under the terms of his father's marriage settlement Stevenson had six months before received a sum of £3000, and it was in the first instance upon the strength of this that he planned the voyage. As he wrote to Mr. Baxter, 'If this business fails to set me up, well, £2000 is gone, and I know I can't get better.' On the other hand, if it restored his health, he had received a most liberal offer from Messrs. M'Clure for a series of letters describing his experiences in the Pacific.

Along with the yacht, at the owner's request, they

gladly engaged his skipper, Captain Otis, who knew the *Casco* well, and the cook, a Chinaman, who passed himself off as a Japanese. The former choice they had no reason to regret, for the captain showed himself a bold and skilful seaman, who, beginning the voyage with a supreme contempt for his new employers, ended it as an intimate and valued friend, whose portrait for the rest may be found in the pages of *The Wrecker*. A crew of four deck-hands, 'three Swedes and the inevitable Finn,' was engaged by the captain, and four 'sea-lawyers' they proved to be; a reporter, trying to ship himself as a hand, was ejected, and a passage was with great difficulty refused to a Seventh-Day Adventist, who afterwards with a crew of his fellow-believers travelled over the whole of the South Seas.

The destination of the *Casco* was next to be settled. Stevenson himself was anxious to begin with a long voyage, 'counting,' says his wife, 'on the warm sea air as the strongest factor in his cure, if cure it was to be. If, on the other hand, it was to be death, he wished it to be so far away from land that burial at sea should be certain. With this in view, the Galapagos and Marquesas were at the right distance. If he arrived alive at either of these places, then he must have recovered a certain amount of health, and would be able to go further to any place he chose. It turned out that he really knew a great deal about the islands. Before we started, he told me a lot about them all, their appearance, the names of places, habits of the natives, and other details. On visiting them I got no further general knowledge than Louis had already given me. He now preferred the Galapagos, but when he told me that we must pass through a belt of calms where we might knock about in the heat of the tropics for weeks, perhaps for months, before we could make land, and that the islands were barren of vegetation, I insisted on the Marquesas. So to the Marquesas we went.'

In the meantime they were living at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco. Virgil Williams was now dead, but Mrs. Williams was indefatigable in their service, and other friends gathered round them, among whom Stevenson was especially drawn to Dr. George Chismore, alike for his Scotch blood, his love of literature, and the force and tenderness of his character. But as he himself had known trouble in this city, here least of all was he likely to disregard the misfortunes of others. An Australian journalist seven years afterwards wrote to the *Times* :—

‘Some years ago I lay ill in San Francisco, an obscure journalist, quite friendless. Stevenson, who knew me slightly, came to my bedside and said, “I suppose you are like all of us, you don’t keep your money. Now, if a little loan, as between one man of letters and another—eh?”

‘This to a lad writing rubbish for a vulgar sheet in California.’

At last, on June 26th, the party took up their quarters on the *Casco*, and at the dawn of the 28th she was towed outside the Golden Gate, and headed for the south across the long swell of the Pacific.

So with his household he sailed away beyond the sunset, and America, like Europe, was to see him no more.

CHAPTER XIII

SOUTH SEA CRUISES—THE EASTERN PACIFIC

JUNE 1888—JUNE 1889

‘This climate ; these voyagings ; those landfalls at dawn ; new islands peaking from the morning bar ; new forested harbours ; new passing alarms of squalls and surf ; new interests of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem.’

Letters, ii. 160.

FOR nearly three years to come Stevenson wandered up and down the face of the Pacific, spending most of his time in the Hawaiian Islands and the Gilberts, in Tahiti, and in Samoa, his future home ; during this period he visited, however cursorily, almost every group of importance in the Eastern and Central Pacific.

The delight these experiences kindled for him can never be expressed, since, apart from one or two phrases in his letters, he has failed to convey any image of it himself. It is hardly too much to say that nobody else in the world would have derived such keen or such varied enjoyment from cruising through these islands, so wild, so beautiful—among their inhabitants so attractive, so remote from experience—in these waters, so fascinating and so dangerous. The very romance that hangs about the South Seas is fatal to any attempt to sustain, among the mazes of detail and necessary explanation, the charm suggested by their name. Stevenson himself set out to write an account of his wanderings and adventures among the islands it had for years been the dream of his life to see, but as soon as he essayed the task, he **was**

overwhelmed with a mass of legend and history and anthropology. It is hard for people at their own firesides to realise the differences between the islands visited in one cruise in the same ocean. Perhaps some vague and general conception of the diversity of Stevenson's experiences might be formed by imagining a rapid visit to the islands of Sardinia, Sicily, Majorca, and Tenerife, a fresh departure for Jersey and the Iles d'Or, ending with a passing glimpse at the West Indies.

The point now to be considered is not, however, the customs and character of the natives whom Stevenson encountered, but rather how he was affected and influenced by what he saw, the characteristics which were called out in him during the course of his travel, and the impressions which he himself produced. His chapters *In the South Seas* have now been collected and published, and from them I shall only quote one or two of the most striking passages, relying rather on his original rough journal at the time, which naturally strikes a more personal note and deals to a greater extent with his individual experience.

The first point, as we have seen, was the Marquesas, a group of high¹ islands of extreme beauty, occupied by the French and but seldom visited by travellers, remote from any other group and out of the track of ships and steamers. For these the *Casco* now steered a course of three thousand miles across the open sea. Fortunately the main object of the cruise seemed likely to be gained without delay; the warmer climate and the sea air suited

¹ Islands in the Pacific are usually divided into 'high' and 'low'; the former being, generally speaking, islands of volcanic origin, often rising several thousand feet above the sea, densely wooded and beautiful in the extreme. These frequently have a barrier reef of coral, protecting what would otherwise be an ironbound coast, but their main structure is igneous rock. 'Low' islands are atolls or mere banks built by the coral insect, never more than twenty feet above water, and owing any beauty they possess to the sea, the sun, and the palm-tree. The Marquesas, Tahiti, Samoa, and the Hawaiian group are high islands; the Paumotus, the Gilberts, and the Marshalls are low.

Stevenson at once, and he grew stronger day by day. The voyage was pleasant but without event other than the passing squalls, and is thus recorded in his diary:—

‘Since on the fifth day we were left ignominiously behind by a full-rigged English ship, our quondam comrade, bound round the Horn, we have not spied a sail, nor a land bird, nor a shred of seaweed. In impudent isolation, the toy-schooner has ploughed her path of snow across the empty deep, far from all track of commerce, far from any hand of help: now to the sound of slatting sails and stamping sheet-blocks, staggering in the turmoil of that business falsely called a calm, now, in the assault of squalls, burying her lee-rail in the sea. To the limit of the north-east trades we carried some attendant pilot birds, silent, brown-suited, quakerish fellows, infinitely graceful on the wing; dropping at times in comfortable sheltered hollows of the swell; running a while in the snowy footmarks on the water before they rise again in flight. Scarce had these dropped us, ere the Boatswains took their place, birds of an ungainly shape, but beautiful against the heavens in their white plumage. Late upon a starry night, as they fly invisible overhead, the strange voices of these co-voyagers fall about us strangely. Flying-fish, a skimming silver rain on the blue sea; a turtle fast asleep in the early morning sunshine; the Southern Cross hung thwart in the fore-rigging like the frame of a wrecked kite—the pole star and the familiar Plough dropping ever lower in the wake: these build up thus far the history of our voyage. It is singular to come so far and to see so infinitely little.’

‘*July 19th.*—The morning was hot, the wind steady, the sky filled with such clouds as, on a pleasant English day, might promise a cool rain. One of these had been visible for some time, a continental isle of sun and shadow, moving innocuously on the skyline far to windward;

when upon a sudden this harmless-looking monster, seeming to smell a quarry, paused, hung awhile as if in stays, and breaking off five points,¹ fell like an armed man upon the *Casco*. Next moment, the inhabitants of the cabin were piled one upon another, the sea was pouring into the cockpit, and spouting in fountains through forgotten deadlights, and the steersman stood spinning the wheel for his life in a halo of tropical rain.

‘I chronicle this squall, first, for the singularity and apparent malignancy of its behaviour, as though it had been sent express to cruise after the *Casco*; and second, because of the nonsense people write upon the climate of these seas. Every day for a week or so, in defiance of authorities, we have had from three to four squalls; and as for this last, no one who saw it desires to see a worse. Sailing a ship, even in these so-called fine-weather latitudes, may be compared to walking the tight-rope; so constant is the care required. On our heavenly nights, when we sit late on deck, the trade-wind still chariots overhead an endless company of attenuated clouds. These shine in the moonlight faintly bright, affect strange and semi-human forms like the more battered of the antique statues, blot out the smaller stars, and are themselves pierced by the radiance of the greater. “Is there any wind in them?” so goes the regular sea question. A capful at least, and even in the least substantial; but, for the most part in these latitudes they fly far above man’s concerns, perhaps out of all reach, so that not even the lowest fringe of wind shall breathe upon the mainmasthead.’

After two-and-twenty days at sea they made their landfall. ‘The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense. On the 28th of July 1888, the moon was an hour down by four in the morning, . . . and it was half-past five before

¹ *I.e.* of the points of the compass, sixty-four in number.

we could distinguish our expected islands from the clouds on the horizon. The interval was passed on deck in the silence of expectation, the customary thrill of landfall heightened by the strangeness of the shores that we were then approaching. Slowly they took shape in the attenuating darkness. Uahuna, rising up to a truncated summit, appeared the first upon the starboard bow; almost abeam arose our destination, Nukahiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt, and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These pricked about the line of the horizon, like the pinnacles of some ornate and monstrous church, they stood there, in the sparkling brightness of the morning, the fit sign-board of a world of wonders. . . . The land heaved up in peaks and rising vales; it fell in cliffs and buttresses; its colour ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl and rose and olive; and it was crowned above by opalescent clouds. The suffusion of vague hues deceived the eye; the shadows of clouds were confounded with the articulations of the mountain; and the isle and its unsubstantial canopy rose and shimmered before us like a single mass. There was no beacon, no smoke of towns to be expected, no plying pilot. . . .

‘We bore away along the shore.’ On our port-beam we might hear the explosions of the surf; a few birds flew fishing under the prow; there was no other sound or mark of life, whether of man or beast, in all that quarter of the island. Winged by her own impetus and the dying breeze, the *Casco* skimmed under cliffs, opened out a cove, showed us a beach and some green trees, and flitted by again, bowing to the swell. . . . Again the cliff yawned, but now with a deeper entry; and the *Casco*, hauling her wind, began to slide into the bay of Anaho. Rude and bare hills embraced the inlet upon either hand; it was enclosed to the landward by a bulk of shattered mountains. In every crevice of that barrier the forest harboured, roosting and nesting there like

birds about a ruin; and far above, it greened and roughened the razor edges of the summit.

'Under the eastern shore, our schooner, now bereft of any breeze, continued to creep in; the smart creature, when once under way, appearing motive in herself. From close aboard arose the bleating of young lambs; a bird sang in the hillside; the scent of the land and of a hundred fruits or flowers flowed forth to meet us; and, presently, a house or two appeared. . . . The mark of anchorage was a blow-hole in the rocks, near the south-easterly corner of the bay. Punctually to our use, the blow-hole spouted; the schooner turned upon her heel; the anchor plunged. It was a small sound, a great event; my soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up; and I, and some part of my ship's company, were from that hour the bond-slaves of the isles of Vivien.'¹

This was Nukahiva, the island of Herman Melville's *Typee*, and here for three weeks they lay in Anaho Bay, where there lived only natives and one white trader. They then sailed round to the south coast of the same island, to Taiohae, the port of entry and the capital of the group.

The two special features of the Marquesas which differentiate them from the other islands which Stevenson saw, are first, that the natives were till very recently the most inveterate cannibals of Polynesia, and second, that their population was melting away like snow off a dyke, so that extinction seemed imminent within the next few years.

Into the details of his visit I have no intention of going—partly they may be read in his own volume *In the South Seas*—but I would draw attention to Stevenson's attitude toward the native races, for though I shall have occasion to return to it again in Samoa, there was but little growth or development of his essential feelings or principles in dealing with them. Intelligent sympathy

¹ *In the South Seas*, pp. 2-6.

was the keynote, and the same kindliness to them as to all men. He never idealised them, and his view was but rarely affected by sentiment. His sense of history, combined with his power of seeing things in a new light and the refusal to accept commonplaces without examination, here stood him in good stead.

Five years before, in the *Rivera*, he had written:¹ 'There is no form of conceit more common or more silly than to look down on barbarous codes of morals. Barbarous virtues, the chivalrous point of honour, the fidelity of the wild Highlander or the two-sworded Japanese, are of a generous example. We may question the utility of what is done; the whole-hearted sincerity of the actors shuts our mouth. Nor can that idea be merely dishonourable for which men relinquish the comforts and consideration of society, the love of wife and child and parent, the light of the sun, and the protection of the laws. The seductions of life are strong in every age and station; we make idols of our affections, idols of our customary virtues; we are content to avoid the inconvenient wrong, and to forego the inconvenient right with almost equal self-approval, until at last we make a home for our conscience among the negative virtues and the cowardly vices.'

This was of the Japanese in their recent feudal period: here is one of his earliest notes in the *Marquesas*, after meeting the natives face to face:—

'*August 3rd.—Tropical Night Thoughts.* I awoke this morning about three; the night was heavenly in scent and temperature; the long swell brimmed into the bay and seemed to fill it full and then subside; silently, gently, and deeply the *Casco* rolled; only at times a block piped like a bird. I sat and looked seaward toward the mouth of the bay at the headlands and the stars; at the constellation of diamonds, each infinitesi-

¹ *Magazine of Art*, Nov. 1883, à propos of the story of the 'Forty-Seven Ronins.'

mally small, each individual and of equal lustre, and all shining together in heaven like some old-fashioned clasp; at the planet with the visible moon, as though he were beginning to re-people heaven by the process of gemination; at many other lone lamps and marshalled clusters. And upon a sudden it ran into my mind, even with shame, that these were lovelier than our nights in the north, the planets softer and brighter, and the constellations more handsomely arranged. I felt shame, I say, as at an ultimate infidelity: that I should desert the stars that shone upon my father; and turning to the shore-side, where there were some high squalls overhead, and the mountains loomed up black, I could have fancied I had slipped ten thousand miles away and was anchored in a Highland loch; that when day came and made clear the superimpending slopes, it would show pine and the red heather and the green fern, and roofs of turf sending up the smoke of peats, and the alien speech that should next greet my ears should be Gaelic, not Kanaka.¹

'The singular narrowness of this world's range, and, above all, the paucity of human combinations, are forced alike upon the reader and the traveller. The one ranging through books, the other over peopled space, comes with astonishment on the same scenery, the same merry stories, the same fashion, the same stage of social evolution. Under cover of darkness here might be a Hebridean harbour; and if I am to call these men savages (which no bribe would induce me to do), what name should I find for Hebridean man? The Highlands and Islands somewhat more than a century back were in much the same convulsive and transitionary state as the Marquesas to-day. In the one, the cherished habit of tattooing; in the other, a cherished costume, proscribed; in both, the men disarmed, the chiefs dishonoured, new fashions

¹ Kanaka, the Hawaiian word for a man, is used by white men throughout the Pacific as equivalent to 'native,' 'Polynesian.' In Australia and Fiji it generally means Melanesian=black boy.

introduced, and chiefly that new pernicious fashion of regarding money as the be-all and end-all of existence; the commercial age, in each case, succeeding at a bound to the age militant: war, with its truces and its courtesies, succeeded by peace with its meanness and its unending effort: the means of life no longer wrested with a bare face from hereditary enemies, but ground or cheated out of next-door neighbours and old family friends; in each case, a man's luxury cut off, beef driven under cover of night from lowland pastures denied to the meat-loving Highlander, long-pig pirated from the next village to the man-eating Kanaka.

And here is the practical outcome of his experience as a traveller, written in 1890, a passage specially selected for praise by so able and original an investigator as Mary Kingsley:—

‘When I desired any detail of savage custom, or of superstitious belief, I cast back in the story of my fathers, and fished for what I wanted with some trait of equal barbarism: Michael Scott, Lord Derwentwater's head, the second-sight, the Water Kelpie,—each of these I have found to be a killing bait; the black bull's head of Stirling procured me the legend of Rahero; and what I knew of the Cluny Macphersons, or the Appin Stewarts, enabled me to learn, and helped me to understand, about the *Tevas* of Tahiti. The native was no longer ashamed, his sense of kinship grew warmer, and his lips were opened. It is this sense of kinship that the traveller must rouse and share; or he had better content himself with travels from the blue bed to the brown.’¹

It is interesting to compare his portrait of Vaekehu, the refined and aged queen of the Marquesas spending a devout old age after a stormy youth of cannibalism, with the similar picture in the *Mariage de Loti*.²

¹ *In the South Seas*, p. 14.

² *Le Mariage de Loti—Rarahu*—par Pierre Loti. 49th edition. Paris. Calmann Levy, 1893. Page 101.

'Her house is on the European plan: a table in the midst of the chief room; photographs and religious pictures on the wall. It commands to either hand a charming vista: through the front door, a peep of green lawn, scurrying pigs, the pendent fans of the coco-palm, and the splendour of the bursting surf: through the back, mounting forest glades and coronals of precipice. Here, in the strong thorough-draught, her Majesty received us in a simple gown of print, and with no mark of royalty but the exquisite finish of her tattooed mittens, the elaboration of her manners, and the gentle falsetto in which all the highly refined among Marquesan ladies (and Vaekehu above all others) delight to sing their language. . . . Vaekehu is very deaf; *merci* is her only word of French; and I do not know that she seemed clever. An exquisite, kind refinement, with a shade of quietism, gathered perhaps from the nuns, was what chiefly struck us. . . . She came with Stanilao (her son) and his little girl to dine on board the *Casco*. She had dressed for the occasion: wore white, which very well became her strong brown face; and sat among us, eating or smoking her cigarette, quite cut off from all society, or only now and then included through the intermediary of her son. It was a position that might have been ridiculous, and she made it ornamental; making believe to hear and to be entertained; her face, whenever she met our eyes, lighted with the smile of good society; her contributions to the talk, when she made any, and that was seldom, always complimentary and pleasing. No attention was paid to the child, for instance, but what she remarked and thanked us for. Her parting with each when she came to leave was gracious and pretty, as had been every step of her behaviour. When Mrs. Stevenson held out her hand to say good-bye, Vaekehu took it, held it, and a moment smiled upon her; dropped it, and then, as upon a kindly afterthought, and with a sort of warmth of condescension, held out both hands and kissed my

wife upon both cheeks. Given the same relation of years and rank, the thing would have been so done upon the boards of the *Comédie Française*; just so might Madame Brohan have warmed and condescended to Madame Broisat in the *Marquis de Villemer*. It was my part to accompany our guests ashore: when I kissed the little girl good-bye at the pier steps, Vaekehu gave a cry of gratification, reached down her hand into the boat, took mine, and pressed it with that flattering softness which seems the coquetry of the old lady in every quarter of the earth. The next moment she had taken Stanilao's arm, and they moved off along the pier in the moonlight, leaving me bewildered. This was a queen of cannibals; she was tattooed from hand to foot, and perhaps the greatest masterpiece of that art now extant, so that a while ago, before she was grown prim, her leg was one of the sights of Taiohae; she had been passed from chief to chief; she had been fought for and taken in war; perhaps, being so great a lady, she had sat on the high place, and throned it there, alone of her sex, while the drums were going twenty strong and the priests carried up the bloodstained baskets of long-pig. And now behold her, out of that past of violence and sickening feasts, step forth in her age, a quiet, smooth, elaborate old lady, such as you might find at home (mittened also, but not often so well-mannered) in a score of country-houses. Only Vaekehu's mittens were of dye, not of silk; and they had been paid for, not in money, but the cooked flesh of men. It came in my mind like a clap, what she could think of it herself, and whether at heart, perhaps, she might not regret and aspire after the barbarous and stirring past. But when I asked Stanilao: "Ah," said he "she is content; she is religious, she passes all her days with the sisters."'¹

And here was the farewell of Prince Stanilao, an intelligent and educated gentleman, from whom Stevenson had

¹ *In the South Seas*, p. 81.

learned much of the history and condition of the islands, and with whom he had spent a long afternoon, telling him the story of Gordon, 'and many episodes of the Indian Mutiny, Lucknow, the second battle of Cawnpore, the relief of Arrah, the death of poor Spottiswoode and Sir Hugh Rose's hotspur midland campaign.' How many white men would have been at the pains to give so much instruction or so much pleasure to a native in a foreign possession? This is the result: 'Ah vous devriez rester ici, mon cher ami. Vous êtes les gens qu'il faut pour les Kanaques; vous êtes doux, vous et votre famille; vous seriez obéis dans toutes les îles.'¹

It was the same at Anaho, the same afterwards in Atuona: he understood the natives; he treated them with understanding, and they liked him. The higher the rank, for the most part, the greater the liking, the more complete the appreciation. Vaekehu and Stanilao were the great folk of the archipelago; Stevenson, to whom snobbishness was unknown, found them also the most estimable.

'This is the rule in Polynesia, with few exceptions; the higher the family, the better the man—better in sense, better in manners, and usually taller and stronger in body. A stranger advances blindfold. He scrapes acquaintance as he can. Save the tattoo in the Marquesas, nothing indicates the difference in rank; and yet almost invariably we found, after we had made them, that our friends were persons of station.'¹

But his attention was by no means limited to natives; the behaviour that he enjoined on missionaries² he exercised freely himself; to white men and half-castes he was equally genial and accessible. The governor and the gendarmes, the priests and the lay-brothers, the traders and the 'Beach,' all found him kindly and courteous, and the best of company.

¹ *In the South Seas*, pp. 81, 87.

² Appendix B, p. 194.

The Resident carried him off to show him the prison, but it was empty ; the women were gone calling and the men were shooting goats upon the mountains. The gendarmes told him stories of the Franco-German war, and gave him charming French meals. Of the missionaries, the portraits of the great and good Dordillon, the veteran bishop only just dead, and of Frère Michel, the architect, may be found in the South Sea volume ; from Stevenson's notes I give the charming picture of Père Siméon :—

‘Père Siméon, the small frail figure in the black robe drawing near under the palms ; the girlish, kind and somewhat pretty face under the straw hat ; the strong rustic Gascon accent ; the sudden lively doffing of the hat, at once so French and so ecclesiastical ; he was a man you could not look upon without visions of his peasant ancestors, worthy folk, sitting at home to-day in France, and rejoiced (I hope often) with letters from their boy. Down we sat together under the eaves of the house of Taipi-Kikino, and were presently deep in talk. I had feared to meet a missionary, feared to find the narrowness and the self-sufficiency that deface their publications, that too often disgrace their behaviour. There was no fear of it here ; Père Siméon admired these natives as I do myself, admired them with spiritual envy ; the superior of his congregation had said to him on his departure : “You are going among a people more civilised than we—*peut-être plus civilisés que nous-mêmes*” : in spite of which warning, having read some books of travel on his voyage, he came to these shores (like myself) expecting to find them peopled with lascivious monkeys. Good Bishop Dordillon had opened his eyes : “There are nothing but lies in books of travel,” said the bishop.

‘What then was Père Siméon doing here ? The question rose in my mind, and I could see that he read the thought. Truly they were a people, on the whole, of a mind far liker Christ's than any of the races of

Europe; no spiritual life, almost no family life, but a kindness, a generosity, a readiness to give and to forgive, without parallel; to some extent that was the bishop's doing; some of it had been since undone; death runs so busy in their midst, total extinction so instantly impended, that it seemed a hopeless task to combat their vices; as they were, they would go down in the abyss of things past; the watchers were already looking at the clock; Père Siméon's business was the visitation of the sick, to smooth the pillows of this dying family of man.'

In contrast to this melancholy vigil were Stevenson's ecstasy of life and the joy with which he entered into gathering shells upon the shore. Charles Kingsley was not happier when landed at last upon the tropical beach he had been longing all his life to see.

'Ashore to the cove and hunted shells, according to my prevision; but the delight of it was a surprise. To stand in the silver margin of the sea, now dry shod, now buried to the ankle in the thrilling coolness, now higher than the knee; to watch, as the reflux drew down, wonderful marvels of colour and design fleeting between my feet, to grasp at, to miss, to seize them; and now to find them what they promised, and now to catch only *maya* of coloured sand, pounded fragments, and pebbles, that, as soon as they were dry, became as dull and homely as the flint upon a garden path. I toiled about this childish pleasure in the strong sun for hours, sharply conscious of my incurable ignorance, and yet too much pleased to be ashamed. Presently I came round upon the shelves that line the bottom of the cliff; and there, in a pool where the last of the surf sometimes irrupted, making it bubble like a spring, I found my best, that is, my strangest, shell. It was large, as large as a woman's head, rugged as rock, in colour variegated with green and orange; but alas, the "poor inhabitant" was at home. On the struggles of conscience that ensued I scorn to dwell; but my curiosity, after several journeys

in my hand, returned finally to his rock home, of whose sides he greedily laid hold, and he gained a second term of the pleasures of existence.'

On August 22nd the *Casco* left Nukahiva and arrived the following day at Taahauku in the island of Hiva-oa, a more remote and even more thinly populated island. Here they stayed twelve days, and here Stevenson and his family went through the ceremony of adoption into the family of Paa-aeua, the official chief of Atuona, while Mr. Osbourne 'made brothers' also with the deposed hereditary chief, Moipu.

These observances meant anything or nothing, according to the desire of the initiated. I singe them out for mention here because (apart from white men living among the Kanakas) they were offered to and accepted by those only who, like Bishop Dordillon, had a close intimacy and sympathy with the natives.

Here is the rough sketch of their last berth in the Marquesas:—

'24th August.—Taahauku is a very little anchorage, set between low points sparsely wooded with young palms, and opening above upon a woody valley. The next bay, Atuona, is set in a theatre of lofty mountains which dominate the more immediate setting of Taahauku and give the salient character of the scene. In the morning, when the sun falls directly on their front, they stand like a vast wall greened to the summit, water-courses here and there delineated on their face as narrow as cracks. But towards afternoon, the light comes more obliquely, gorges yawn in undecipherable shadow, spurs and buttresses stand out, carved in sunlight; the whole range looks higher and more solemn, and wears a stern appearance of romance. It looks, and it very nearly is, impassable: shutting off the south-west corner of the island save by way of sea. A great part of the charm of Taahauku itself lies in the dominant contrast of that mountain barrier.

'The climate is that of the trade-winds ; all night long, in fine weather, the same attenuated snowy clouds fleet over the moonlit heaven, or hang in mists upon the mountain, and day and night, save for the chill draughts of the land breeze, the same slightly varying and squally wind blows overhead. On one side of the anchorage the surf leaps white upon the rocks and keeps a certain blow-hole sounding and smoking like a cannon. The other side is smoother but still rocky ; and the accepted landing-place is on the narrow beach at the shore end, where, after a race through the breaking waves, the seaman is landed in a somewhat damp condition. In front of him a little copra warehouse stands in the shadow of some trees, flitted about for ever by a clan of dwarfish swallows. A line of rails bends out of the mouth of the valley and comes to the bend of the beach ; walking on which the newly arrived traveller presently becomes aware of a beautiful fresh-water lagoon, with a boathouse, and behind that a grove of noble cocos.'

But the time had come to start for Tahiti by a course lying through the Paumotus or Dangerous Archipelago, a group of numerous low islands, unlighted save for one or two pier-head lamps, and most inadequately laid down upon the chart.

For this reason at Taiohae they had shipped a mate who knew those waters well. The much-travelled Japanese cook had been returned to his home, and his place taken by a genuine Chinaman. Ah Fu came to the Marquesas as a child and had grown up among the natives ; he now followed the fortunes of his new masters with entire devotion for two years, until the claims of his family were asserted and took him home reluctantly to China.¹

¹ Mrs. Stevenson writes: 'In fact it broke his heart to go. Ah Fu had as strong a sense of romance as Louis himself. He returned to China with a belt of gold round his waist, a ninety dollar breech-loader given him by Louis, and a boxful of belongings. His intention was to leave these great riches with a member of the family who lived outside the village, dress him-

On September 4th the *Casco* sailed, and three days later, before sunset, the captain expected to sight the first of the Paumotus.

It was not, however, till sunrise on the following morning that they saw land, and then it was not the island they had expected to make; in place of having been driven to the west, they had been swept by a current some thirty miles in the opposite direction. The first atoll was 'flat as a plate in the sea, and spiked with palms of disproportioned altitude.' The next, seen some hours later, was 'lost in blue sea and sky: a ring of white beach, green underwood, and tossing palms, gem-like in colour; of a fairy, of a heavenly prettiness. The surf was all round it, white as snow, and broke at one point, far to seaward, on what seems an uncharted reef.'

Night fell again, and found them amid a wilderness of reefs corresponding so little with the maps that the schooner must lie to and wait for the morning.

The next day they ran on to Fakarava, and entered the lagoon in safety. It was a typical low island, some eighty miles in circumference by a couple of hundred yards broad, chosen to be the headquarters of the government only on account of two excellent passages in the barrier reef, one of which was sure to be always available.

In one respect they were fortunate: 'We were scarce well headed for the pass before all heads were craned

self in beggar's rags, and go to his mother's house to solicit alms. He would draw from her the account of the son who had been lost when he was a little child; at the psychological moment, when the poor lady was weeping, Ah Fu would cry out: "Behold your son returned to you, not a beggar, as I appear, but a man of wealth!" Ah Fu's last speech to me was very unlike what one expects from a Chinaman. As well as I can recollect, he said: "You think I no solly go way? I too much solly. My mother she forget me. You heart my mother. You my mother, not that woman. When boss go way to Molokai, you look see me? I no smile, no smile, allee time, work littee, go see ship come—work littee, go look see. Boss come, I make big feast. You go way, I no go look see ship; I no can, I no see, too much cly allee time in my eyes. You come, I smile, smile, no can make feast; my heart too muchee glad, no can cook."'

Then China reabsorbed him, and he was seen no more.

over the rail. For the water, shoaling under our board, became changed in a moment to surprising hues of blue and grey; and in its transparency the coral branched and blossomed, and the fish of the inland sea cruised visibly below us, stained and striped, and even beaked like parrots. . . . I have since entered, I suppose, some dozen atolls in different parts of the Pacific, and the experience has never been repeated. That exquisite hue and transparency of submarine day, and these shoals of rainbow fish, have not enraptured me again.¹

A fortnight spent in Fakarava passed uneventfully away. There were few inhabitants left on the island, which was never very populous at any time. Stevenson lived ashore in a house among the palms, where he learned much of the natives and their customs and beliefs from the half-caste Vice-Resident, M. Donat.

The chief wealth of the group lay in the beds of pearl-shell, but of this there was nothing to be seen at Fakarava. 'In the lagoon was little pearl-shell, and there were many sharks. . . . There was no fishing, and it seemed unfit to leave the archipelago of pearls and have no sight of that romantic industry. On all other sides were isles, if I could only reach them, where divers were at work; but Captain Otis properly enough refused to approach them with the *Casoo*, and my attempts to hire another vessel failed. The last was upon François' cutter, where she lay down-up from her late shipwreck. She might be compared for safety to a New York cat-boat fortified with a bowsprit and a jib; and as I studied her lines and spars, desire to sail in her upon the high seas departed from my mind. "Je le pensais bien," said François.'

In the last week of September they left for Tahiti, and in two days were anchored safely at Papeete, the capital and port of entry of the Society group. Beautiful as all the high islands of the South Seas are, it is in Tahiti and its neighbours—the Otaheite of Captain Cook—that the

¹ *In the South Seas*, p. 167.

extreme point of sublimity and luxuriance is reached. The vegetation is not less lovely, nor the streams and waterfalls less beautiful or less abundant than elsewhere, but the crags and pinnacles of the lofty mountains there are far more picturesque, and so abrupt that they are not smothered in the greenery which gives an appearance of tameness to other islands in the same latitudes.

Stevenson and his wife lived ashore in a small house, where he prepared his correspondence for the outgoing mail. He was very unwell; he went nowhere, saw no one of any interest, native or foreign, and soon grew tired of Papeete. A cold caught at Fakarava increased, with access of fever and an alarming cough. He mended a little, but Papeete was not a success, so after a time the *Casco*, with a pilot on board, took the party round to Taravao on the south side of the island. On this passage they were twice nearly lost. The first day they had a long beat off the lee-shore of the island of Eimeo; and the following day were suddenly becalmed, and began to drift towards the barrier reef of Tahiti. 'The reefs were close in,' wrote Stevenson,¹ 'with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, "Isn't that nice? We shall soon be ashore!" Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity.' Their danger was undoubtedly great, greater far than they suspected.

The atmosphere at Taravao was close, and mosquitoes were numerous; by this time Stevenson was so ill that it was necessary, without a moment's delay, to secure more healthy quarters. Accordingly his wife went ashore, and following a path, discovered the shanty of a Chinaman who owned a wagon and a pair of horses. These she hired to take them to Tautira, the nearest village of any size, a distance of sixteen miles over a road crossed

¹ *Letters*, ii. 137.

by one-and-twenty streams. Stevenson was placed in the cart, and, sustained by small doses of coca, managed, with the help of his wife and Valentine, to reach his destination before he collapsed altogether. Being introduced at Tautira by the gendarme, they were asked an exorbitant rent for a suitable house, but they secured it, and there made the patient as comfortable as possible. The next day there arrived the Princess Moë, ex-Queen of Raiatea, one of the kindest and most charming of Tahitians, who lives in the pages of Pierre Loti and Miss Gordon-Cumming. She had come to the village, and hearing there was a white man very ill, she came over to the house. 'I feel that she saved Louis' life,' writes Mrs. Stevenson. 'He was lying in a deep stupor when she first saw him, suffering from congestion of the lungs and in a burning fever. As soon as he was well enough, she invited us to live with her in the house of Ori, the sub-chief of the village, and we gladly accepted her invitation.'

Meanwhile, at Taravao, it was discovered that the schooner's jib-boom was sprung; it was duly spliced, and when Stevenson was really better, the *Casco* came round to Tautira. Here a more startling discovery was made, and the party learned what their true position had been two or three weeks before. The elder Mrs. Stevenson gave a feast on board to the women of Tautira, and one old lady offered up a prayer, asking that if anything were wrong with the masts it might be discovered in time. As soon as the guests were gone, the Yankee skipper, acting no doubt on the principle of keeping his powder dry, went aloft, and subjected the masts to a close examination. They were both almost eaten out with dry-rot. Had either of them gone by the board during the voyage in the Moorea channel, or off the reefs in any of the islands, nothing could have saved the *Casco*, even if her passengers and crew had escaped in one of the boats. It was now considered

hardly safe for any one to remain on deck ; but, with many reefs in her mainsail, the schooner was sent to Papeete, where the masts were patched up as far as was possible, no new spars of sufficient size being obtainable.

The intended visit to the neighbouring islands of Huahine, Raiatea, and Borabora was abandoned, Stevenson and his party remaining at Tautira until the *Casco* should be ready to take them back to civilisation. His health again recovered, and he enjoyed the new conditions of life beyond words—scenery, climate, and company. Tautira was ‘the most beautiful spot’ and ‘its people the most amiable’ he had ever encountered. Except for the French gendarme and Père Bruno, the priest, a Dutchman from Amsterdam who had forgotten his own language, the travellers had passed beyond the range of Europeans and lived in a Tahiti touched as little as might be by any foreign influence. They dwelt in one of the curious ‘bird-cage’ houses of the island, and were on the friendliest terms with all the village.

Their host, Ori, was a perpetual delight to them all. ‘A Life-guardsmen in appearance,’ as Mr. Osbourne describes him, ‘six foot three in bare feet; deep and broad in proportion; unconsciously English to an absurd extent; feared, respected, and loved.’

It was one of the happiest periods in the exile’s life, and perhaps in consequence his ‘journal,’ an irregularly kept notebook, was dropped, never to be resumed. And so it happens that to this passage in his life he never returned, pen in hand, and of it he has left no other record than one or two pages in his correspondence.

He ‘actually went sea-bathing almost every day’; he collected songs and legends, materials for the great book; he began to work once more at his novel, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and ‘almost finished’ it. At Moë’s instance special exhibitions of the old songs and dances of Tahiti were given for him in the hall of assembly in

Tautira. He was adopted into the clan of the Tevas, to which Ori belonged, and exchanged names with that chief, who thenceforward signed himself as 'Rui,'¹ Louis himself receiving also, in more formal fashion, the name of Teriitera.

He now wrote the greater part of his two Polynesian ballads, *The Feast of Famine*, relating to the Marquesas, and *The Song of Rahero*, a genuine legend of the Tevas. In the same days, however, his music brought him to write for the old Scots tune of 'Wandering Willie' that most pathetic cry of his exile—

'Home, no more home to me, whither must I wander?'

almost the only complaint, even in a dramatic form, that he ever allowed himself to make.

The repairs of the *Casco* took an unexpected time; the weather became bad, and a stormy sea and rivers in flood prevented any communication between Tautira and Papeete. The visitors used up all their money: Ori had taken charge of it for them and doled it out, a small piece at a time, until all was gone. Their supplies of food being exhausted, they were reduced to living on the bounty of the natives, and though Stevenson himself continued to eat sucking-pig with continual enjoyment, the others pined for a change. When time passed and no ship came, the whole countryside began to join in their anxiety. Each morning, as soon as the dawn lifted, a crowd ran to the beach, and the cry came back: '*E ita pahi!*' (No ship).

At last Ori took a party of young men in a whaleboat, although the weather was still bad, and went to Papeete to find out the cause of the delay. 'When Ori left,' says Mrs. Stevenson, 'we besought him not to go, for we knew he was risking the lives of himself and his men. Then he was gone a week over time, which made us heart-sick. He brought back the necessary money and a store of

¹ *I.e.* Louis: there being no L in Tahitian.

provisions, and a letter from the captain telling us when to look for him. Amongst the food was a basket of champagne. The next day we gave a commemoration dinner to Ori, when we produced the champagne. Ori drank his glass and announced it beyond excellence, a drink for chiefs. "I shall drink it continually," he added, pouring out a fresh glass. "What is the cost of it by the bottle?" Louis told him, whereupon Ori solemnly replaced his full glass, saying, 'It is not fit that even kings should drink a wine so expensive.' It took him days to recover from the shock.'

At last the *Casco* was ready for sea, and on Christmas Day the party embarked for Honolulu. The farewell with Ori was heart-breaking, and all vowed never again to stay so long as two months in one place, or to form so deep and yet so brief a friendship.

They sighted the outlying Faumotu and the mail schooner, and after that their voyage was without other incident than squalls and calms. For a while they skirted hurricane weather, though nothing came of it; but between calms and contrary winds their progress was slow, and they nearly ran out of provisions. 'We were nearly a week hanging about the Hawaiian group,' says Mr. Osbourne, 'drifting here and there with different faint slants of wind. We had little luxuries kept back for our farewell dinner—which took place at least three times with a diminishing splendour that finally struck bottom on salt horse. It was a strange experience to see the distant lights of Honolulu, and then go to bed hungry; to rise again in the morning and find ourselves, not nearer, but further off. When at last the weather altered and we got our wind, it was a snoring Trade, and we ran into the harbour like a steamboat. It was a dramatic entry for the overdue and much-talked-of *Casco*, flashing past the buoys and men-of-war, with the pilot in a panic of alarm. If the *Casco* ever did thirteen knots, she did it then.'

Arrived at Honolulu they found that their safety had been despaired of by all, including even Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, Mrs. Strong, who was then living there with her husband and child.

Of the capital city of the Hawaiian kingdom it is difficult to give any true impression, so curious in those days was the mixture of native life and civilisation. To any one coming from the islands it seemed a purely American city—not of the second or even of the third rank, modified only by its position in the verge of the tropics; for any one who entered these latitudes and saw a native population for the first time, it must have been picturesque and exotic beyond words. /

Stevenson sent the yacht back to San Francisco, and took a house at Waikiki, some four miles from Honolulu along the coast. Here he took up his abode in a *lanai*—a sort of large pavilion, off which the bedrooms opened, built on native lines, and provided only with jalousied shutters; and here he settled down in earnest to finish *The Master of Ballantrae*—‘the hardest job I ever had to do’—already running in *Scribner's Magazine*, and to be completed within a given time.

He did not end his task till May—‘*The Master* is finished, and I am quite a wreck and do not care for literature’—for it went against the grain, with the result that the Canadian scenes have the effect rather of a hasty expedient than of the deliberate climax of the plot.¹ So careful was Stevenson in his workmanship, and so accurate in his knowledge of Scotland, that it is curious to find him stumbling at the very outset of his tale, and giving an impossible title to his hero, for by invariable Scottish usage James Durie would have been ‘Master of Durrisdere’ and not ‘of Ballantrae.’ Stevenson was afterwards aware of the slip, but had fancied that there were instances to the contrary. However, his cousin, Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King of

¹ Compare page 31.

Arms, tells me that he can find 'no exact precedent for the eldest son of a baron assuming a title as Master differing in name from that which his father bore.'¹

But this was a point of mere antiquarian detail, which in no way interfered with the appreciation of his readers; and when the story was finally published in the autumn, it was at once recognised on all hands as the sternest and loftiest note of tragedy which its author had yet delivered. 'I'm not strong enough to stand writing of that kind,' said Sir Henry Yule on his deathbed to Mr. Crockett, who had been reading it to him; 'it's grim as the road to Lucknow.'

In the meantime, though Stevenson was constantly unwell, even his want of health at the worst of these times was very different from his invalid life at Bournemouth. He retired with his wife to a small and less draughty cottage about a hundred yards from the *lanai*, and there continued his work as before.

The little colony was very comfortably settled. Valentine had left their service and departed to America, but Ah Fu had established himself in the kitchen with his pots and pans.

In spite of his worse health, Stevenson was able to go about as usual, and saw a good many people, especially in the large circle of his step-daughter's acquaintance. Through this connection he found from the beginning a

¹ The only other slip in reference to Scotland which, so far as I am aware, has been found in Stevenson's works, is the statement that Gaelic was still spoken in Fife as late as the middle of the eighteenth century (*Catriona*, p. 191; *Letters*, ii. 248). This was based on a statement of Burt to the effect that the families of Fife, when their sons went to the Lowlands as apprentices, made it a condition in the indentures of apprenticeship that they should be taught English. Sheriff Æneas Mackay, the chief historical authority on Fife, very kindly informs me that he doubts the fact and the authority of Burt, and, after adducing various evidence against the possibility of this survival, concludes: 'The Ochils bordered on the Celtic line, and I should not like to affirm that Gaelic may not have lingered there till the sixteenth century. I don't think it did later, or that it was habitually spoken after the twelfth or thirteenth century.'

ready *entrée* to the Royal Palace, where Kalakaua, the last of the Hawaiian kings, held his court of Yvetot: a large, handsome, genial, dissipated monarch, a man of real ability and iron constitution, versed beyond any of his subjects in the history and legends of his kingdom. From the very beginning of the acquaintance his relations with Stevenson were most friendly in no conventional sense. They genuinely liked one another from the start, and Kalakaua, holding out every inducement, really tried very hard to get his visitor to settle in Hawaii.

At Honolulu Stevenson already began to hear a good deal of Samoa and its troubles, for several of his new friends had formed part of the amazing embassy Kalakaua had sent to Apia in the preceding year to propose a native federation of the Polynesian Islands. It was on the information now received that he was driven to write the first of his letters to the *Times*.

The letter appeared on the 11th March, and before the week was out there occurred the great Samoan hurricane which sunk or stranded six men-of-war in the harbour of Apia, when the *Calliope* alone, by virtue of her engines, steamed out of the gap in the very teeth of the gale.

Immediately afterwards, Stevenson records a curious episode at Honolulu in a letter to Mr. Baxter:—

‘27th April 1889.—A pretty touch of seaman manners: the English and American Jacks are deadly rivals: well, after all this hammering of both sides by the Germans, and then the news of the hurricane from Samoa, a singular scene occurred here the Sunday before last. The two church parties *sponte propria* fell in line together, one Englishman to one American, and marched down to the harbour like one ship’s company. None were more surprised than their own officers. I have seen a hantle of the seaman on this cruise; I always liked him before; my first crew on the *Casco* (five sea-lawyers) near cured me; but I have returned to my first love.’

At Samoa we shall see that he had many friends in

the navy: in nothing did he take more delight than in their company and friendship. Of this there was already a beginning at Honolulu with the wardroom of H.B.M.S. *Cormorant*. 'I had been twice to lunch on board, and H.B.M.'s seamen are making us hammocks; so we are very naval. But alas, the *Cormorant* is only waiting her relief, and I fear there are not two ships of that stamp in all the navies of the world.'

The hammocks were part of his preparations for a new cruise. He had arrived with the intention of crossing America during the course of the summer, and so returning to England, with ultimate views of Madeira as a winter refuge. But even Honolulu was too cold for him, and by the end of March he was full of another scheme of South Sea travel. This time his voyage was to be to the Gilbert Islands to the south-west, on board the vessel belonging to the Boston Mission or whatever other craft he could induce to take him. His mother decided to return to Scotland and visit her sister, but his wife and stepson looked eagerly forward to sharing with him this new experience.

In the end of April he paid a visit by himself to the lee-shore of the island of Hawaii, which is seen by tourists only, if at all, upon their way to the active crater of Kilauea, situated on the slopes of the lofty volcano of Mauna Loa. Even the lower crater is four thousand feet above the sea, and the climate in that region is often bleak and rainy. Accordingly Stevenson did not turn his steps in its direction, but spent a week on the coastlands, living with a native judge, taking long rides, and seeing and learning as much of native life and characteristics as lay within his reach; the most thrilling event of the visit being the departure of some natives to be immured in the lazaretto of Molokai.

A month later he visited the island of Molokai itself, and spent by special permission a week in the leper settlement. Father Damien had died on the fifteenth of

April, so that Stevenson heard only by report of the man whose memory he did so much to vindicate.

The scene of Damien's labours is one of the most striking places in the world. A low promontory, some three miles long, with a village upon either side of it, lies at the foot of a beetling precipice, that shuts it off from the remainder of the island to which there is no access except by a most difficult bridle-track. Hither, since 1865, have been sent all persons in the group who are found to have contracted leprosy, and here they are tended by doctor and priest, by officers and sisters and nurses, until they die. Who can do justice to such a place, to such a scene? Here Stevenson spent a week, and afterwards wrote a fragmentary and incomplete account of his visit. The best record of it is contained in the letters written at the time to his wife, and shortly afterwards to James Payn and Mr. Colvin. The description of his landing cannot be omitted.

'Our lepers were sent (from the steamer) in the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her, and said something like this: "Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me." It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce said it when we were at the landing-stairs, and there was a great crowd, hundreds of (God save us!) pantomime

masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the sisters and the new patients.

' . . . Gilfillan, a good fellow, I think, and far from a stupid, kept up his hard Lowland Scottish talk in the boat while the sister was covering her face; but I believe he knew, and did it (partly) in embarrassment, and part perhaps in mistaken kindness. And that was one reason, too, why I made my speech to them. Partly, too, I did it, because I was ashamed to do so and remembered one of my golden rules, "When you are ashamed to speak, speak up at once." But, mind you, that rule is only golden with strangers; with your own folks, there are other considerations.'¹

His general conclusions at the time were thus expressed:—'On the whole, the spectacle of life in this marred and moribund community, with its idleness, its furnished table, its horse-riding, music, and gallantries under the shadow of death, confounds the expectations of the visitor. He cannot observe with candour, but he must see it is not only good for the world, but best for the lepers themselves to be thus set apart. The place is a huge hospital, but a hospital under extraordinary conditions; in which the disease, though both ugly and incurable, is of a slow advance; in which the patients are rarely in pain, often capable of violent exertion, all bent on pleasure, and all, within the limits of the precinct, free. . . . The case of the children is by far the most sad; and yet (thanks to Damien, and that great Hawaiian lady, the kind Mrs. Bishop, and to the kind sisters) their hardship has been minimised. Even the boys in the still rude boys' home at Kalawao, appeared cheerful and youthful; they interchange diversions in the boy's way; one week are all for football, and the next the devotees of marbles or of kites: have fiddles, drums, guitars, and penny whistles: some can touch the organ, and all combine in concerts. As for the girls in the Bishop Home, of

¹ *Letters*, ii. 154-6.

the many beautiful things I have been privileged to see in life, they, and what has been done for them, are not the least beautiful. When I came there first, the sisters and the majority of the boarders were gone up the hill upon a weekly treat, guava-hunting; and only Mother Mary Anne and the specially sick were left at home. I was told things which I heard with tears, of which I sometimes think at night, and which I spare the reader; I was shown the sufferers then at home; one, I remember, white with pain, the tears standing in her eyes. But, thank God, pain is not the rule in this revolting malady: and the general impression of the house was one of cheerfulness, cleanliness, and comfort. The dormitories were airy, the beds neatly made; at every bedhead was a trophy of Christmas cards, pictures, and photographs, some framed with shells, and all arranged with care and taste. In many of the beds, besides, a doll lay pillowed. I was told that, in that artificial life, the eldest and the youngest were equally concerned with these infantile playthings, and the dressmaking, in particular, was found an inexhaustible resource. Plays of their own arrangement were a favourite evening pastime. They had a croquet set; and it was my single useful employment during my stay in the lazaretto to help them with that game.¹ I know not if the interest in croquet survived my departure, but it was lively while I stayed; and the last time I passed there on my way to the steamer's boat and freedom, the children crowded to the fence and hailed and summoned me with cries of welcome. I wonder I found the heart to refuse the invitation.'

After leaving the confines of the leper settlement the steamer landed him upon another part of the island, where he and the captain took horse and rode a long

¹ He was advised by Mother Mary Anne to wear gloves when he played croquet with the leper children. He would not do it, however, as he thought it might remind them of their condition. After he returned to Honolulu he sent Mother Mary Anne a grand piano for her leper girls.

way to the house of some Irish folk, where Stevenson slept. Next day he continued with a native guide until he reached the summit of the pass above Kalawao, down which alone the settlement could be entered by land. Here the overseer lived, and with him Stevenson stayed and had much talk.

Of his ride across the island he wrote:—"Maui behind us towered into clouds and the shadow of clouds. The bare opposite island of Lanai—the reef far out, enclosing a dirty, shoal lagoon—a range o' fish-ponds, large as docks, and the slope of the shady beach on which we mostly rode, occupied the left hand. On the right hand the mountain rose in steep of red clay and spouts of disintegrated rock, sparsely dotted with the white-flowering cow-thistle. Here and there along the foreshore stood a lone pandanus, and once a trinity of dishevelled palms. In all the first part of that journey, I recall but three houses and a single church. Plenty of horses, kine and sullen-looking bulls were there; but not a human countenance. "Where are the people?" I asked. "*Pau Kanaka maké*: done: people dead," replied the guide, with the singular childish giggle which the traveller soon learns to be a mark of Polynesian sensibility.

'We rode all the time by the side of the great fish-ponds, the labour (you would say) of generations. The riches and the agriculture of Molokai awoke of yore the envy of neighbouring kings. Only last century a battle was fought upon this island in which it has been computed that thousands were engaged; and he who made the computation, though he lived long after, had seen and counted, when the wind blew aside the sands, the multitude of bones and skulls. There remains the evidence of the churches, not yet old and already standing in a desert, the monuments of vanished congregations. *Pau Kanaka maké*. A sense of survival attended me upon my ride, and the nervous laughter of Apaka sounded in my ears not quite unpleasantly.

The place of the dead is clean; there is a poetry in empty lands.

'A greener track received us; smooth shoreside grass was shaded with groves and islets of acacias; the hills behind, from the red colour of the soil and the singularity of the formation, had the air of a bare Scottish moorland in the bleak end of autumn; and the resemblance set a higher value on the warmth of the sun and the brightness of the sea. I wakened suddenly to remember Kalaupapa and my playmates of two days before. Could I have forgotten? Was I happy again? Had the shadow, the sorrow, and the obligation faded already?'

From this expedition he returned to complete his preparations for immediate departure. The family now possessed an unrivalled fund of information about 'the Islands,' and had accumulated not only the necessary stores but also a collection of all the resources of civilisation best fitted to appeal to the native heart, ranging from magic lanterns and American hand-organs to 'cheap and bad cigars.' The only difficulty was the ship, and the *Morning Star* not being available, the *Equator*, a trading schooner of sixty-two tons register, Captain Denis Reid, was chartered. The terms agreed upon were original and entertaining; Stevenson paid a lump sum down for a four months' cruise with a proviso for renewal, if necessary. The ship agreed for a fixed daily extra price to land at any place in the line of its trading cruise on Stevenson's written demand. On the other hand, when it stopped anywhere for its own business, were it only to land a sewing-machine or to take on board a ton of copra, it was bound, if the charterer so desired, to remain there three days without extra charge.

The twenty-fourth of June arrived: Stevenson and his wife and stepson were on board with the indispensable Ah Fu, and the schooner was ready to cast off. At the last moment two fine carriages drove down at full speed to the wharf and there deposited King Kalakaua and

a party of his native musicians. There was but a minute for good-bye and a parting glass, for Kalakaua had none of Ori's scruples over champagne. The king returned to shore and stood there waving his hand, while from the musicians, lined up on the very edge of the wharf, came the tender strains of a farewell.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTH SEA CRUISES—THE CENTRAL PACIFIC

JUNE 1889—APRIL 1891

‘I will never leave the sea, I think ; it is only there that a Briton lives : my poor grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many islands in his day ; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded. . . . Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney-stacks and telegraph wires.’—*Letters*, ii. 162.

THE object of the new cruise for Stevenson was to visit a native race of a different character from those he had already seen, living as far as was still possible under purely natural conditions. The Gilberts are a group of some sixteen low islands of no great size, densely populated, situated close to the Equator. At this time they were independent, nearly every island being governed by its own king or council of elders. Scenery in all of them is reduced to the simplest elements, a strand with cocoa-nut-palms and pandanus, and the sea—one island differing from another only in having or not having an accessible lagoon in its centre ; in none of them is the highest point of land as much as twenty feet above sea-level. This very flatness and absence of striking features render the islands a more perfect theatre for effects of light and cloud, while the splendours of the sea are further enhanced by the contrast of the rollers breaking on the reef and the still lagoon sleeping within the barrier, of the dark depths of ocean outside, and the brilliant shoal-water varying infinitely in hue with the inequalities of the shallows within.

Stevenson's former experience lay, his future was almost entirely to lie, among the Polynesians—the tall, fine, copper-coloured race, speaking closely allied dialects of the same language, and including among their family the Hawaiians, Marquesans, Tahitians, Samoans, and the Maoris of New Zealand. The Gilbert and Marshall natives, on the other hand, are Micronesians—darker, shorter, and to my taste less comely folk—speaking languages widely removed from the Polynesian—people with a dash of black blood, stricter in morals and more ferocious, with an energy and backbone which the others but rarely possess. It is noteworthy that Polynesians never commit suicide; on the Line it is not uncommon; and the frequent causes are unrequited love, or grief for the dead.

When this visit should be finished, the travellers were not finally committed to any plan, but their latest intention was to proceed to the Marshalls and thence to the Carolines, and so 'return to the light of day by way of Manila and the China ports.'

Scarcely, however, were they at sea before these schemes were modified. One moonlight night, in the neighbourhood of Johnstone Island, the talk fell upon the strange history of the loss of the brigantine, *Wandering Minstrel*, and from this germ was quickly developed the plot of *The Wrecker*. The life of cruising was for the time all that Stevenson could desire: after the depression of Honolulu he had entirely recovered his health and spirits on the open sea, and the only difficulty in continuing his cure was its great expense. Surely if he possessed a schooner of his own, he might make his home on board and pay the current charges, at all events in part, by trading. So *The Wrecker* was to be written and sent to a publisher from Samoa, and there with the proceeds they were to buy a schooner, stock the trade-room, and start upon their wanderings under the guidance of Denis Reid, who threw himself heart and soul into the spirit of the new venture.

It was a wild scheme. Versatile as Stevenson was, it is impossible even to think of him as a 'South Sea merchant,' haggling with natives over the price of copra,¹ and retailing European goods to them at a necessarily exorbitant rate. But the project, though never realised, did finally determine the course of his life, for instead of taking him to Ponape, Guam, and the Philippines, it sent him south to Samoa, there to take up his abode and live and die.

In the meanwhile the first part of the voyage was safely performed, and the schooner arrived at the town of Butaritari in the island of Great Makin. Under ordinary conditions a white man, if he conducted himself reasonably, might wander through all the group in perfect safety, but the arrival of the *Equator* fell at an unpropitious moment. For the first and probably the only time in his wanderings, Stevenson was in real danger of violence from natives.

The two principal firms trading in Butaritari belonged to San Francisco; the missionaries in the group were sent there by the Boston Society, and the influence of American ideas was considerable. Nine days before Stevenson's arrival was the Fourth of July, the day on which American Independence is celebrated throughout the States. The king of Butaritari had observed the festival with enthusiasm, but not wisely, nor in accordance with missionary views, for he had removed the taboo upon spirits which ordinarily was imposed for all his subjects.

Neither sovereign nor courtiers had been sober since, and though, with a lofty Sabbatarianism, the king declined to be photographed upon a Sunday, it was not to be supposed that he could be refused more drink if he offered to purchase it at the usual price. There was this further difficulty in the way of restoring sobriety to his dominions, that even if one firm declined to

¹ The dried kernel of the cocoa-nut, largely used in making soap, candles, oil-cake, etc.

supply him, there was the rival house, which, having as yet sold less of its liquor, might be less anxious for the special open season to come to an end. So the carnival continued for ten days more, and all the white men could do was to get out their pistols and show in public such skill as they possessed in shooting at a mark.

Twice a large stone was hurled at Stevenson as he sat in his verandah at dusk, just as the lamp was brought out and placed beside him. He now entered into negotiations with the German manager of the other firm, whom he found to take a far more serious view of the situation than any of them, and whom he induced by diplomacy to discontinue to supply the natives. The crisis was now reached: would the populace, irritated by refusal, carry either of the bars with a rush?

Fortunately all passed off smoothly. The king came to his senses, and the taboo was re-imposed. Quiet was restored, and only just in time, for a day or two later a large body of rather turbulent natives arrived from the next island for a dance competition, quite ready to profit by any political trouble.

The danger having been averted, the party lived at peace in the house of Maka, the Hawaiian missionary, one of the most lovable of men. They saw the dances, they gave exhibitions of their magic lantern, and as all pictures were supposed to be photographs, and photographs could only be taken from actual scenes, their slides of Bible history brought about a distinct religious reaction among the people. They made friends with various natives, but the end of their stay was by comparison tame and dull, and after about a month the *Equator* returned and carried them away.

The terms of the elaborate charter party were entirely disregarded. The captain from the beginning acted as though the vessel were Stevenson's yacht, and went or stayed according to the wishes of his passenger. Stevenson, on his part, took a keen interest in the ship's

fortunes, and was as eager to secure copra as any one on board. The captain acted as showman of the group. 'I remember once,' says Mr. Osbourne, 'that he banged the deck with a marlinspike and called below to Louis: "Come on deck, quick, Kaupoi; here's the murderer and the poisoner I told you of, coming off in a boat."' It was Stevenson's fate in the Pacific, at the times when he was most anxious about his finances, to be regarded by the natives as the wealthiest of men, and addressed accordingly. Thus 'Kaupoi' in the Gilberts and 'Ona' in Samoa are equivalent to 'Dives,' or 'Richie,' as Stevenson himself used to render it. 'Ona,' by the way, is not a genuine Samoan word, but 'owner,' the wealthy and powerful person whom even ship-captains obey.

They visited the island of Nonuti, and were then continuing on a southward course, when the wind veered and they made for Apemama, a large island ruled by the despot Tembinok', who allowed no white man in his kingdom. As an exceptional favour, however, granted only after a long inspection of the party and two days devoted to consideration, Stevenson and his family were admitted as the special guests of the king. He cleared a site for them, pitched four houses upon it for their accommodation, and tabooed with a death penalty their well and their enclosure against all his subjects. The settlement was begun to the discharge of a rifle; the cook who was lent to the Stevensons, and was guilty of gross misbehaviour, received six shots from the king's Winchester over his head, at his feet, and on either side of him; and though no one was actually killed while the white men were on the island, yet the power of life and death in the king's hands was plainly shown to be no obsolete prerogative.

In Apemama the party spent a couple of months in daily intercourse with this very remarkable personage, with whom they entered into close relations of friendship. Of all the chiefs Stevenson knew in the Pacific, Ori, the

Tahitian, was probably the one for whom he had most affection; Mataafa, in Samoa, probably he most respected; but Tembinok' was unquestionably the strongest character, and the man who interested him the most. Who that has read the South Sea chapters has forgotten his appearance?

'A beaked profile like Dante's in the mask, a mane of long black hair, the eye brilliant, imperious, and inquiring; for certain parts in the theatre, and to one who could have used it, the face was a fortune. His voice matched it well, being shrill, powerful, and uncanny, with a note like a sea-bird's. Where there are no fashions, none to set them, few to follow them if they were set, and none to criticise, he dresses—as Sir Charles Grandison lived—"to his own heart." Now he wears a woman's frock, now a naval uniform, now (and more usually) figures in a masquerade costume of his own design—trousers and a singular jacket with shirt tails, the cut and fit wonderful for island workmanship, the material always handsome, sometimes green velvet, sometimes cardinal red silk. This masquerade becomes him admirably. I see him now come pacing towards me in the cruel sun, solitary, a figure out of Hoffmann.'¹

In spite of this grotesque disguise, there was nothing ridiculous about the man. He had been a fighter and a conqueror, 'the Napoleon' of his group; he was, besides, a poet, a collector, the sole trader and man of business, and a shrewd judge of mankind. Having admitted the missionaries to his island, he had learned to read and write; having found the missionaries interfering, as he thought, with his trade and his government, without hesitation he had banished them from his domains.

For the account of this unique society, this masterful sway, I must refer the reader to the seventy pages of Stevenson's own description, which were the part of his diary least disappointing to himself. It could hardly

¹ *In the South Seas*, p. 310.

be told in fewer words, and extracts can do it no justice. It is the more valuable in that it represents a state of things which is gone for ever. Only four years later, when I visited the island, all was changed. Tembinok' was dead, the Gilbert Islands had been annexed by Great Britain, and a boy was king under the direction of a British Resident. How severe the old discipline had been was proclaimed by a large 'speak-house' at Tuagana, some two hours' sail down the coast, where all round the interior of the house, at the end of the roof-beams there had been a set of eight-and-forty human skulls, of which nearly twenty were still remaining. The house had been built by Tembinok's father, and the heads were those of malefactors, both white and native, or, at all events, of people who had caused displeasure to the king. The Stevensons had never heard of the existence of this place from Tembinok', though his father's grave was here, and here also were lying the two finest sea-going canoes in all the island.

But for the history of Tembinok', and for Stevenson's experience—how he was mesmerised for a cold by a native wizard, and how, with many searchings of conscience, he bought for Mr. Andrew Lang the devil-box of Apemama, the reader must go—and will thank me for sending him—to Stevenson's own pages. I will quote here only the king's leave-taking of his guest, and the impression which Stevenson had produced upon this wild, stern, and original nature:—

'As the time approached for our departure Tembinok' became greatly changed; a softer, more melancholy, and, in particular, a more confidential man appeared in his stead. To my wife he contrived laboriously to explain that though he knew he must lose his father in the course of nature, he had not minded nor realised it till the moment came; and that now he was to lose us, he repeated the experience. We showed fireworks one evening on the terrace. It was a heavy business; the

sense of separation was in all our minds, and the talk languished. The king was specially affected, sat disconsolate on his mat, and often sighed. Of a sudden one of the wives stepped forth from a cluster, came and kissed him in silence, and silently went again. It was just such a caress as we might give to a disconsolate child, and the king received it with a child's simplicity. Presently after we said good-night and withdrew; but Tembinok' detained Mr. Osbourne, patting the mat by his side and saying: "Sit down. I feel bad, I like talk." "You like some beer?" said he and one of the wives produced a bottle. The king did not partake, but sat sighing and smoking a meerschaum pipe. "I very sorry you go," he said at last. "Miss Stlevens he good man. woman he good man, boy he good man; all good man. Woman he smart all the same man. My woman," glancing towards his wives, "he good woman, no very smart. I think Miss Stlevens he big chieftain all the same cap'n man-o'-wa'. I think Miss Stlevens he rich man all the same me. All go schoona. I very sorry. My patha he go, my uncle he go, my cutcheons he go, Miss Stlevens he go: all go. You no see king cry before. King all the same man: feel bad, he cry. I very sorry."

'In the morning it was the common topic in the village that the king had wept. To me he said: "Last night I no can 'peak: too much here," laying his hand upon his bosom. "Now you go away all the same my family. My brothers, my uncle go away. All the same." This was said with a dejection almost passionate. . . . The same day he sent me a present of two corselets, made in the island fashion of plaited fibre, heavy and strong. One had been worn by his grandfather, one by his father, and, the gift being gratefully received, he sent me, on the return of his messengers, a third—that of his uncle. . . .

'The king took us on board in his own gig, dressed for the occasion in the naval uniform. He had little to

say, he refused refreshments, shook us briefly by the hand, and went ashore again. That night the palm-tops of Apemama had dipped behind the sea, and the schooner sailed solitary under the stars.¹

The remainder of Stevenson's notes on the Gilberts relate chiefly to the white, or, at any rate, the alien population of the group, which at that date was naturally a sort of No Man's Land—one of the last refuges for the scoundrels of the Pacific. Not that all the traders by any means were black sheep; some of them and some of the captains and mates working in those waters were decent fellows enough, but among them were thieves, murderers, and worse, patriots who showed an uncommon alacrity in changing their nationality when any man-of-war of their own government happened to come their way. When the Gilberts were finally annexed in 1892, a labour vessel took a shipload of these gentry on board, bound for a South American republic, which, fortunately for that State, they never reached—the vessel being lost at sea with all hands.

Of the stories that were then current Stevenson collected a number, and had he been a realist, his readers might have been depressed through many volumes by the gloom and squalor of these tragedies; as it was, he utilised only a little of what he had actually seen as material for the darker shadows in the romantic and spirited *Beach of Falesa*.

After returning to Butaritari, the *Equator*, with Stevenson and his party on board, left for Samoa. The trip was tedious but for the excitement of running by night between the three different positions assigned by the charts to a reef which possibly had no real existence. There were the usual squalls, in one of which, during the night, the safety of the ship depended entirely on the cutting of a rope. The fore-topmast snapped across and the foresail downhaul fouled in the wreckage, but

¹ *In the South Seas*, p. 378.

Ah Fu climbed to the top of the galley with his knife, and the position was saved. Next morning, however, the signal halyard had disappeared, nor was its loss accounted for until several weeks afterwards, when the Chinaman presented his mistress with a neat coil of the best quality of rope. He had once heard her admiring it, and took occasion of the squall and extremity of danger to procure it for her as a present.

The schooner arrived about the 7th of December at Apia, the capital and port of Upolu, the chief of the group known collectively as Samoa¹ or the Navigator Islands, which Stevenson now saw for the first time, and which he had every intention of leaving finally within two months of his arrival.

The *Equator's* charter now came to an end. Hiring a cottage in the hamlet a mile above the town, Stevenson began to collect the material necessary for those chapters which should be allotted to Samoa in his book upon the South Seas. This obtained, he proposed to start at once for Sydney, and thence proceed to England.

The Samoan record, as he anticipated from the outset, would deal chiefly with the history of the recent war, and for this he engaged in a most painstaking and—so far as I can judge—most successful judicial investigation into the actual facts and the course of events within the last few years. It is difficult for any one who has not lived hard by a South Sea 'Beach' to realise how contradictory and how elusive are its rumours, and how widely removed from anything of the nature of 'evidence. But into this confused mass Stevenson plunged, making inquiries of every one to whose statements he could attach any importance, American or English or German (my order is alphabetical), and invoking the aid of interpreters

The first two syllables are long: Sā-mōa; similarly Vāi-lima; but Fālē-sā. The first A in Ā-pia is shorter, but the vowel-sounds throughout are as in Italian. The consonants are as in English, but g=ng. Thus Pagopago is pronounced Pangopango.

for native sources of information. He weighed and sifted his information with the greatest care, and I have never heard any of the main results contested which were embodied in *A Footnote to History*.

For the sake of this work he lived chiefly in Apia¹ at the house of an American trader, Mr. H. J. Moors. He made the acquaintance of Colonel de Coëtlogon, the English consul, with whom he maintained the most friendly terms, who had been with Gordon in Khartoum ; of Dr. Stuebel, the German Consul-General, perhaps the ablest and most enlightened, and certainly not the least honourable diplomatist that the Great Powers ever sent to the South Seas ; of the Rev. W. E. Clarke and other members of the London Mission, his warm friends then and in later days ; and especially of the high chief Mataafa, who impressed him at once as the finest of the Samoans.

It was the only time Stevenson ever lived in Apia or its immediate suburbs, and a few words in passing should be devoted to the Beach, with which now, more than at any time, he was brought into contact. This term, common to other South Sea islands, comprises, as I understand, every white resident in a place who has not some position that can be definitely described : in the last instance it denotes the mere beach-combers, loafers or mean whites, although most people would include in it all persons of markedly less consideration than themselves. There was much kindness and generosity even among the lowest, and not more want of energy or of scruple than might have been expected. There was also a genial readiness to believe rumours, balanced by a willingness to think no worse of the persons against whom they were told. It might have been described as a society for investigation but not for promulgation of the truth. The number of white or half-caste residents

¹ For convenience I have spoken throughout of the whole town as Apia, though the name is in strict usage limited to one of its four districts.

in Apia was supposed to be about three hundred, of whom about two-thirds were British subjects, the bulk of the remainder being Germans.

At first Stevenson was not greatly struck either by the place or by the natives; the island was 'far less beautiful than the Marquesas or Tahiti; a more gentle scene, gentler acclivities, a tamer face of nature; and this much aided, for the wanderer, by the great German plantations, with their countless regular avenues of palms.' Nor was he 'specially attracted by the people; but they are courteous; the women very attractive, and dress lovely; the men purposedlike, well set up, tall, lean, and dignified.'

In the end of December he made a boat expedition with Mr. Clarke some dozen miles to the east, partly on mission business, and partly on his own account to visit Tamasese, the chief whom the Germans had formerly set up as king; not long afterwards he made a similar journey to the west to Malua, where the London Mission have long had a training college for native students. It was on this latter occasion that he was first introduced to the natives by the Rev. J. E. Newell as '*Tusitala*,' '*The Writer of Tales*,' the name by which he was afterwards most usually known in Samoa. Here he gave an address which was translated for their benefit;¹ and a few days later he delivered a lecture in Apia upon his travels, on behalf of a native church, Dr. Stuebel taking the chair.

From his notes made on the first expedition I draw one or two passages, descriptive of Samoan customs and of Samoan scenery, which is nowhere more beautiful than in the inlet he then visited.

Dec. 31 '89.

'At the mission station, the most enchanting scene; troops of children and young girls in that enchanting diversity of bright attire which makes a joy to the eye of

¹ Appendix A.

any Samoan festival ; some in *tapa*¹ crinolined out, some in gaudy tabards, some in the sleeveless bodice of black velvet ; one little girlie, in a *titi* of russet leaves, herself crowned with the red flower of royalty, for all the world like a pantomime fairy, only her lendings were not of tinsel, but still glittered with the raindrops of the morning. They came in a certain order, one standing by to let another pass, these singing as they came, those as they waited. The strains were almost as pleasant to the ear, as the colours and the bright young faces to the eye ; the words were now conventional and applicable to any *malaga*, now composed or prepared against the present occasion. Each little gaudy band of choristers approached the open apse of the mission-house, where we sat installed, walking in loose array, their gifts of *taro*, or sugar-cane, shouldered gallantly like muskets, one girl in special finery leading with a chicken in her arms, and every foot in time ; they paused some paces off, ending their compliment with more boisterous enunciation, rose to a last high note, and suddenly with a medley of shrill shouts hurled all their offerings one upon another in front of us, broke up their ranks with laughter, and dispersed. One of our boat's crew gathered up the offerings, and a high voice like a herald's proclaimed the name of the village and the number and nature of the gifts. And before he had well spoken a fresh troop was drawing near, with a new song. . . .

‘*Fagaloa, Dec. 31st.*

‘Past Falefā where the reef ends and the coaster enters on the open sea, all prettinesses, as if they were things of shelter, end. The hills are higher and more imminent, and here and there display naked crags. The surf beats

¹ *Tapa*, native cloth made of mulberry bark ; *titi*, something between a girdle and a skirt ; *malaga*, excursion, visiting party ; *taro*, the edible root of the *Arum esculentum*, the ceremony here described being known as a *tarotasi*.

on bluff rocks, still overhung with forest; the boat, still navigated foolishly near the broken water, is twisted to and fro with a drunken motion, in the backwash and broken water of the surf; and though to-day it is exceptionally smooth, another boat that crosses us appears only at intervals and for a moment on the blue crest of the swells. At last, rounding a long spit of rocks on which the sea runs wildly high, the bay, gulf, or rather (as the one true descriptive word) the loch of Fagaloa opens. The oarsmen rest awhile upon their oars. "Thank you for your rowing," says Mr. Clarke—the conventional allocution: the conventional answer comes, "Thank you for your prayers"; and then, with a new song struck up, which sings the praise and narrates with some detail the career of Mr. Clarke himself, we begin to enter the enchanted bay; high clouds hover upon the hilltops; thin cataracts whiten over down along the front of the hills; all the rest is precipitous forest, dark with the intensity of green, save where the palms shine silver in the thicket; it is indeed a place to enter with a song upon our lips.

' . . . Fagaloa is the original spot where every prospect pleases. It was beautiful to see a vast black rain squall engulf the bottom of the bay, pass over with glittering skirts, climb the opposite hill, and cling there and dwindle into rags of snowy cloud; beautiful too was a scene, where a little burn ran into the sea between groups of cocos and below a rustic bridge of palm-stems; something indescribably Japanese in the scene suggested the idea of setting on the bridge three gorgeously habited young girls, and these relieved in their bright raiment against the blue of the sky and the low sea-line completed the suggestion; it was a crape picture in the fact. We went on further to the end of the bay, where the village sits almost sprayed upon by waterfalls among its palm-grove, and round under the rocky promontory, by a broken path of rock among the bowers of foliage;

a troop of little lads accompanied our progress, and two of them possessed themselves of my hands and trotted alongside of me with endless, incomprehensible conversation; both tried continually to pull the rings off my fingers; one carried my shoes and stockings, and proudly reminded me of the fact at every stoppage. They were unpleasant, cheeky, ugly urchins; and the shoe-bearer, when we turned the corner and sat down in the shade and the sea-breeze on black ledges of volcanic rock, splashed by the sea, nestled up to my side and sat pawing me like an old acquaintance. . . .

'Jan. 1st, 1890.—On our way back along the most precipitous and seemingly desert portion of the coast, we were startled by a sudden noise rising above the continuous sound of the breaching surf which hangs along the shore incessant and invariable in pitch. At first we supposed it to be the sound of some greater wave exploding through a blow-hole of the rocks; but presently the sound was repeated, our eye was caught by a growing column of blue smoke arising in the shoreside forest, and we were aware that in that bay, where not a roof appeared to break the continuous foliage, a not inconsiderable village must sit secret, whose inhabitants were now saluting the New Year with a field-piece, some relic of the war.'

But Stevenson was now to take a step that proved more decisive than for the moment he imagined. The winter home he had once projected at Madeira was to be transferred to Samoa; he purchased some three hundred acres in the bush, two miles behind and six hundred feet above the level of the town of Apia. The ground was covered, not exactly with virgin forest, for it had formerly been occupied (according to tradition) by a Samoan bush town—but with vegetation so dense that on her first visit his wife had been quite unable to penetrate to the spot where the house afterwards stood. The land, however, was to be cleared, and a cottage

erected, which would at any rate shelter the family during such intervals between their cruises as it should suit them to spend in Samoa. But the real reason for the selection of this island for a settlement lay principally in the facilities of communication. An author, and especially a writer of novels, can dispense with many of the blessings of civilisation; the one thing absolutely indispensable is a regular and trustworthy mode of communicating with his printer and his publisher. Now in the matter of mails Samoa was exceptionally fortunate. The monthly steamers between Sydney and San Francisco received and deposited their mail-bags in passing, and very soon after began to call at the port of Apia. A German steamer, the *Lubeck*, ran regularly between Apia and Sydney, and the New Zealand boat, the *Richmond*, called on her circular trip from Auckland to Tahiti. Of all the other islands which Stevenson had visited, Tahiti itself was the only possible rival, but its mail service was much less frequent and less trustworthy; and, moreover, Stevenson was not anxious to place himself under the control of a French colonial government.

So the ground was bought, the money paid, and orders were left to begin the necessary operations. Early in February the party sailed for Sydney, where Mrs. Strong was now waiting to see them on their way home to England for the summer.

Soon after reaching Australia, Stevenson found in a religious paper a letter from Dr. Hyde, a Presbyterian minister in Honolulu, depreciating the labours of Father Damien at Molokai, and reviving against his memory some highly unchristian and unworthy slanders. The letter was written in a spirit peculiarly calculated to rouse Stevenson's indignation, and when he heard at the same time a report which may or may not have been true, but which he, at any rate, fully believed, to the effect that a proposed memorial to Damien in London had been abandoned on account of this or some similar statement,

his anger knew no bounds. He sat down and wrote the celebrated letter to Dr. Hyde, which was forthwith published in pamphlet form in Sydney, and subsequently in Edinburgh in the *Scots Observer*. He had the courage of his opinions, and realised the risks he was taking: 'I knew I was writing a libel: I thought he would bring an action; I made sure I should be ruined; I asked leave of my gallant family, and the sense that I was signing away all I possessed kept me up to high-water mark, and made me feel every insult heroic.'

But in place of the news for which his friends were waiting, that he had started upon his homeward voyage, there came a telegram to Mr. Baxter on the 10th April: 'Return Islands four months. Home September.'

He had taken cold in Sydney, and after the lapse of eighteen months, having again started a hemorrhage, was very ill and pining for the sea. Mrs. Stevenson heard of a trading steamer about to start for 'The Islands,' applied for three passages, and was refused, went to the owners and was again refused, but stating inflexibly that it was a matter of life or death to her husband, she carried her point and extorted their unwilling consent.

This vessel was the steamship *Janet Nicoll*, an iron screw-steamer of about six hundred tons, chartered by Messrs. Henderson and Macfarlane, a well-known South Sea firm. There was a dock strike in Sydney at the time, but with a 'blackboy' crew on board, the *Janet* got away, carrying a full complement of officers and engineers, and the trio to whom *Island Nights' Entertainments* was afterwards dedicated—Mr. Henderson, one of the partners; Ben Hird,¹ the supercargo; and 'Jack' Buckland, the living original of Tommy Haddon in *The Wrecker*.

Unwelcome guests though they had been, no sooner

¹ In a brief sketch in *Macmillan's Magazine* for November 1896, I endeavoured to do justice to the memory of some of Hird's many admirable qualities.

had they started than they met with the greatest kindness and cordiality from every one on board, and when they reached Auckland the invalid was himself again. They left that port under sealed orders but were not yet clear of the lighthouse before some fire works, left in Buckland's berth, set his cabin on fire. The saloon was filled with dense smoke, and a rosy glow. 'Let no man say I am unscientific,' wrote Stevenson. 'When I ran, on the alert, out of my stateroom, and found the main cabin incandescing with the glow of the last scene of a pantomime, I stopped dead. "What is this?" said I. "This ship is on fire, I see that; but why a pantomime?" And I stood and reasoned the point, until my head was so muddled with the fumes that I could not find the companion. By singular good fortune, we got the hose down in time and saved the ship, but Lloyd lost most of his clothes, and a great part of our photographs was destroyed. Fanny saw the native sailors tossing overboard a blazing trunk; she stopped them in time, and behold, it contained my manuscripts.'¹

After this episode all went well; the course of the steamer may be traced on the accompanying map. She put in to Apia, and stayed there long enough to enable the party to visit their new property and see what progress had been made. After that she went to the east and to the north, calling at three-and-thirty low islands; their stay in almost every case was limited to a few hours, and, as Stevenson wrote on this cruise, 'hackney cabs have more variety than atolls.' They saw their friend King Tembinok' again, and received a welcome from him almost too pathetic to be hearty. He had been ill, and the whole island had been attacked by measles, a disaster which was apparently attributed by the victims to the sale of their 'devil-box.' In the centre of the big house was a circular piece of 'devil-work' in the midst of a ring of white shells, and the worship of 'Chench,' the

¹ *Letters*, ii. 185.

local deity, had obviously received an impetus from recent events.

The circumstances of this expedition were, of course, very different from their former leisurely and more local voyages in schooners. Stevenson greatly enjoyed the company on board, for two at least of his fellow-voyagers were probably unrivalled by any white man in their experience of these regions, and were possessed besides of remarkable ability and character.

The altered conditions of navigation were a great interest to him, and he was never weary of admiring the captain's skill in handling the steamer, one specimen of which he has recorded in the account of his first visit to a pearl-shell island, such as, to his great disappointment, he had failed to visit from Fakarava.

' Nearly two years had passed before I found myself in the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll*, heading for the entrance of Penrhyn or Tongarewa. In front, the line of the atoll showed like a narrow sea-wall of bare coral, where the surges broke; on either hand the tree-tops of an islet showed some way off: on one, the site of the chief village; the other, then empty, but now inhabited, and known by the ill-omened name of Molokai. We steamed through the pass and were instantly involved amidst a multiplicity of coral lumps, or horse's heads, as they are called by sailors. Through these our way meandered; we would have a horse's-head athwart the bows, one astern, one upon either board; and the tortuous fairway was at times not more than twice the vessel's beam. The *Janet* was, besides, an iron ship; half the width of the Pacific severed us from the next yard of reparation; one rough contact, and our voyage might be ended, and ourselves consigned to half a year of Penrhyn. On the topgallant forecastle stood a native pilot, used to conning smaller ships, and unprepared for the resources of a steamer; his cries rang now with agony, now with wrath. The best man was at the bridge wheel; and Captain Henry, with

one hand on the engine signal, one trembling towards the steersman, juggled his long ship among these dangers, with the patient art of one fitting up a watch, with the swift decision of a general in the field. I stood by, thrilling at once with the excitement of a personal adventure and the admiration due to perfect skill.

'We were presently at anchor in a singular berth, boxed all about; our late entrance, our future exit not to be discovered; in front the lagoon, where I counted the next day upwards of thirty horseshoes in easy view; behind, the groves of the isle and the crowded houses of the village. Many boats lay there at moorings: in the verandah, folk were congregated gazing at the ship; children were swimming from the shore to board us; and from the lagoon, before a gallant breeze, other boats came skimming homeward. The boats were gay with white sails and bright paint; the men were clad in red and blue, they were garlanded with green leaves or gay with kerchiefs; and the busy, many-coloured scene was framed in the verdure of the palms and the opal of the shallow sea.

'It was a pretty picture, and its prettiest element, the coming of the children. Every here and there we saw a covey of black heads upon the water. . . . Soon they trooped up the side-ladder, a healthy, comely company of kilted children; and had soon taken post upon the after-hatch, where they sat in a double row, singing with solemn energy.'

But on the whole Stevenson did not benefit greatly by the voyage. He now turned to the 'letters' upon his experiences for the American syndicate; from the first they failed to satisfy him, although he regarded them, even in their final form, as only the rough material for the book. The heat of the steamer, driven before the wind, was often intolerable; he had another hemorrhage, and remained languid and unfit for work. On the return journey the *Janet* turned off to New Caledonia, and thence

went direct to Sydney. Stevenson, however, landed at Noumea, where he spent a few days by himself, observing the French convict settlement, and learning something of the methods of dealing with natives. It was the only time he was ever among Melanesian tribes, although occasionally he met with isolated individuals, especially in Samoa, where they are frequently imported as labourers for the German firm.

He followed his wife and stepson to Sydney, whence Mr. Osbourne left for England, finally to arrange their affairs, and bring out the furniture from Skerryvore for the 'yet unbuilt house on the mountain.'

All idea of this journey had been given up by Stevenson himself in the course of the past voyage, and indeed, having reached Sydney, he was confined to his room in the Union Club, and left it only to return to Samoa. From this time forth, although he formed various projects, never realised, of seeing his friends, and especially Mr. Colvin, in Egypt, Honolulu, or Ceylon, he never, so far as I know, again looked forward to setting foot upon his native shores.

With his wife he left for Apia, and on their arrival they camped in gipsy fashion in the four-roomed wooden house, which was all, except a trellised arbour, that had yet been erected on the property. Here for the next six months they lived alone with one servant, until the ground was further cleared and the permanent house built.

Into the details of Stevenson's life at this time there is no need to go; it was a period of transition, and it is sufficiently described in the *Vailima Letters*. Most of his material difficulties were crowded into it; but even from them he derived a great deal of enjoyment. There were daily working on the land a number of labourers, partly Samoans, partly natives of other groups, superintended for most of the time by a Samoan who figures largely in the first part of the letters to Mr. Colvin.

After a while, as soon as the lie of the ground could be more clearly seen, the site of the new house was selected on a plateau a couple of hundred yards higher up the hill, and the building itself was begun by white carpenters.

This was the only time their food-supply ever ran at all short ; but after their experiences in schooners and on low islands, they found little to complain of, as they felt that if it ever came to the worst, two miles off there was always an open restaurant. Their one servant was a German ex-steward, a feckle-s, kindly creature, who seemed born with two left hands, but was always ready to do his best. But the less competent the servant, the more numerous and miscellaneous were the odd jobs which devolved upon his master and mistress.

Thus in the meantime Stevenson's own work went on under great disadvantages. Much of his effort was expended upon the South Sea Letters ; but this was the time when he saw most of the virgin forest, and his solitary expeditions and the hours spent in weeding at the edge of the 'bush' were, as we shall see, not without effect upon his writing.

In January 1891 he left his wife in sole charge and went to Sydney to meet his mother, who was to arrive there from Scotland on her way to Samoa. The shaft of the *Lübeck* broke when she was near Fiji, at the worst of seasons and in the most dangerous of waters ; but it was patched up with great skill, and, under sail and to the astonishment of the whole port, she arrived at her destination only four days late. Stevenson as usual 'fell sharply sick in Sydney,' but was able to go on board the *Lübeck* again and convoy his mother to her new home. The house, after all, was not ready to receive her, and, having taken her first brief glimpse of Samoa, she returned to the Colonies for another couple of months.

Stevenson then accompanied Mr. Harold Sewall, the American Consul-General, upon a visit to Tutuila, the

easternmost island of the group, now added to the territory of the United States.

Here they spent three weeks, partly by the shores of the great harbour of Pagopago, partly on an attempt to reach the islands of Manu'a in a small schooner, and partly in circumnavigating Tutuila by easy stages in a whale-boat. The expedition was rather at the mercy of its interpreter; but the island was new to them, and they all greatly enjoyed their experiences. It was the best view Stevenson ever had of the more remote Samoans in their own homes, and the scenery and the life attracted him more than ever. Fortunately he kept a diary, from which I have taken a few characteristic passages:—

‘PAGOPAGO

‘The island at its highest point is nearly severed in two by the long-elbowed harbour, about half a mile in width, cased everywhere in abrupt mountain-sides. The tongue of water sleeps in perfect quiet, and laps around its continent with the flapping wavelets of a lake. The wind passes overhead; day and night overhead the scroll of trade-wind clouds is unrolled across the sky, now in vast sculptured masses, now in a thin drift of débris, singular shapes of things, protracted and deformed beasts and trees and heads and torsos of old marbles, changing, fainting, and vanishing even as they flee. Below, meanwhile, the harbour lies unshaken and laps idly on its margin; its colour is green like a forest pool, bright in the shallows, dark in the midst with the reflected sides of woody mountains. At times a flicker of silver breaks the uniformity, miniature whitecaps flashing and disappearing on the sombre ground; to see it, you might think the wind was treading on and toeing the flat water, but not so—the harbour lies unshaken, and the flickering is that of fishes.

‘Right in the wind’s eye, and right athwart the dawn,

a conspicuous mountain stands, designed like an old fort or castle, with naked cliffy sides and a green head. In the peep of the day the mass is outlined dimly; as the east fires, the sharpness of the silhouette grows definite, and through all the chinks of the high wood the red looks through, like coals through a grate. From the other end of the harbour, and at the extreme of the bay, when the sun is down and night beginning, and colours and shapes at the sea-level are already conounded in the greyness of the dusk, the same peak retains for some time a tinge of phantom rose.

‘Last night I was awakened before midnight by the ship-rats which infest the shore, and invade the houses, incredible for numbers and boldness. I went to the water’s edge; the moon was at the zenith; vast fleecy clouds were travelling overhead, their borders frayed and extended as usual in fantastic arms and promontories. The level of their flight is not really high, it only seems so; the trade-wind, although so strong in current, is but a shallow stream, and it is common to see, beyond and above its carry, other clouds faring on other and higher winds. As I looked, the skirt of a cloud touched upon the summit of Pioa, and seemed to hang and gather there, and darken as it hung. I knew the climate, fled to shelter, and was scarce laid down again upon the mat, before the squall burst. In its decline, I heard the sound of a great bell rung at a distance; I did not think there had been a bell upon the island. I thought the hour a strange one for the ringing, but I had no doubt it was being rung on the other side at the Catholic Mission, and lay there listening and thinking, and trying to remember which of the bells of Edinburgh sounded the same note. It stopped almost with the squall. Half an hour afterwards, another shower struck upon the house and spurted awhile from the gutters of the corrugated roof; and again with its decline the bell began to sound, and from the same distance. Then I laughed at myself, and this bell

resolved into an eavesdrop falling on a tin close by my head. All night long the flaws continued at brief intervals. Morning came, and showed mists on all the mountain-tops, a grey and yellow dawn, a fresh accumulation of rain imminent on the summit of Pioa, and the whole harbour scene stripped of its tropic colouring and wearing the appearance of a Scottish loch.

‘And not long after, as I was writing on this page, sure enough, from the far shore a bell began indeed to ring. It has but just ceased, boats have been passing the harbour in the showers, the congregation is within now, and the mass begun. How very different stories are told by that drum of tempered iron! To the natives a new, strange, outlandish thing: to us of Europe, redolent of home; in the ear of the priests, calling up memories of French and Flemish cities, and perhaps some carved cathedral and the pomp of celebrations; in mine, talking of the grey metropolis of the north, of a village on a stream, of vanished faces and silent tongues.

‘THE BAY OF OA.

‘We sailed a little before high-water, and came skirting for some while along a coast of classical landscapes, clifly promontories, long sandy coves divided by semi-independent islets, and the far-withdrawing sides of the mountain, rich with every shape and shade of verdure. Nothing lacked but temples and galleys; and our own long whale-boat sped (to the sound of song) by eight nude oarsmen figured a piece of antiquity better than perhaps we thought. No road leads along this coast; we scarce saw a house; these delectable inlets lay quite desert, inviting seizure, and there was none like Keats’s *Endymion*¹ to hear our snowlight cadences. On a sudden we began to open the bay of Oa. At the first sight my mind was made up—the bay of Oa was the place for me. We could not enter it, we were assured; and being entered we could

¹ Book II. l. 80.

not land ; both statements plainly fictive ; both easily resolved into the fact that there was no guest house, and no girls to make the kava for our boatmen and admire their singing. A little gentle insistence produced a smiling acquiescence, and the eight oars began to urge us slowly into a bay of the *Æneid*. Right overhead a conical hill arises ; its top is all sheer cliff of a rosy yellow, stained with orange and purple, bristled and ivied with individual climbing trees ; lower down the woods are massed ; lower again the rock crops out in a steep buttress, which divides the arc of beach. The boat was eased in, we landed and turned this way and that like fools in a perplexity of pleasures ; now some way into the wood toward the spire, but the woods had soon strangled the path—in the Samoan phrase, the way was dead—and we began to flounder in impenetrable bush, still far from the foot of the ascent, although already the greater trees began to throw out arms dripping with lianas, and to accept us in the margin of their shadows. Now along the beach ; it was grown upon with crooked, thick-leaved trees down to the water's edge. Immediately behind there had once been a clearing ; it was all choked with the mummy-apple, which in this country springs up at once at the heels of the axeman, and among this were intermingled the cocoa-palm and the banana. Our landing and the bay itself had nearly turned my head. "Here are the works of all the poets *passim*," I said, and just then my companion stopped. "Behold an omen," said he, and pointed. It was a sight I had heard of before in the islands, but not seen : a little tree such as grows sometimes on infinitesimal islets on the reef, almost stripped of its leaves, and covered instead with feasting butterflies. These, as we drew near, arose and hovered in a cloud of lilac and silver-grey.¹ . . .

¹ 'Later on I found the scene repeated in another place ; but here the butterflies were of a different species, glossy brown and black, with arabesques of white.'

'All night the crickets sang with a clear trill of silver; all night the sea filled the hollow of the bay with varying utterance; now sounding continuous like a millweir, now (perhaps from further off) with swells and silences. I went wandering on the beach, when the tide was low. I went round the tree before our boys had stirred. It was the first clear grey of the morning; and I could see them lie, each in his place, enmeshed from head to foot in his unfolded kilt. The Highlander with his belted plaid, the Samoan with his lavalava, each sleep in their one vesture unfolded. One boy, who slept in the open under the trees, had made his pillow of a smouldering brand, doubtless for the convenience of a midnight cigarette; all night the flame had crept nearer, and as he lay there, wrapped like an oriental woman, and still plunged in sleep, the redness was within two handbreadths of his frizzled hair.

'I had scarce bathed, had scarce begun to enjoy the fineness and the precious colours of the morning, the golden glow along the edge of the high eastern woods, the clear light on the sugar-loaf of Maugalai, the woven blue and emerald of the cone, the chuckle of morning bird-song that filled the valley of the woods, when upon a sudden a draught of wind came from the leeward and the highlands of the isle, rain rattled on the tossing woods; the pride of the morning had come early, and from an unlooked-for side. I fled for refuge in the shed; but such of our boys as were awake stirred not in the least; they sat where they were, perched among the scattered boxes of our camp, and puffed at their stubborn cigarettes, and crouched a little in the slanting shower. So good a thing it is to wear few clothes. I, who was largely unclad—a pair of serge trousers, a singlet, woollen socks, and canvas shoes; think of it—envied them in their light array.

'*Thursday*.—The others withdrew to the next village. Meanwhile I had Virgil's bay all morning to myself, and

feasted on solitude, and overhanging woods, and the retiring sea. The quiet was only broken by the hoarse cooing of wild pigeons up the valley, and certain inroads of capricious winds that found a way hence and thence down the hillside and set the palms clattering; my enjoyment only disturbed by clouds of dull, voracious, spotted, and not particularly venomous mosquitoes. When I was still, I kept Buhac powder burning by me on a stone under the shed, and read Livy, and confused to-day and two thousand years ago, and wondered in which of these epochs I was flourishing at that moment; and then I would stroll out, and see the rocks and the woods, and the arcs of beaches, curved like a whorl in a fair woman's ear, and huge ancient trees, jutting high overhead out of the hanging forest, and feel the place at least belonged to the age of fable, and awaited Æneas and his battered fleets.

'Showers fell often in the night; some sounding from far off like a cataract, some striking the house, but not a drop came in. . . . At night a cry of a wild cat-like creature in the bush. Far up on the hill one golden tree; they say it is a wild cocoa-nut: I know it is not, they must know so too; and this leaves me free to think it sprang from the gold bough of Proserpine.

'The morning was all in blue; the sea blue, blue inshore upon the shallows, only the blue was nameless; the horizon clouds a blue like a fine pale porcelain, the sky behind them a pale lemon faintly warmed with orange. Much that one sees in the tropics is in water-colours, but this was in water-colours by a young lady.'

The mention of Livy on the last page recalls a curious circumstance, and raises besides the question of Stevenson's classical studies.

A year or two later he told me that he had read several books of Livy at this time, but found the style influencing him to such an extent that he resolved to read no more,

just as in earlier days he had been driven to abandon Carlyle. Mr. Gosse has recorded that Walter Pater in turn refused to read Stevenson lest the individuality of his own style might be affected, but it is more curious to find Stevenson himself at so late a stage fearing the influence of a Latin author.

As to his classics, he was ignorant of Greek, and preferred the baldest of Bohn's translations to more literary versions that might come between him and the originals. His whole relation to Latin, however, was very curious and interesting. He had never mastered the grammar of the language, and to the end made the most elementary mistakes. Nevertheless, he had a keen appreciation of the best authors, and, indeed, I am not sure that Virgil was not more to him than any other poet, ancient or modern. From all the qualities of the pedant he was, of course, entirely free. Just as he wrote Scots as well as he was able, 'not caring if it hailed from Lauderdale or Angus, from the Mearns or Galloway,' but if he had ever heard a good word, he 'used it without shame,' so it was with his Latin. Technicalities of law and the vocabulary of Ducange were admitted to equal rights with authors of the Golden Age.

Latin no doubt told for much in the dignity and compression of his style, and in itself it was to him—as we see in his diary—always a living language. But as an influence, Rome counted to him as something very much more than a literature—a whole system of law and empire.

From this expedition he returned to Apia in an open boat, a twenty-eight hours' voyage of sixty-five miles, on which schooners have before now been lost. But for the journey and the exposure Stevenson was none the worse. 'It is like a fairy-story that I should have recovered liberty and strength, and should go round again among my fellow-men, boating, riding, bathing, toiling hard with a wood-knife in the forest.'

Before the end of the month the family were installed in the new house, and in May they were reinforced not only by the elder Mrs. Stevenson, but also by Mrs. Strong and her boy from Sydney, who thenceforward remained under Stevenson's protecting care.

His wanderings were now at an end, and he was to enter upon a period of settled residence. Stevenson has been generally regarded as a tourist and an outside observer in Samoa, especially by those who least know the Pacific themselves. There is, it must be granted, only one way to gain a lifelong experience of any country, but to have lived nowhere else leads neither to breadth of view nor to wisdom. It must always be borne in mind that before Stevenson settled down for the last three and half years of his life in his own house of Vailima, he had spent an almost equal length of time in visiting other islands in the Pacific. In fact, had he been deliberately preparing himself for the life he was to lead, he could hardly have pursued a wiser course, or undergone a more thorough training. On his travels he enjoyed exceptional opportunities of gathering information, and in general knowledge of the South Seas, and of Samoa in particular, he was probably at the time of his death rivalled by no more than two or three persons of anything like his education or intelligence.

CHAPTER XV

VAILIMA—1891-94

‘We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell ; for the love that unites us ; for the peace accorded to us this day, for the hope with which we expect the morrow ; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful ; for our friends in all parts of the earth and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. . . . Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.’—R. L. S., Vailima Prayers.

THE new house and the augmentation of his household marked the definite change in Stevenson’s life, which now assumed the character that it preserved until the end. In private his material comfort was increased, and he was delivered from most of the interruptions to which his work had lately been subject ; in public it now became manifest that he was to be a permanent resident in Samoa, enjoying all the advantages of wealth and fame, and the consideration conferred by numerous retainers.

To the world of his readers, and to many who never read his books, his position became one of extreme interest. He was now living, as the legend went, among the wildest of savages, who were clearly either always at war or circulating reports of wars immediately to come ; settled in a house, the splendour and luxury of which were much exaggerated by rumour ; dwelling in a climate

which was associated with all the glories of tropic scenery and vegetation, and also, in the minds of his countrymen at all events, with a tremendous cataclysm of the elements, from which the British navy had emerged with triumph. It was little wonder that, as Mr. Gosse wrote to him, 'Since Byron was in Greece, nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas.'

It is clear that a mode of life so unusual for a man of letters not only absolves his biographer from the duty of withholding as far as possible the details of everyday existence, but even lays upon him the necessity of explaining various trivial matters, which, if they belonged to the life of cities or of states, it would be his first anxiety to suppress. It well may be that no author of eminence will ever again take up his abode in Samoa or even in the South Seas, but the problem of keeping in touch at the same time with man, with nature, and with the world of letters, is as far from its solution as from losing its general interest. And the most stolid of glances cannot fail to be arrested for a moment by the sight of a figure as chivalrous and romantic as Stevenson, living in a world so striking, so appropriate, and so picturesque.

To trace in detail the growth of the house or the development of the estate would be no less tedious than to follow closely the course of political intrigues or the appointment and departure of successive officials. I shall therefore give up the temporal order, and briefly describe, in the first instance, the material environment in which Stevenson lived, his house, and the surrounding country, his mode of life, his friends and visitors, his work, and his amusements. It will then be necessary to mention very briefly his political relations before passing on to the record of his writings during this period.

The island of Upolu on which he lived was the central and most important of the three principal islands composing the group to which the collective name of Samoa

is applied. It is some five-and-forty miles in length and about eleven in average breadth. The interior is densely wooded, and a central range of hills runs from east to west. Apia, the chief town, is situated about the centre of the north coast, and it was on the hills about three miles inland that Stevenson made his home.

The house and clearing lay on the western edge of a tongue of land several hundred yards in width, situated between two streams, from the westernmost of which the steep side of Vaea Mountain, covered with forest, rises to a height of thirteen hundred feet above the sea. On the east, beyond Stevenson's boundary, the ground fell away rapidly into the deep valley of the Vaisigano, the principal river of the island. On the other hand, the western stream, formed by the junction of several smaller watercourses above, ran within Stevenson's own ground, and, not far below the house, plunged over a barrier of rock with a fall of about twelve feet into a delightful pool, just deep enough for bathing and arched over with orange-trees. A few hundred yards lower down it crossed his line with an abrupt descent of forty or fifty feet. It was from this stream and its four chief tributaries that Stevenson gave to the property the Samoan name of Vailima, or Five Waters.

The place itself lay, as has been said, some three miles from the coast, and nearly six hundred feet above sea-level. From the town a good carriage-road, a mile in length, led to the native village of Tanugamanono, where the Stevensons had lodged upon their first arrival. Beyond that point there was for a time nothing but the roughest of footpaths, which led across the hills to the other side of the island through a forest region wholly uninhabited, all the native villages being either by the sea, or within a short distance of the coast.

The track to Vailima was made over and over again by Stevenson, occasionally in concert with some of the owners of the lower lands, until it gradually assumed the

appearance of a road, and could be traversed in dry weather by wagons or even by a buggy. But to the last the carrying for the house was done by the two big New Zealand pack-horses. East and west and south of the clearing the land was covered with thick bush, containing many scattered lofty forest trees, like those judiciously spared by the axemen where they did not endanger the new house. Here and there in the forest was a great banyan with branching roots, covering many square yards of surface, and affording a resting-place for the flying-foxes, the great fruit-eating bats which sally forth at dusk with a slow, heavy flight, like a straggling company of rooks making for the coast. Even to the north, most of the ground between Vailima and Apia had to some extent been cultivated, yet along the 'road' the trees grew close and high, and on a dark night the phosphorescence gleamed on fallen logs amid the undergrowth, twinkling and flickering to and fro, like the hasty footsteps of the witches the Samoans believed it to be. On the estate itself the route lay by the lane of limes, a rugged, narrow, winding path, that seemed, as Stevenson said, 'almost as if it was leading to Lyonesse, and you might see the head and shoulders of a giant looking in.'¹ But this part of the track was afterwards cut off by the Ala Loto Alofa, the Road of the Loving Heart, built by the Mataafa chiefs in return for Tusitala's kindness to them in prison. It was a broader and more level way, also leading past a fragrant lime-hedge, and having as the centre of its view for any one journeying to Vailima the wooded crest of Vaea.

The house of Vailima was built of wood throughout, painted a dark green outside, with a red roof of corrugated iron, on which the heavy rain sounded like thunder as it fell and ran off to be stored for household purposes in the large iron tanks. The building finally consisted of two blocks of equal size, placed, if I may

¹ *Vailima Letters*, p. 258.

use a military phrase in this connection, in *échelon*. It was the great defect of the house in its master's eyes that from a strategical point of view it was not defensible, but fortunately there was never an occasion during his lifetime when it would have been desirable to place it in a state of siege. It fulfilled many of the requirements both of structure and more especially of position which he had laid down for his ideal house.¹

After December 1892 the downstairs accommodation consisted of three rooms, a bath, a storeroom and cellars below, with five bedrooms and the library upstairs. On the ground-floor, a verandah, twelve feet deep, ran in front of the whole house and along one side of it. Originally there had been a similar gallery above in front of the library, but it so darkened that room as to make it almost useless for working. Stevenson then had half of the open space boarded in, and used it as his own bedroom and study, the remainder of the verandah being sheltered, when necessary, by Chinese blinds. The new room was thus a sort of martin's nest, plastered as it were upon the outside of the house; but except for being somewhat hot in the middle of the day, it served its purpose to perfection. A small bedstead, a couple of bookcases, a plain deal kitchen table and two chairs were all its furniture, and two or three favourite Piranesi etchings and some illustrations of Stevenson's own works hung upon the walls. At one side was a locked rack containing half-a-dozen Colt's rifles for the service of the family in case they should ever be required. One door opened into the library, the other into the verandah: one window, having from its elevation the best view the house afforded, looked across the lawns and pasture, over the tree-tops, out to the sapphire sea, while the other was faced by the abrupt slope of Vaea. The library was lined with books, the covers of which had all been varnished to protect them from the climate. The most important divisions were

¹ *Miscellanea*, p. 42.

the shelves allotted to the history of Scotland, to French books either modern or relating to the fifteenth century, to military history, and to books relating to the Pacific.

At this height the beat of the surf was plainly to be heard, but soothing to the ear and far away; other noises there were none but the occasional note of a bird, a cry from the boys at work, or the crash of a falling tree. The sound of wheels or the din of machinery was hardly known in the island: about the house all went barefoot, and scarcely in the world could there be found among the dwellings of men a deeper silence than in Stevenson's house in the forest.

The chief feature within was the large hall that occupied the whole of the ground-floor of the newer portion of the house—a room about sixty feet long and perhaps forty wide, lined and ceiled with varnished redwood from California. Here the marble bust of old Robert Stevenson twinkled with approval upon many a curiously combined company, while a couple of Burmese gilded idols guarded the two posts of the big staircase leading directly from the room to the upper floor. An old Samoan chief, being one day at his own request shown over the house, and having seen many marvels of civilisation of which he had never dreamed, showed no sign of interest, far less of amazement, but as he was departing he looked over his shoulder at the two Buddhas and asked indifferently: 'Are they alive?' In one corner was built a large safe, which, being continually replenished from Apia, rarely contained any large amount of money at a time, but was supposed by the natives to be the prison of the Bottle Imp, the source of all Stevenson's fortune. In this room hung Mr. Sargent's portrait of Stevenson and his wife, Sir George Reid's portrait of Thomas Stevenson, two reputed Hogarths which the old gentleman had picked up, two or three of R. A. M. Stevenson's best works, a picture of horses by

Mr. Arthur Lemon, and—greatly to the scandal of native visitors—a plaster group by Rodin.

In front of the house lay a smooth green lawn of couch-grass, used for tennis or croquet, and bounded on two sides by a hibiscus hedge which, within a few months of its planting, was already six feet high and a mass of scarlet double blossoms—the favourite flowers of the Samoan.

Immediately behind the mansion lay the wooden kitchen and a native house for the cook. A hundred yards to one side the original cottage in which Stevenson first lived had been re-erected, to serve upstairs as bedrooms for Mr. Osbourne and myself, downstairs for the house boys,¹ for stores, tool-house, and harness-room.

Upon the other side another native house lay, half-way towards the stream. The ground below the home fence was all used for pasture; in front, the milking-shed occupied the site of the old house; and the pig-pen, impregnably fenced with barbed wire, lay a couple of hundred yards in the rear. At the back also were the old disused stables, for in later days the horses were always kept out at grass in the various paddocks, coming up for their feed of corn every morning and evening.

But even when the house itself was provided, its service was the great difficulty. Competent and willing white helpers were not to be procured, and though there were many natives employed in Apia, yet Samoa, less fortunate than India, possessed no class of servants ready to minister to a white master with skill and devotion for a trifling wage.

At first Stevenson tried European and colonial servants. Two German men cooks passed through his kitchen: a Sydney lady's-maid brought dissensions into the household: a white overseer and three white carters came and left, causing various degrees of dissatisfaction. Then

¹ In Samoa, as in many other lands, native servants of all ages are known in English as 'boys.'

Mrs. Stevenson went away for a change to Fiji; in her absence the family made a clean sweep of the establishment, and Mrs. Strong and her brother took the entire charge of the kitchen into their own hands with complete success. This was of necessity a passing expedient. One day, however, Mr. Osbourne found a Samoan lad, with a hibiscus flower behind his ear, sitting on an empty packing-case beside the cook-house. He had come, it seemed, to collect half a dollar which the native overseer owed him, and he was quite content to wait for several hours until his debtor should return. In the meantime he was brought into the kitchen, and then and there initiated into the secrets of the white man's cookery. He was amused, interested, fascinated, and he plunged enthusiastically into the mysteries of his future profession. Fortunately in Samoa cookery was regarded as an art worthy of men's hands, and was practised even by high chiefs. The new-comer showed great aptitude; Mr. Osbourne persuaded him to stay, sent for his chest, and for several days would hardly let him out of his sight. So from that time forth Ta'alolo was head cook of Vailima, soon having a 'boy' under him as scullion, taking only a few occasional holidays, and perfecting his art by visits to the kitchen of the French priests. In time he brought into the household several of his relations who were Catholics like himself, and proved the best and most trustworthy of all the boys.

A very few days after my first arrival one of these new-comers appeared in the character of assistant table-boy, a clumsy, half-developed, rather rustic youth, who of course knew no English, a sign that he was at any rate free from the tricks of the Apia-bred rascal. At the first, Sosimo seemed unlikely material, but there was a certain seriousness and resolution about him which quickly produced their effect. He soon became known as 'The Butler,' and before long was promoted to be head boy in the pantry. From the beginning he attached himself to

Tusitala with a whole-hearted allegiance. He waited on him hand and foot, looked scrupulously after his clothes, devoted special attention to his pony 'Jack,' and made one of the most trustworthy and efficient servants I have ever known. When the end came, few if any showed as much feeling as Sosimo, and his loyalty to his master's memory lasted to the end of his own life.

These two men were the best; but as I write, I recall Leuelu, and Mitaele, and Iopu, and old Lafaele, and many more, not all such good servants, not all so loyal or so honest as those first named, but all with many solid merits, many pleasing traits, and a genuine personal devotion to Tusitala which pleased him as much as many more brilliant qualities.

The table was fully provided with white napery and silver and glass according to the usual English custom, as it had prevailed in the house of Stevenson's father. The cookery was eclectic and comprised such English and American dishes as could be obtained or imitated, together with any native food which was found palatable. Of the supplies I shall speak later: it was the contrast between table and servants that was most striking. Nothing could have been more picturesque than to sit at an ordinary modern dinner-table and be waited on skilfully by a noble barbarian with perfect dignity and grace of carriage and manners hardly to be surpassed, who yet, if the weather were warm and the occasion ordinary, had for all his clothing a sheet of calico, in which his tattooed waist and loins alone were draped.

The actual house-servants were usually about half a dozen in number, two in the kitchen, two or three for house and table service; one, Mrs. Stevenson's special boy, for the garden and her own general service, and one more to take charge of the cows and pigs. Besides these, there was always a band of outside labourers under a native overseer supervised by Mr. Osbourne, working on

the plantation, varying in number, according to the amount of clearing in hand, from half-a-dozen to twenty or thirty men. The signal for beginning and leaving off their work was always given by blowing the 'pu,' a large conch shell,¹ that made a great booming sound that could be heard in the farthest recesses of the plantation.

The great fear of the household in Samoa used to be the dread of war, lest he should wake one morning and find that all his servants had been ordered out on service by their respective chiefs. By Stevenson's intervention the Vailima household staff was generally kept at home, but the plantation was several times deserted and had to await the restoration of peace.

The government of the household was as far as possible on the clan system. 'It is something of your own doing,' Stevenson had written to his mother from Bournemouth in 1886, 'if I take a somewhat feudal view of our relation to servants. . . . The Nemesis of the bourgeois who has chosen to shut out his servants—his "family" in the old Scotch sense—from all intimacy and share in the pleasures of the house, attends us at every turn. An impossible relation is created, and brings confusion to all.'²

If this were his attitude among the artificial conditions of England, he was not likely to adopt a more modern position in Samoa, where the patriarchal stage of society still prevailed. Accordingly from the first he used all opportunities to consolidate the household as a family, in which the boys should take as much pride and feel as much common interest as possible. His ideal was to maintain the relation of a Highland chief to his clan, such as it existed before the '45, since this seemed to approach most nearly to the actual state of things in Samoa at the time, and best met the difficulties which beset the relations of master and servant in his own day. He adopted a tartan for the Vailima kilt, to be worn on high days and holidays; he encouraged the boys to seek his help and advice on

¹ *Triton variegatus*.

² Cf. *Letters*, ii. 21.

all matters, and was especially delighted when they preferred to him such requests as to grant his permission to a marriage.

It must not, however, be supposed that they were allowed their own way, or indulged when they misbehaved themselves. On such occasions the whole household would be summoned, a sort of 'bed of justice' would be held, and sharp reprimands and fines inflicted.

Even with all these servants, the white man was separated from the material crises of life by a somewhat thin barrier, for even the best and most responsible natives were at times brought face to face with emergencies beyond their powers, and had to fall back upon their master's help. Such occasions of course befell Stevenson most frequently in the early days when he was living in the cottage with his wife and the white cook. Much of his time was then taken up unexpectedly with such pieces of business as may be found in the first pages of the *Vailima Letters*: in measuring land, rubbing down foundered cart-horses, ejecting stray horses during the night or wandering pigs during the day, or even in little household tasks which no one else was available to discharge. In later days his wife and all the family were able jealously to prevent such encroachments on his time, but during the last two years I can remember the master of the house himself helping with delight to feed a refractory calf that refused the bottle, driving out an angry bull, or doctoring stray natives suffering from acute colic or wounded feet, to say nothing of chance hours spent in planting or in weeding the cacao.

One morning's work stands out conspicuously in my memory. A hogshead of claret had, after many misadventures, arrived from Bordeaux slightly broached, so that it had to be bottled immediately. Stevenson feared the effect of the fumes even of the light wine upon the natives, so he himself with our aid undertook the work. The boys were sent off to the stream with relays

of bottles to wash while we tapped the cask, and the red wine flowed all the morning into jugs and basins beneath. It was poured away into the bottles, and they were corked and dipped into a large pot of green sealing-wax kept simmering on the kitchen fire. There seemed not to be any fumes to affect us, but the anticipation, and the pressure to get done, the novelty of the work, and, above all, Stevenson's contagious enthusiasm, produced a great feeling of delight and exhilaration, and made a regular vintage festival of the day. Stevenson was in his glory, as he always was when he felt that he was doing a manual task, and, above all, when he was able to work in concert with others, and give his love of camaraderie full scope.

And throughout his life, for Stevenson to throw himself into any employment which could kindle his imagination was to see him transfigured. The little boy who told himself stories about his football¹ came to weed in Samoa, and was there ever such an account of weeding since the world began? He drove stray horses to the pound, and it became a Border foray. He held an inquiry into the theft of a pig, and he bore himself as if he were the Lord President in the Inner House. But on the memorable day when we scampered through the outposts of Mataafa's troops, and for the first time in his life Louis saw armed men actually taking the field, even his own words hardly serve to express his exhilaration and outburst of spirit: 'So home a little before six, in a dashing squall of rain, to a bowl of kava and dinner. But the impression on our minds was extraordinary; the sight of that picket at the ford, and those ardent, happy faces, whirls in my head; the old aboriginal awoke in both of us and nickered like a stallion. . . . War is a huge *entraînement*; there is no other temptation to be compared to it, not one. We were all wet, we had been about five hours in the saddle, mostly riding hard; and we came home like schoolboys,

¹ See vol. i. p. 55.

with such a lightness of spirits, and I am sure such a brightness of eye, as you could have lit a candle at.'¹ ✓

When any special entertainment was to be given, a dinner-party or a large luncheon, the whole family of course set to work to see that everything was properly done. Some saw to the decoration of the table or the polishing of the silver, or the blending of the preliminary 'cocktail'; Stevenson loved to devote himself to the special cleaning of what he called in the Scots phrase 'the crystal,' and his use of the glass-cloth on decanter and wine-glasses would have rejoiced the heart of an expert.

Nor were there wanting occasions in which prompt action or careful and skilled investigation were needed. On two successive nights the house was nearly set on fire by a defective oil lantern, and only boxes of earth saved it; at another time the dishonest use of red lead upon the roof turned all the rain-tanks into so many poisoned wells, and disabled the whole party for several weeks.

As for the food, when there was a large household to be supplied and a daily delivery from Apia had been arranged, there was no great difficulty in catering, apart from the expense. The meat came from the butcher, and the bread from the baker, the groceries, if needed, from the grocer, and the washing from the washerwoman, as in less romantic communities. There was a large storeroom, plentifully supplied from the Colonies and from home. There were generally three or four cows in milk, and a supply of pigs and chickens being reared for the table. The herd of wild cattle sold with the estate certainly did not exist within many miles of its boundaries, though I believe that the animals were not mythical but led a real existence in another part of the island, whither they had betaken themselves. But if there were no four-footed creatures, birds were plentiful. Large pigeons were brought in from the surrounding

¹ *Vailima Letters*, June 28th, 1893.

woods, especially at the season when they had been feeding on the wild nutmeg-trees. The only game to be obtained was an occasional mallard, a rail, or a gallinule, unless the *manume'a* be reckoned, the one surviving species of dodo, a bird about the size of a small moorhen, which has only recovered its present feeble powers of flight since cats were introduced into the island. I have found it in the woods above Vailima, but we never shot it ourselves, and its dark flesh was as rare upon the table as it was delicious. Prawns came from the stream, and now and again some sea-fish might be sent up from the coast, where it was abundant. Vegetables were hardly to be bought, but a piece of swampy ground half a mile from the house was turned into a patch for taro, the finest of all substitutes for the potato. Bananas and bread-fruit-trees were planted, and Mrs. Stevenson developed under her own supervision a garden in which all sorts of new plants were tried, and most of them successfully adopted. Cocoa-nuts, oranges, guavas and mangoes grew already on the estate or in a paddock just below, which was taken on lease; and many more of the most improved kinds of these trees were planted and thrived. The common hedges on the estate were composed of limes, the fruit being so abundant that it was used to scour the kitchen floors and tables, and citrons were of so little account that they rotted on the trees. Several acres were planted with pineapples, which, after only a little cultivation, equalled the best varieties of their kind. There was also an unrivalled plantation of kava, the shrub whose powdered root yields the Samoan national drink. Wherever the ground was cleared, the papaw or mummy-apple at once sprang up and bore its wholesome and insipid fruit. Cape gooseberries were mere weeds; soursops, the large granadillas and avocado pears, lemons and plums, egg-plants and sweet potatoes all did well in that rich volcanic soil and that marvellous climate. Nothing failed of tropical products except the ambrosial man-

gosteen, the capricious child of the Malay Peninsula. The cacao, of which frequent mention is made in the *Vailima Letters*, grew and came into bearing; but the broken and rocky surface of the ground made it difficult to keep clean, and also caused the plantation to be very straggling and irregular.

But, in truth, if Stevenson were unfitted for a South Sea trader, he was even less likely to be the successful manager of a plantation run for his own profit. No Samoan had either need or desire to work regularly for any sum less than seven dollars a month and his food, but these wages and the amount of work rendered for them were quite incompatible with the idea of competition in the markets of the civilised world. Stevenson fed his men, paid them regularly in cash and not in trade, and neither worked them in bad weather nor discharged them for sickness, if he thought it was brought on by exposure in the course of doing work for him. If all this be accounted only common fair dealing, he had besides an unusual measure of that generosity he has attributed to others, 'such as is possible to those who practise an art, never to those who drive a trade.' At any rate, the little plantation never paid its way, and never seriously promised to become self-supporting.

The temperature was generally between 85° and 90° Fahrenheit at noon, and always fell during the darkness to 70°, or less. I have never seen it at any time lower than 62° or higher than 95° in the shade. But in the early morning the lower temperature strikes one by contrast as bitterly cold, and so acutely had Stevenson felt it in his cottage in the bush that two large fireplaces with a brick chimney were built in the big house, though after a while they were never used. It was the contrast that was trying, even at higher temperatures. 'The thermometer is only 80°,' wrote Stevenson, 'and it's as cold as charity here. *You* would think it warm. What makes these differences? Eighty degrees is a common tempera-

ture with us, and usually pleasant. And to-day it pricks like a half frost in a wet November.' Through the dry season from April to October a fresh trade-wind blew during the day from the south-east, and during the other months, although heavy rain was more frequent, the fine days were beyond words delightful. 'The morning is, ah! such a morning as you have never seen; heaven upon earth for sweetness, freshness, depth upon depth of unimaginable colour, and a huge silence broken at this moment only by the far-away murmur of the Pacific and the rich piping of a single bird.'¹

The rainfall is said to average about one hundred and thirty inches during the year, but as five or six inches fall during a really wet twenty-four hours, it does not argue many wet days, and, moreover, showers fall freely during the so-called dry season. The climate, of course, is not bracing, but it is probably as little debilitating as that of any place lying in the same latitude and no further removed from the sea-level.

There is a total absence of tropical and malarial fevers, which must be due to the fact that the germ-bearing mosquito either does not exist, or finds no virus to convey.² And this is the more remarkable, because in the Western limits of the Pacific the fevers of New Guinea and New Britain are the deadliest of their kind.

Samoa, in common with the rest of Polynesia, is fortunate in this also, that it contains nothing more venomous than a few centipedes, and even these have been accidentally imported with merchandise.

Stevenson's ordinary manner of life was this: He would get up at six, or perhaps earlier, and begin work. From my bed in the cottage I commanded a view of his

¹ *Vailima Letters*, p. 243.

² If it be the latter reason, it is a strong argument against 'labour-traffic' importing Melanesians impregnated with this poison into districts where the inhabitants are healthy.

verandah, and often and often I have waked in the chill early dawn to see through the window the house with the mass of Vaea towering behind it: in the midst there would be the one spot of bright light where Tusitala, the only other person awake of all the household, was already at his labours. Down below, the monotonous beating of the surf could be heard; above, through the chill air, there rang the repeated call of the manu-iao, 'the bird of dawn'¹—a succession of clear phrases recalling with a difference the notes at once of the thrush and of the blackbird. The sky brightened; the lamp was extinguished; the household began to stir; and about half-past six a light breakfast was taken to the master. He continued to work by himself, chiefly making notes, until Mrs. Strong, her housekeeping finished, was able to begin his writing, generally soon after eight. Then they worked till nearly noon, when the whole household met for the first time at a substantial meal of two or three courses in the large hall.

Afterwards there would be talk, or reading aloud, or a game of piquet; a bowl of kava was always made early in the afternoon, and, having been served once, was then left in the verandah. When Austin Strong was at Vailima, his 'Uncle Louis' would at some time during the day give him a history lesson, and also began to teach him French; for the boy's education was undertaken by the household at large. Later in the afternoon there might follow a visit to Apia, or a ride, or a stroll into the woods or about the plantation, or a game of croquet or tennis, until close upon six o'clock, when the dinner was served. Then followed a round game at cards, or reading, or talk as before, or music, if there were any visitor in the house able to play the piano or sing, for in the end Stevenson had altogether given up the practice of his flute. Soon after eight on an ordinary night the members of the household had

¹ *Ptilotis carunculata*, the wattled creeper.

generally dispersed to their rooms, to go to bed at what hour they chose. The master of the house used, I think, to do most of his reading at these times, but usually he was in bed soon after ten, if not actually before.

His own favourite exercise was riding, and though for the dozen years before he came to the Pacific he had probably never mounted a horse, he was an excellent rider. His light weight (I doubt if he ever actually weighed eight stone) served him in good stead, and Jack, the Samoan-bred pony which he bought in 1890, carried him well. The first and unflattering mention describes Jack as 'a *very* plain animal, dark brown, but a good goer, and gentle, except for a habit of shying and sitting down on his tail, if he sees a basket in the road, or even a bunch of bananas. However, he will make a very good makeshift.' He reigned alone in Stevenson's affection, and, never having been mounted since, is passing a peaceful old age in a friend's paddock in Upolu.

Except on the roads of the Neutral Territory and in the big German plantation, the ground was not very suitable for horses, and a dozen miles was usually the limit of an afternoon's excursion.

I have called this the ordinary mode of life, but it was subject to endless variations. If Stevenson were in a hot fit of work with a story just begun or some new episode just introduced, he could do nothing and think of nothing else, and toiled all day long; for if there were no interruptions and no other pressing business, he would at such times return to his labours for all the afternoon and evening. On the other hand, if he were ailing or disinclined for writing, he would stop work some time before luncheon. But almost at any time he was at the mercy of visitors, white or brown, and the matters which were referred to him for advice or settlement were endless. Mr. Osbourne has well described them:—

'He was consulted on every imaginable subject. . . . Government chiefs and rebels consulted him with regard

to policy ; political letters were brought to him to read and criticise ; his native following was so widely divided in party that he was often kept better informed on current events than any one person in the country. Old gentlemen would arrive in stately procession with squealing pigs for the "chief-house of wisdom," and would beg advice on the capitation tax or some such subject of the hour ; an armed party would come from across the island with gifts, and a request that Tusitala would take charge of the funds of the village and buy the roof-iron for a proposed church. Parties would come to hear the latest news of the proposed disarming of the country, or to arrange a private audience with one of the officials ; and poor war-worn chieftains, whose only anxiety was to join the winning side, and who wished to consult with Tusitala as to which that might be. Mr. Stevenson would sigh sometimes as he saw these stately folk crossing the lawn in single file, their attendants following behind with presents and baskets, but he never failed to meet or hear them.¹

During his mother's first period of residence at Vailima, Stevenson used every morning at eight to have prayers at which the whole household were present. A hymn was sung in Samoan from the Mission book, a chapter read verse by verse in English, and two or three prayers were read in English, ending with the Lord's Prayer in Samoan. But it was impossible to assemble before anybody had begun work, and so much delay was caused by summoning the household from their various labours, that the practice was reserved in the end for Sunday evenings only, when a chapter of the Samoan Bible was read, Samoan hymns were sung, and a prayer, written by Stevenson himself for the purpose, was offered in English, concluding, as always, with the native version of the Lord's Prayer.²

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, p. 462, October 1895.

² Appendix C, Vailima Prayers, p. 196.

There is one feature in Stevenson's residence in Samoa which has probably never yet been mentioned, and that is the constancy with which he stayed at home in Vailima. After his visit to Tutuila in 1891 I know of only two occasions during his life in Upolu—the two separate nights which he passed at Malie—when he did not sleep either at Apia or in his own house. This was largely a precaution for the sake of health, since there was little good accommodation outside those two places, but it entirely prevented his becoming personally acquainted with many interesting spots in the islands and many of the Samoans whom he would have been glad to meet.

Thus he never crossed the central range of his own island, the track over which passed near his house; he never visited Lanuto'o, the crater lake, set in the midst of the forest among the hills, only a dozen miles away, or the stone circle known as 'The House of the Cuttle-fish' in a neighbouring glen, the crater islet of Apolima, or (to cut short my list) even any of the lovely villages along the south-western shore.

Now and again, for some special reason, generally connected with the arrival of the mail-steamer, he would sleep in Apia, but on all ordinary occasions he preferred to return home. At these times he liked the lamps left burning in his absence, that he might ride up the dark road and out into the solitary and silent woods, there to find the house lighted up to welcome his return even at the dead of night.

At Vailima visitors were always coming and going. All white residents who chose to appear were made welcome. The American Chief-Justice Ide and his family; Herr Schmidt, the President; the Consuls; the Land Commissioners, especially his friend Bazett Haggard; the Independent and Wesleyan missionaries; the French Bishop, the priests and sisters; the doctor, the magistrate, the postmaster, the surveyor; the managers of firms and their employes, English or German; and traders from

all parts of the islands: such were some of the residents who might arrive at any time. To them might be added passing visitors, spending a week or two in Samoa between two steamers, or remaining several months to see the islands more thoroughly. The latter, if not actually staying in the house, were yet sure to be frequently invited to Vailima. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling, to their own bitter regret, too long deferred the visits for which their host was so eager; but of those who came, the Countess of Jersey, Mr. Lafarge the artist, and Mr. Charles Adams the historian are the most familiar names.

And perhaps most frequent and certainly not least welcome were the officers and men of the warships, of which Apia saw only too many for her peace in those troubled days. The Germans toiled but seldom up the hill, the American vessels came rarely to the islands; but in the four years of Stevenson's residence at least eight British men-of-war entered the harbour, and one—his favourite *Curaçoa*—not only came most frequently, but stayed the longest, spending in the group seven out of the last eight months of his life. The experience which I think gave him more pleasure than any other in that time was his visit as a guest in the *Curaçoa* to the outlying islets of Manu'a, which he had in vain tried to reach three years before with Mr. Sewall.

In wardroom and gunroom some were, of course, closer friends than others, but I think there was not an officer in the ship, from the captain to the youngest midshipman, who was not definitely a friend. The most intimate were perhaps Dr. Hoskyns, Hugo Worthington, the Marine officer, Lieutenant (now Commander) Eeles; but the road leading from Apia became known as the 'Curaçoa track,' and if any one of the officers was placed upon the sick-list, he was speedily invited to stay in the house and try the effect of the climate of Vailima.

With the men also, petty officers, bluejackets, and marines, Stevenson's relations were of the happiest. 'A most interesting lot of men,' he wrote of another ship; 'this education of boys for the navy is making a class, wholly apart—how shall I call them?—a kind of lower-class public-school boy well-mannered, fairly intelligent, sentimental as a sailor.

He had doubted at Honolulu if the navies of the world held such another ship as the *Cormorant*, and the answer came to his door.

There was also the merchant service: the captains and officers of the mail-steamers, both of the San Francisco vessels and the local New Zealand boats. 'Captain Smith of the *Taviuni*,' as Mr. Osbourne reminds me, 'once paid a visit to Vailima with some friends. On his road home he passed the "Ala Loto Alofa" on which the chiefs were then working like good fellows. He asked—and was told—the reason of their task; and the bluff, hearty old seaman at once insisted on getting off his horse and felling one of the trees himself. "I must be in that, too," he said, with a genuine emotion; and spent half an hour swinging an axe.'

Other and stranger visitors would turn up from the various islands which the family had visited. As Stevenson wrote to Mr. Barrie: 'Another thing you must be prepared for—and that is the arrival of strange old shell-back guests out of every quarter of the island world, their mouths full of oaths for which they will punctiliously apologise; their clothes unmistakably purchased in a trade room, each probably followed by a dusky bride. These you are to expect to see hailed with acclamation and dragged in as though they were dukes and duchesses. For though we may be out of touch with "God knows what," we are determined to keep in touch with appearances and the Marquesas.'

The bust of old Robert Stevenson, looking down upon the hall, must have been reminded again and again of

the breakfasts in Baxter's Place, and his 'broad-spoken, home-spun officers.'¹

The departure of one of these old traders was most characteristic, and would, hardly, I think, occur in just the same way outside the South Seas. He had come from his island, he had made his way to Vailima and renewed his friendship; he had enjoyed himself and received such kindness and consideration as perhaps he did not often get. When he rose to take his leave, 'Now don't you move,' he said, 'don't one of you move. Just let me take a last look of you all sitting there on that verandah, and I shall have that always to think of, when I'm away.'

It was Stevenson's intimate knowledge of this class which made him particularly anxious to heal as far as possible the unnecessary division between them and the missionaries. On this point he particularly insisted in an address delivered in Sydney in 1893.² That paper does not relate exclusively to Samoa; on the contrary, there is much of it which was applicable only elsewhere; but it is the general conclusion of Stevenson's experiences of British Protestant Missions in the Pacific, and one of the wisest and most valuable utterances upon the whole subject.³

His personal relations with the Protestant missionaries in Samoa were most pleasant. He was a loyal and generous friend to every man and woman among them, told them quite plainly whenever he disagreed with them or disapproved of their line of conduct, and was a most stimulating and liberal influence on their work. It is almost invidious to single out names, but the Rev. W. E. Clarke and his wife were his closest and most thorough-going friends among the residents. Outside Samoa, the Rev. George Brown, the Rev. F. E. Lawes of Savage Island, and the Rev. F. Damon of Honolulu

¹ *Vide* vol. i. p. 9.

² Appendix B.

³ Compare especially *Letters*, ii. 340.

held high places in his affection and regard; but for Mr. Chalmers,¹ 'Tamate' of New Guinea, he felt a kind of hero-worship, a greater admiration probably than he felt for any man of modern times except Charles Gordon.

His appreciation of the Mission he showed not only by giving his influence and his money, but also by offering his services to take a Bible-class of young half-caste lads on Sunday afternoons. Nothing was more irksome to him than a periodical engagement. The boys, it is gathered, were quite impenetrable, and the process was that of cutting blocks with a razor; but for several months Stevenson held firmly to his undertaking, and in the end it was dropped only from some urgent external cause, and never resumed.

With the Catholics Stevenson was on equally pleasant, but quite different terms. His interest in Molokai, even apart from Father Damien, always made his heart warm towards the priests and Catholic sisters; the accidental circumstance that all his best boys at Vailima belonged to the Church of Rome strengthened the connection. For the Bishop he had a real appreciation: 'a superior man, much above the average of priests': 'Monseigneur is not unimposing; with his white beard and his violet girdle he looks splendidly episcopal, and when our three waiting lads came one after another and kneeled before him in the big hall, and kissed his ring, it did me good for a piece of pageantry.'

Of the spiritual merits of their work he was of course in no position to judge; but he always had a special admiration for the way in which they identified themselves with the natives and encouraged all native habits and traditions at all compatible with Christianity. Above all things he welcomed the fact that the influence of the

¹ The Rev. Dr. James Chalmers was killed at the Aird River in New Guinea in April 1901 as he was endeavouring to make peace between the natives who were engaged in a tribal war.

chiefs was increased instead of weakened by their efforts. He agreed with them that it was better to concentrate their forces on people of rank, than to impose such a democracy as that of some of the Protestant societies, for he felt that the salvation of Samoa lay in the chiefs, and that it was unfortunate that all white influence except that of the Catholics was in the line of diminishing their authority.

Thus the priests and the sisters from the Savalalo convent were always welcome guests, and not the less from the fact that French was the usual medium of intercourse.

Besides open house at Vailima, there also were many special entertainments, both those given in the house, and those shared with others or given by them in return in Apia. In addition to ordinary lunches or dinners, it was Stevenson's greatest delight to organise any festivity in which the natives could have a share, the entertainment of a man-of-war's band, a feast on the completion of a Samoan house, or, above all, the great banquet given in native fashion to celebrate his own birthday. In Apia public balls were not infrequent; Stevenson became a willing pupil in the hands of his stepdaughter, and thenceforward took his part in the dances with delight.

But the balls in themselves deserve a passing word, for, nowhere since the world began, can the juxtaposition of incongruous elements have reached so high a point. Almost every one in Apia, without regard for social station, was invited, and all were welcome. Diplomats and naval officers, traders and bar-keepers, clerks and mechanics, all came; and the residents brought their wives and daughters, white, half-caste, or whole Polynesian. On one point only was etiquette inexorable—no Samoan man could hope for admission, unless some elderly and august chief were introduced as a spectator. But invitations were issued to such native girls as could dance and were otherwise suitable, and the 'maid of a

village' might frequently there be seen, dancing away in a native dress even more elaborate and scanty than those of her white sisters. And not only was social exclusiveness waived, but hostilities, public and private, were suspended at these remarkable entertainments. One night Stevenson found himself *vis-à-vis* with Chief-Justice Cedercrantz in a square dance, at a time when either was eagerly compassing the removal of the other from the island. 'We dance here in Apia,' he wrote, 'a most fearful and wonderful quadrille; I don't know where the devil they fished it from, but it is rickety and prancing and embraceatory beyond words; perhaps it is best defined in Haggard's expression of a gambado.'¹ And of his rival: 'We exchanged a glance and then a grin; the man took me in his confidence; and through the remainder of that prance, we pranced for each other.'

Another time, during the fiercest moments of Anglo-German animosity, Mr. Osbourne, by the adroit use of a bow and arrow, secured the hand of the German Consul's wife for a cotillon; and at a Fourth of July dance given by the American Vice-Consul, all that gentleman's enemies might have been seen joining hands and dancing round him, while they sang, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' One ineffable family indeed carried out the rules of the game with so much rigour as to accept partners with whom they were not on speaking terms, and then to dance and speak not a word. But for the most part people entered readily into the spirit of the thing, and ill-will was left outside, while not only the lion and the lamb but the rival beasts of prey all frolicked happily together.

There is one difficulty to which I have not yet alluded—the question of language. Stevenson had, as he wrote, on entering the Pacific, 'journeyed out of that comfortable zone of kindred languages, where the curse of Babel is so easy to be remedied,' but the obstacle proved much

¹ *Vailima Letters*, 13th Sept. 1892.

less than he had anticipated. It is true that in Samoa few of the natives speak or really understand anything but their own tongue, but except for the fact that this has no analogies with any European speech, it is not very difficult to acquire for practical purposes. To it he soon addressed himself, and over the study of Samoan he spent a good deal of pains, even taking regular lessons from the Rev. S. J. Whitmee of the London Mission, the best Samoan scholar in the islands. His story of *The Bottle Imp* was translated by another member of the Mission for their magazine almost as soon as it was written, and has the unique distinction of having been published in Samoan, before it appeared in English. Stevenson himself began as an exercise with his teacher to write in Samoan a story of Saxon times called *Eatuina* (Edwin), but only a few chapters were completed.

In Samoan there is a special vocabulary for addressing or mentioning high chiefs, which is naturally used on all solemn occasions and in all important correspondence. Stevenson mastered this sufficiently to understand it when it was spoken well, and not only to be able to write it with facility, but even to satisfy his own fastidious requirements in composing letters. The everyday speech he used for all household purposes, and could understand it himself without difficulty. But when there came a voluble rustic from a remote district, some small chief perhaps, who sat and 'barked,' as his unfortunate hearer said, in either dialect about matters beyond Tusitala's ken, the result was confusion. In matters of importance, where it was of the highest urgency that Stevenson should not be misunderstood, a good and really trustworthy interpreter was hardly to be procured outside the Mission, and from anything approaching politics the missionaries for the most part wisely held aloof. But this difficulty was gradually solved by Mr. Osbourne, who learned both usages very thoroughly, and spoke them in the end with fluency and ease.

There are few matters in which English readers have taken less interest than the political history of Samoa, even when it was written by Stevenson himself. Nevertheless, if I were to omit all reference to these affairs and the criticisms which Stevenson passed upon them, it would be supposed that I was letting judgment go against him by default. I propose therefore to give the briefest possible description of the government as it was from 1889 to 1894, relegating to the Appendix¹ a brief summary of the details, and the evidence for my assertions. Those who wish to find the matter treated most brilliantly but at greater length, will find it in *A Footnote to History* and Stevenson's letters to the *Times*.

Throughout his residence in Samoa, the government of the islands was controlled by a Treaty entered into at Berlin in 1889 between America, England, and Germany. Under this the native king was recognised by these three Great Powers, by whom two new white officials were also appointed—a Chief-Justice, receiving £1200 a year out of the Samoan treasury, and a President of the Municipal Council, who was to be paid £1000 a year by the Municipality and also act as adviser to the king. The neutral territory of the Municipality of Apia, in which most of the white population resided, was managed by a Council of six residents elected by the ratepayers, with the President as Chairman. A Land Commission of three representatives, one appointed by each of the three Powers, was to investigate all equitable claims of foreigners to the ownership of land in Samoa, and after the registration of such titles as were valid, none but a native might acquire the freehold of any part of Samoan territory.

The American and German Consuls-General and the British Consul retained their jurisdiction, and preserved much of the prestige they had enjoyed in the days before

¹ Appendix D, p. 201.

the Berlin Treaty, when the Consular Board had been the chief controlling power in Samoa.

The British Consul also as a Deputy-Commissioner had very despotic powers over all British subjects under the Western Pacific Orders in Council, issued under the Pacific Islanders' Protection Act (38 and 39 Vict. c. 51).

The principal white officials in Samoa were thus :—

The Chief-Justice.

The President of the Municipal Council.

The Three Consuls.

The Three Land Commissioners.

It is impossible to say whether the system thus founded could ever have worked satisfactorily among so many contending interests and at so great a distance from the paramount Governments, seated as these were at Berlin, London, and Washington, even if two competent Treaty officials, possessed of experience and common sense, had been promptly sent out to the scene of their duties. But there was undue delay, the wrong men were chosen, and the system was doomed.

The Chief-Justiceship was, failing the unanimous choice of the three Powers, given by the King of Sweden to a Swedish Assistant-Judge, Mr. Conrad Cedercrantz, while Baron Senfft von Pilsach, a German Regierungs-Assessor, was appointed by the Powers to be President of the Municipal Council.

For more than two years the pair drew their salaries and discharged what they conceived to be their duties in a fashion which is perfectly incredible until it is studied by the 'cold light of consular reports.' Stevenson was finally kindled to indignation by the outrage of the dynamite—a proposal to blow up some Samoan chiefs imprisoned for a political offence of no great gravity, if any attempt were made by their people to rescue them from jail. . He wrote to the *Times* a series of letters which at first were generally disbelieved, but were afterwards confirmed in every important detail that was made known.

It was a real bitterness to him to see fading away before his eyes perhaps the last opportunity for the restoration of order and prosperity to an independent Samoa, as the natives watched the gambades of this extraordinary couple and the second-rate diplomacy or tardy and futile action of the three Great Powers

The fight was keen, for the two Treaty officials did their best, as Stevenson believed, to have him deported; but the end was certain, whether it was due to the diplomatists or the *Times*, and the pair departed for other scenes of activity. But the evil had been done, and such opportunity as their successors had was frustrated by the arbitrary and vacillating interference of the consuls. On this subject Stevenson wrote three more letters dealing with the outrages which went on under the very noses of the consuls and the guns of the warships, with the weakness and the favouritism of the Government and the farce of disarming. But everything showed that the failure of the Berlin Treaty was complete, and that the only chance for Samoa was to abolish the triple control.

Stevenson took the chair at one public meeting in Apia, and apart from this his local interference in politics was limited to a few formal visits to native chiefs.¹ Once, however, by an accident it nearly took the most startling form of intervention possible. The king was all but shot dead in the large hall at Vailima by Mrs. Stevenson in her husband's presence. Suddenly one day in 1894 Malietoa came up without warning to pay a secret visit of reconciliation to Tusitala, attended only by a black-boy interpreter. In the course of the visit he happened to mention his wish for a revolver; Stevenson immediately went to the big safe in the corner of the room and produced one which he emptied of the cartridges and handed to his wife. Mrs. Stevenson found that there was something wrong with the trigger and tried it several times. Four times it clicked, the king leaned over in

¹ Appendix D, p. 206.

front to examine it, and then some unaccountable impulse made her inspect the pistol again. In the next chamber lay a cartridge which would inevitably have sent its charge into the king's brain. The smile and wave of the hand with which Malietoa greeted and dismissed the discovery were worthy of a stronger monarch and of a far greater kingdom. Had the bullet gone to its mark, it is idle to speculate on what would have happened, but it is clear at any rate that Stevenson could no longer have found a home in Samoa.

On most occasions he confined himself to giving his advice when it was asked, or when he saw any reasonable chance of its being accepted. I need hardly say that he never contributed one farthing or one farthing's worth towards any arming or provisioning of the natives, nor did he ever take any step or give any counsel or hint whatsoever that could possibly have increased the danger of war or diminished the hopes of a peaceful settlement.

If he had been asked what concern he had in the affairs of Samoa, or why he did not leave them in the hands of the consuls whose business they were, he would probably have answered that it *was* his business to vindicate the truth and to check misgovernment and oppression wherever he found them; that he had good reason to distrust the consuls; that Samoa was a remote spot where public opinion was helpless; and that the trustworthy means of publishing the real state of its affairs to the civilised world were few. And in support of this he would have instanced the case of the dynamite, the very name of which has been suppressed in all the blue-books and white-books of the three Powers; and the fact that the only newspaper in the island had been secretly purchased with the public money, printing-press, type and all, for the benefit of his opponents. Finally, that which he would never have pleaded for his own advantage may be urged for him in a disinterested sense: he had adopted Samoa as his country, and her

enemies were his enemies, and he made her cause his own. It is difficult for people reading their newspapers at home to realise the entire difference of circumstances and conduct, and I freely confess that until I arrived in Samoa and saw the conditions for myself, I favoured the easier course of *laissez faire*.

It would give a false impression, however, if I neglected to mention the excitement of politics, which in Europe is denied to all but the few diplomatists behind the scenes. In Apia every one knew the chief persons involved, both white and Samoan, and knew all, and much more than all, that was passing between them. As a young Irishman quoted by Stevenson said: 'I never saw so good a place as this Apia; you can be in a new conspiracy every day.' And to Stevenson himself at first the interest was absorbing: 'You don't know what news is, nor what politics, nor what the life of man, till you see it on so small a scale and with your liberty on the board for stake.'¹ But so futile and so harassing were these concerns, that before long he was glad to leave them on one side as far as he could, and devote himself once more to literature. He soon found politics 'the dirtiest, the most foolish, and the most random of human employments':² and for the diplomatists—'You know what a French post-office or railway official is? That is the diplomatic card to the life. Dickens is not in it; caricature fails.'³

Of the exact amount of influence that Stevenson possessed with the natives, it is hard to speak with any certainty. From what I have said of his stationary life it will be evident that there were many Samoans who had no opportunity of coming into contact with him at all; but in spite of this drawback his prestige and authority were gradually spreading, and his kindness and fidelity in misfortune produced a real effect upon the native mind. His influence was probably as great

¹ *Letters*, ii. 276.

² *Ibid.* 295.

³ *Ibid.* 334.

as that of any white resident in the islands, with the possible exception of two or three who had married native wives. But this, after all, did not amount to very much; the Samoans, in common with other native races who have not been too well treated by the whites, had learned to protect themselves by an armour of reserve and diplomacy, and they seldom accepted any foreigner's advice unless it recommended to them the course which they were already disposed to follow. As Mr. Whitmee, who knew the islands well, said: 'There have been paragraphs in British papers representing Mr. Stevenson as being something like a king in Samoa. I believe I have seen it stated that he might have been king of the islands had he wished. That was simple nonsense.' (And, I may add, nonsense which irritated Stevenson more than almost any other idle rumour.) 'But he was respected by the natives as a whole, and by many he was beloved.'

His work was given at first entirely to the 'letters' which were constructed out of the notes and journals of his voyages, and were themselves in turn the rough material of which he intended to compose his great book on the South Seas. 'To get this stuff jointed and moving' was his first aim, but never did he labour to so little purpose. Some seventy 'letters' in all were written, and his contract with Messrs. M'Clure was fulfilled; but the strain of production was excessive, and the result satisfied neither the author nor the public. The 'bargain was quite unsuitable to his methods,' for one thing;¹ for another, the material was unlimited and his knowledge was always increasing. Instead of the entertaining book of travels, full of personal interest and excitement, and abounding in picturesque descriptions of the scenery and manners of the South Seas, for which his readers so eagerly looked, they found a series of disconnected chapters on

¹ *Vailima Letters*, p. 55.

native beliefs with all or nearly all the sense of adventure left out, and but scanty information as to the details of travel upon which the public so dearly loves to be informed. That the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* should be a popular work and Stevenson's South Sea letters a failure is one of the tragedies of literature, but if any one will compare the letters from the Paumotu with the letter to R. A. M. Stevenson,¹ he will see that it was due to Stevenson's deliberate judgment, which in this instance for once was entirely mistaken. The experience he enjoyed most—the visit to Tahiti—remained unwritten; the part which the public awaited perhaps with most interest—the visit to Molokai—was not seriously attempted; and by the time the best letters were reached, those in which he describes his unique experiences in Apemama, his readers had lost heart; indeed I believe the Tembinok' chapters never appeared in England at all. Thus he was well advised when in June 1891 he abandoned the task, and cast about for some fresh work to take in hand.

First, for the sake of change, he began the history of his family, which he had contemplated for some time as the frame in which to include the long-projected memorial of his father. The greater part of his grandfather's life was ultimately finished, and now forms the *Family of Engineers*. He did not even begin the account of his uncle Alan, the builder of Skerryvore lighthouse, a man of extraordinary ability, who retired from practice at an early age; and his father's life, except for the sketch of his boyhood already quoted, was likewise untouched. For the present little more than Chapter I. was written, and the book was taken up from time to time only as a relaxation from creative work.

The Wrecker, which had been left half finished since a month after his arrival in Samoa, was now taken in hand again on the return of his collaborator, and carried to a conclusion. It was written on the same plan as

¹ *Letters*, ii. 135.

before, the first drafts of the San Francisco parts being written by Mr. Osbourne, who had no hand at all in the Paris days, or the scene at Barbizon.¹ The book perhaps appealed to too many interests to receive its due from any one class of readers. The following letter from the late Lord Pembroke is a testimonial to its accuracy, coming from one of the authors of *South Sea Bubbles*, who have done more almost than any one to make the Pacific familiar ground to the English reader:—

‘I am afraid only a small minority in England can be really capable of appreciating *The Wrecker*. The majority don’t know enough of the real big World to know how true it is, and they will infinitely prefer that most delightful story, *Treasure Island*. Perhaps it is a better story than *The Wrecker*, but to me there is the difference that *Treasure Island* might have been written by a man who had no knowledge of such matters but what he had got from books and a powerful imagination, while *The Wrecker* has the indefinite smack of reality, of real knowledge of what men and ships do in that wild and beautiful world beyond the American continent.’

In the meantime Stevenson’s expeditions into the solitudes of the forest above his home led not only to the set of verses called *The Woodman*, written, as he says most of his verses were,² ‘at the autumnal equinox,’ but also to the beginning of the story which at first, as *The High Woods of Ulufanua*, turned on a supernatural element, and then came down to earth in its final form as *The Beach of Falesa*. To the style of this admirable story justice has been done by Professor Raleigh,³ doubtless to the entire bewilderment of those people who could see nothing in it but a farrago of slang, but the astonishing merits of the tale and its setting can hardly be appreciated by any but those who have lived in ‘The Islands.’

¹ *Letters*, ii. 356.

² *Vailima Letters*, p. 245.

³ *Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Walter Raleigh. Edward Arnold, 1896, p. 37.

Stevenson himself is as usual his own best critic, and though he gives it high praise, he says not a word too much: 'It is the first realistic South Sea story; I mean with real South Sea character and details of life. Everybody else who has tried, that I have seen, got carried away by the romance, and ended in a kind of sugar-candy sham epic, and the whole effect was lost—there was no etching, no human grip, consequently no conviction. Now I have got the smell and look of the thing a good deal. You will know more about the South Seas after you have read my little tale, than if you had read a library.'¹ It is not a picture of any one island, though most of it would have been applicable at the time to any place in Samoa, if Apia had not existed. The darker features of the story, however, as I have said, were taken chiefly from some of the people then living in the Gilberts.

The Shovels of Newton French was the next long work which he planned, a chronicle of seven generations of a family, in which two other stories were to be embodied. In much the same way the chief story intended for a South Sea volume became absorbed in *Sophia Scarlet*,² and neither of the projects was ever realised.

The state of affairs in Samoa was becoming serious. As early as August of 1891 Stevenson had written to Mr. Baxter, 'We sit and pipe upon a volcano, which is being stoked by bland, incompetent amateurs'; and he now determined that if the constitution should again go into the melting-pot, at least those who recast it should not be obliged to do their work in ignorance of the past. The material he had collected for his Letters and the subsequent unwritten book was lying ready to hand, with the first few chapters even drafted, and he began the *Footnote to History*, worked at it under pressure, and had it finished in the following May.

The evidence he brought forward has never been met,

¹ *Vailima Letters*, p. 88.

² *Vailima Letters*, p. 161.

the conclusion reached—that the Berlin Treaty was wholly unworkable—has long since been recognised by everybody concerned ; but for the time the only result achieved was that the edition of the *Footnote to History* which Baron Tauchnitz prepared to issue for the Continent of Europe was burned by order of the German Government, and the publishers only escaped from further penalties by payment of a large sum to a charity selected by the authorities. But in 1893 Chief-Justice Cedercrantz and President von Pilsach were superseded, and the Germans, from being the bitter enemies of Stevenson's friend Mataafa, had by 1899 become his champions and the chief supporters of his claim.

Stevenson now turned again to Scotland for subjects, for the first time since he had finished *The Master*, and his power of reproducing the Scottish life and atmosphere among alien scenes and under widely different influences was shown once more in a no less remarkable degree. The *Footnote* was but partly engaging his attention in January 1892, when he received fresh material from Mr. Andrew Lang for a story dealing with the private adventures of the Young Chevalier. Its introduction was written in May, but in the meantime Stevenson took up the story of David Balfour at the point where he had left it six years before, and he now carried it on concurrently with the *Footnote*, so that in spite of endless interruptions it was actually finished by the end of September. It was the first of his works that was completed while I was at Vailima, and I well remember the agitation and stress with which it was brought to a close. It lends no support to the theory that the continuation of a story is doomed to fail. If *Catriona* lacks unity of plot and that splendid swiftness of action which marked the best part of *Kidnapped*, it contains the story of Tod Lapraik, and in none of Stevenson's books save the last is there such wealth of character. We have David Balfour himself, strengthened and matured ; Lord Prestongrange ; Stewart

the writer and his colleagues; Mrs. Allardyce, Barbara Grant, that most bewildering and charming of women, who rendered even her creator disloyal to *Catriona*; and the two best Highlandmen in fiction, the incomparable Alan Breck again, and his foil, James Mohr. Of the original of the latter Mr. Andrew Lang says: 'From first to last, James was a valiant, plausible, conscienceless, heartless liar, with a keen feeling for the point of honour, and a truly Celtic passion of affection for his native land. . . . Though unacquainted with the documents that we shall cite, Mr. Stevenson divined James Mohr with the assured certainty of genius.'¹

Catriona is perhaps the best example of the rule to which it was apparently an exception, that all its author's more considerable stories were done at two breaks. 'I have to leave off,' he wrote to Mr. Iles in 1887, 'and forget a tale for a little; then I can return upon it fresh and with interest revived.' During the composition of *Catriona* there was no long pause, but it had been 'simmering' since 1886, and surely we may see no more than the two volumes of one book in the completed *Adventures of David Balfour*.

Again there was the question of what should be taken next. It so happened one afternoon at Vailima that I was the only person available, and Louis carried me off to debate the claims of two stories which he then unfolded—*Sophia Scarlet*, and what afterwards became *Weir of Hermiston*. Either on that day or about that time I remember very distinctly his saying to me: 'There are, so far as I know, three ways, and three ways only, of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or lastly—you must bear with me while I try to make this clear'—(here he made a gesture with his hand as if he were trying to shape

¹ *Pickle, the Spy*, by Andrew Lang, p. 231. 2nd ed. 1897. There is much about James Mohr in the introduction to *Rob Roy*.

something and give it outline and form)—‘you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realise it. I’ll give you an example—*The Merry Men*. There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which that coast affected me.’

It was on this last scheme that *Sophia Scarlet* had been conceived, the atmosphere being that of a large plantation in Tahiti, such as Mr. Stewart’s had been at Atimono twenty years before.¹ It may be that the method did not lend itself readily to an effective sketch of the plot; the draft of the beginning of the story seems to me better than I thought the outline at the time. But in any case there could be no hesitation in the choice. *Weir of Hermiston* was begun, and for three or four days Stevenson was in such a seventh heaven as he has described:² he worked all day and all evening, writing or talking, debating points, devising characters and incidents, ablaze with enthusiasm, and abounding with energy. No finished story was, or ever will be, so good as *Weir of Hermiston*, shown to us in those days by the light of its author’s first ardour of creation.

Then he settled down, and a few days later read aloud to the family, as was his custom, the first draft of the opening chapters. After that but little progress was made, and in January 1893 *St. Ives* was begun as a short story, the visit of the ladies to the prisoners in Edinburgh being introduced at first as a mere episode without result. Stevenson was then attacked by hemorrhage: silence was imposed, and for several days he continued his work only by dictating to his step-daughter on his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet. In this fashion he achieved from five to seven pages of manuscript a day. Before long, however, he left home with his wife and Mrs. Strong upon his last visit to Sydney, all work

¹ *South Sea Bubbles*, 24th August 1870.

² See *ante*, p. 31.

was stopped, and on his return in six weeks' time he began a short story for *The Illustrated London News*. He had lately been reading again Barbey d'Aurevilly, and his mind had turned to Brittany. The new tale dealt with the Chouans in 1793, and was to be called *The Owl*. But it did not prosper; the writer was not well, and he was anxious about his wife's health, and when one chapter had been written, he gave up the attempt and took up the half-finished piece of work which afterwards became *The Ebb Tide*.

This was a story begun with Mr Osbourne in Honolulu just after their return from Tahiti, and known at that time as *The Pearl Fisher* and later as *The Schooner Farallone*. Mr. Osbourne had drafted the opening chapters, and no work of his had ever earned more praise from his stepfather. But at that moment an area of several acres behind the house was being cleared of forest and planted with pineapples for exportation—a scheme which it was hoped would make the plantation pay, and for the time being this engaged all Mr. Osbourne's energies. Stevenson, talking to me one day, produced the unfinished draft of the story, which at this time included only the first ten or eleven chapters, and debated what course he should pursue. The fragment was originally intended as a prologue; Attwater was to be blinded with vitriol and then return to England. The remainder of the action of the book was to take place in England, and chiefly in Bloomsbury, where the Herricks lived. Stevenson now reconsidered the whole question, accepted a shorter ending, and grew more and more interested in the character of Attwater, as he worked it out. It is perhaps worth remarking that the picture of the arrival of the schooner at the new island gives better than anything else some of the charm of such cruises as those which delighted its author, who found no experience more exhilarating than 'when you sight an island and drop anchor in a new world.'¹

¹ *Letters*, ii. 120.

The fables begun before he had left England and promised to Messrs. Longmans, he attacked again, and from time to time added to their number. The reference to Odin perhaps is due to his reading of the Sagas, which led him to attempt a tale in the same style, called 'The Waif Woman.' But I find no clue to any fresh study of Celtic legends, that could have suggested the last and most beautiful fable of all, called 'The Song of the Morrow,' which dealt with the king's daughter of Duntrine, who 'had no care for the morrow and no power upon the hour,' and is like nothing else that Stevenson ever wrote.

Besides all these and the letters to the *Times*, as well as his private correspondence, there were endless other schemes, for the most part projected and perhaps not even begun, never certainly brought near to completion. He wrote to Mr. Charles Baxter: 'My schemes are all in the air, and vanish and reappear again like shapes in the clouds.' So likewise to Miss Boodle: 'I have a projected, entirely planned love-story—everybody will think it dreadfully improper, I'm afraid—called *Canon-mills*. And I've a vague, rosy haze before me—a love-story too, but not improper—called *The Rising Sun*. It's the name of the wayside inn where the story, or much of the story, runs; but it's a kind of a pun: it means the stirring up of a boy by falling in love, and how he rises in the estimation of a girl who despised him, though she liked him, and had befriended him; I really scarce see beyond their childhood yet, but I want to go beyond, and make each out-top the other by successions: it should be pretty and true if I could do it.'

Neither of these was ever written. There was also a play for home representation, showing the adventures of an English tourist in Samoa; and I can remember two more serious schemes which were likewise without result. In the August before he died, he drew up with Mr. Osbourne the outline of a history, or of a series of the

most striking episodes of the Indian Mutiny, to be written for boys, and he sent home for the books necessary for its execution. Another day he sketched the plan of an English grammar, to be illustrated by examples from the English classics. These are but a few, the many are unremembered ; but all alike belong, not to the fleet of masterpieces unlaunched, but the larger and more inglorious squadron whose keels were never even laid down.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END—1894

‘Brief day and bright day
 And sunset red,
 Early in the evening,
 The stars are overhead.’

R. L. S

*‘Wanted Volunteers
 To do their best for twoscore years !
 A ready soldier, here I stand,
 Primed for thy command,
 With burnished sword.
 If this be faith, O Lord,
 Help Thou mine unbelief
 And be my battle brief.’*

Envoy to No. XXV. of Songs of Travel.

THE climate of Samoa had apparently answered the main purpose of preserving Stevenson from any disabling attacks of illness, and allowing him to lead a life of strenuous activity. ‘I do not ask for health,’ he had said to his stepson at Bournemouth, ‘but I will go anywhere and live in any place where I can enjoy the ordinary existence of a human being.’ And this had now been granted to him beyond his utmost hope.

In all the time he was in Samoa he had but two or three slight hemorrhages, that were cured within a very few days. The consumption in his lungs was definitely arrested, but it seems certain that a structural weakening of the arteries was slowly and inevitably going on, although his general health was apparently

not affected. He had influenza at least once; occasionally he was ailing, generally with some indefinite lassitude which was attributed to malaria or some other unverifiable cause. In the summer of 1892 he was threatened with writer's cramp, which had attacked him as long ago as 1884. From this time forth, however, his stepdaughter wrote to his dictation nearly all his literary work and correspondence, and, thanks to her quickness and unwearied devotion, he suffered the least possible inconvenience from this restriction of his powers. He had one or two threatenings of tropical diseases, which were promptly averted; and for several periods, to his own intense disgust, he gave up even the very moderate quantity of red wine which seemed to be a necessity of life to him, and—worst deprivation of all—he abandoned at these times the cigarettes which usually he smoked all day long.¹

But in spite of these occasional lapses, he was able to lead an active life, full of varied interests, and the amount of work which he did during this period would have been satisfactory to less careful writers, even if they had done nothing else but follow their own profession without any interruption or diversion whatever.

In this respect Samoa was an infinite gain. If the tropical climate in any degree weakened the bodily fabric that might longer have borne the strain of his impetuous life in some more bracing air, no one can for a moment doubt what choice he himself would have made had he been offered five years of activity, of cruising and riding and adventure, against five-and-twenty or fifty of existence in the sick-room and the sanatorium.

It was his friends and his country that he missed. From the day that Mr. Colvin went down the ship's side in the Thames, or the day that Mr. Low parted from him in New York, Stevenson never again saw any one of his old and intimate companions. Fortune was against him

¹ *Letters*, ii. 297.

in the matter. They were all busy people, with many engagements and many ties, and when at last Mr. Charles Baxter was able to start for Samoa, he had not yet reached Egypt before the blow fell. Nor was this perversity of fortune confined to his old friends alone; it also affected the younger writers with whom, in spite of distance, he had formed ties more numerous, and, in proportion to their number, more intimate than have ever before been established and maintained at any such distance by correspondence alone. And it was the more tantalising because the paths of several seemed likely to lead them past the very island where he lived. So he had to content himself as best he might with his mail-bag, which, especially in the answers to the *Vailima Letters*, did much to remove for him the drawbacks of his isolation and of absence from the centres of literature to which he always looked for praise and blame.

But besides the loss of intercourse, he more than most men suffered from another pang. The love of country which is in all Scots, and beyond all others lies deepest in the Celtic heart, flowed back upon him again and again with a wave of uncontrollable emotion. When the 'smell of the good wet earth' came to him, it came 'with a kind of Highland touch.' A tropic shower discovered in him 'a frame of mind and body that belonged to Scotland, and particularly to the neighbourhood of Callander.' When he turned to his grandfather's life, he was filled with this yearning, and the beautiful sentences in which he has described¹ the old man's farewell to 'Sumburgh and the wild crags of Skye' were his own valediction to those shores. No more was he to 'see the topaz and the ruby interchange on the summit of the Bell Rock, no more to see the castle on its hill, or 'the venerable city which he must always think of as his home.' As he wrote of himself, 'Like Leyden I have gone into far

¹ Vol. i. p. 8.

lands to die, not stayed like Burns to mingle in the end with Scottish soil.'

It is not to be wondered that his letters show moods of depression which his indomitable spirit prevented him from manifesting at the time to those around him, and which perhaps beset him most when he turned to his correspondence. As has been well said:¹ 'He was an exile, and though his exile lay in pleasant places, he had an exile's thoughts, and these were bound to be uppermost when he wrote to his old intimates.'

There were times when he was tempted to risk everything, and to go back to the old life and the old friends, were it only for a few weeks, or even a few days. But he resisted the temptation, and fought on manfully to the end.

For the rest the advantages and drawbacks of his position were very evenly balanced: if absence threw him out of touch with what went on at home, it also kept him clear of literary cliques and coteries, and saved him from many interruptions and calls upon his time; if it hindered his personal influence, it gave, as Mr. Quiller Couch has pointed out, a greater scope and leisure for his correspondence. His earlier Scotch novels were, as we have seen, not written in Scotland, and residence in that country could hardly have bettered his latest stories. On the other hand, among the work to which Polynesia diverted his attention there is nothing, as a whole, ranking as quite first-rate except the *Beach or Falesa*.

One drawback to Samoa there certainly was, redeemed by no corresponding advantage, and that was the inevitable delay in obtaining material or information. If a book were wanted, it was usually of such a date and character that it was mere waste of time to attempt to procure it nearer than London or Edinburgh, and this meant, under the most favourable circumstances, an

¹ *Quarterly Review*, No. 381, p. 196.

interval of nearly three months, even if the right book existed or could be obtained at all.

This to a man of Stevenson's temperament and fertility was most unsettling; and it involved besides great waste of labour, and the abandonment of much work that had been well begun.

The difficulty of the life in Samoa was its great expense. In 1887 Stevenson had written: 'Wealth is only useful for two things—a yacht and a string quartette. Except for these, I hold that £700 a year is as much as anybody can possibly want.' But though he had neither the music nor the vessel, and was now making an income of six or seven times the amount mentioned, it was no more than enough to meet the cost of his living and the needs of his generosity, while he was occasionally haunted by a fear lest his power of earning should come to an end.¹

During the period of his residence at Vailima he returned but twice to the world of populous cities. In the early part of 1893 he paid a visit of several weeks to Sydney, and though as usual there he was much confined to his room, he derived from the trip a good deal of enjoyment. For the first time he realised that his fame had reached the Colonies, and though no man was ever under fewer illusions upon the point, he enjoyed the opportunities it gave him of meeting all sorts of people. Artists and Presbyterian ministers alike vied in entertaining him; at Government House he was just in time to see the last of Lord and Lady Jersey; and by this time there were at Sydney a number of friends in whose company he delighted, especially Dr. Fairfax Ross and the Hon. B. R. Wise. But the event which pleased and cheered him most was his meeting at Auckland with the veteran Sir George Grey, with whom he had more than one prolonged and most inspiring discussion upon the affairs of Samoa.

In September 1893 he came up to Honolulu for the

¹ Cf. *Letters*, ii. p. 284.

sake of the voyage, intending to return by the next steamer. After a week spent there I left him apparently quite well, and intending to sail for Samoa the next day. But in those four-and-twenty hours he developed pneumonia, and remained ill at Waikiki until his wife's arrival, and they did not reach Apia again before November. It was thus a period of illness, for it began with Ta'alolo, who had come to take care of his master, himself taking measles, and for a time we were in a sort of quarantine. But it was a change from the limited society of Apia: Stevenson saw something of his many friends and acquaintances in Honolulu; he was entertained by his brother Scots of the Thistle Club, and elsewhere; and I remember a most impressive interview between him and the lately deposed queen, whom he had last seen in the days of her prosperity, when her brother was upon the throne.

On his return to Samoa several events occurred which gave him great pleasure. He had never wearied in his kindness and generosity towards any of the natives who were in trouble, and he was constant in seeing to the real needs of the Mataafa chiefs who were in prison. These services he rendered to them, as he rendered all service, without thought of reward or fear of misunderstanding, and it was all the more pleasant to him when the chiefs gave him first an elaborate native feast with full honours in the jail where they were still confined; and secondly, as soon as they were released, came as a mark of gratitude, and cleared and dug and completed the roadway which thereafter led to his house—the 'Ala Loto Alofa,' the Road of the Loving Heart. It took a number of men several weeks to make, and they bore the whole labour and the whole cost; it was not prompted from outside, and no ulterior motive has ever, so far as I am aware, been suggested by anybody to whom the circumstances were known. When it was finished, there was a solemn returning of thanks, and Stevenson's speech,

which may be found at the end of the *Vailima Letters*, was his best and most outspoken utterance to the people of Samoa.

In his writing also he met with a mark of recognition, to which he refused to allow full significance, the inception of the Edinburgh Edition of his works. Mr. Baxter, who had already rendered him invaluable service in disposing of his new books from time to time to the best advantage, had formed and among the most contending interests had carried out a scheme which, if successful, would bring in a sum of over five thousand pounds without involving any fresh strain upon the author. A complete edition of all the writings that Stevenson wished to be preserved was to be produced in the best possible form, and limited to a thousand copies. It was, I believe, the first of its kind, and was taken up with eagerness; in November 1894 the first volume was issued, and was everywhere hailed with unbounded applause and congratulation. 'My dear fellow,' he wrote to Mr. Baxter, 'I wish to assure you of the greatness of the pleasure that this Edinburgh Edition gives me. I suppose it was your idea to give it that name. No other would have affected me in the same manner. Do you remember, how many years ago—I would be afraid to hazard a guess—one night when I communicated to you certain intimations of early death and aspirations after fame? I was particularly maudlin; and my remorse the next morning on a review of my folly has written the matter very deeply in my mind; from yours it may easily have fled. If any one at that moment could have shown me the Edinburgh Edition, I suppose I should have died. It is with gratitude and wonder that I consider "the way in which I have been led." Could a more preposterous idea have occurred to us in those days when we used to search our pockets for coppers, too often in vain, and combine forces to produce the threepence necessary for two glasses of beer, or wandered down the Lothian Road

without any, than that I should be strong and well at the age of forty-three in the island of Upolu, and that you should be at home bringing out the Edinburgh Edition?'¹

In the end of September he wearied of *St. Ives* within sight of its conclusion, and fortunately turned again to *Weir of Hermiston*. It was the thrd time he had taken it in hand, for he would not wo k at it when he felt uncertain of himself. But his insi ght was at its clearest, his touch most sure, and his sty e, as always when he approached Scotland in his novel, was at its simplest and best. 'He generally makes notes in the early morning,' wrote Mrs. Strong in her di ry on September 24, 'which he elaborates as he reads them aloud. In *Hermiston* he has hardly more than a line or two to keep him on the track, but he never falters for a word, but gives me the sentences with capital letters and all the stops, as clearly and steadily as though he were reading from an unseen book.'

October and November passed; Stevenson remained hard at work, and to all appearance in his ordinary health. His birthday was celebrated by the usual native feast, and on Thanksgiving Day, November 29, he gave a dinner to all his American friends. What remains to tell has been so related by Mr. Osbourne that no other account is possible or to be desired, and although it has been already printed in the *Letters*, I must thank him for allowing it again to appear in these pages.²

'He wrote hard all that morning of the last day; his half-finished book, *Hermiston*, he judged the best he had ever written, and the sense of successful effort made him

¹ *Letters*, ii. p. 328.

² I had left Samoa five weeks before for a long cruise in the Islands, and the news first reached me in the Carolines in the following March. On November 25th we had sighted the roofs of Vailima from the sea, but the future was hidden from us, and we continued on our way.

buoyant and happy as nothing else could. In the afternoon the mail fell to be answered; not business correspondence—for this was left till later—but replies to the long, kindly letters of distant friends, received but two days since, and still bright in memory.

'At sunset he came downstairs; rallied his wife about the forebodings she could not shake off; talked of a lecturing tour to America that he was eager to make, "as he was now so well," and played a game at cards with her to drive away her melancholy. He said he was hungry; begged her assistance to help him make a salad for the evening meal; and to enhance the little feast, he brought up a bottle of old Burgundy from the cellar. He was helping his wife on the verandah, and gaily talking, when suddenly he put both hands to his head, and cried out, "What's that?" Then he asked quickly, "Do I look strange?" Even as he did so he fell on his knees beside her. He was helped into the great hall, between his wife and his body-servant, Sosimo, losing consciousness instantly, as he lay back in the armchair that had once been his grandfather's. Little time was lost in bringing the doctors—Anderson, of the man-of-war, and his friend Dr. Funk. They looked at him and shook their heads; they laboured strenuously, and left nothing undone; but he had passed the bounds of human skill.

'The dying man lay back in the chair, breathing heavily, his family about him frenzied with grief, as they realised all hope was past. The dozen and more Samoans that formed part of the little clan of which he was chief sat in a wide semicircle on the floor, their reverent, troubled, sorrow-stricken faces all fixed upon their dying master. Some knelt on one knee, to be instantly ready for any command that might be laid upon them. A narrow bed was brought into the centre of the room, the Master was gently laid upon it, his head supported by a rest, the gift of Shelley's son.

Slower and slower grew his respiration, wider the interval between the long, deep breaths. The Rev. Mr. Clarke was now come, an old and valued friend; he knelt and prayed as the life ebbed away.

‘He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening the 3rd of December, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

‘The great Union Jack that flew over the house was hauled down, and laid over the body, fit shroud for a loyal Scotsman. He lay in the hall which was ever his pride, where he had passed the gayest and most delightful hours of his life, a noble room with open stairway and mullioned windows. In it were the treasures of his far-off Scottish home; the old carved furniture, the paintings and busts that had been in his father’s house before him. The Samoans passed in procession beside his bed, kneeling and kissing his hand, each in turn, before taking their places for the long night watch beside him. No entreaty could induce them to retire, to rest themselves for the painful and arduous duties of the morrow. It would show little love for Tusitala, they said, if they did not spend their last night beside him. Mournful and silent, they sat in deep dejection, poor, simple, loyal folk, fulfilling the duty they owed their chief.

‘A messenger was despatched to the few chiefs connected with the family, to announce the tidings and bid them assemble their men on the morrow for the work there was to do.

‘Sosimo asked on behalf of the Roman Catholics that they might be allowed to recite the prayers for the dead. Till midnight the solemn chants continued, the prolonged, sonorous prayers of the Church of Rome, in commingled Latin and Samoan. Later still, a chief arrived with his retainers, bringing a precious mat to wrap about the dead.

‘He, too, knelt and kissed the hand of Tusitala, and took his place amid the sleepless watchers. Another

arrived with a fine mat, a man of higher rank, whose incipient consumption had often troubled the Master.

"*Talofa Tusitala!*" he said as he drew nigh, and took a long, mournful look at the face he knew so well. When, later on, he was momentarily required on some business of the morrow, he bowed reverently before retiring. "*Tofā Tusitala!*" he said, "Sleep, Tusitala!"

'The morning of the 4th of December broke cool and sunny, a beautiful day, rare at this season of the year. More fine mats were brought, until the Union Jack lay nigh concealed beneath them. Among the new-comers was an old Mataafa chief, one of the builders of the "Road of the Loving Heart," a man who had spent many days in prison for participation in the rebellion. "I am only a poor Samoan, and ignorant," said he, as he crouched beside the body; "others are rich, and can give Tusitala the parting presents of rich fine mats; I am poor, and can give nothing this last day he receives his friends. Yet I am not afraid to come and look the last time in my friend's face, never to see him more till we meet with God. Behold! Tusitala is dead; Mataafa is also dead to us. These two great friends have been taken by God. When Mataafa was taken, who was our support but Tusitala? We were in prison, and he cared for us. We were sick, and he made us well. We were hungry, and he fed us. The day was no longer than his kindness. You are great people and full of love. Yet who among you is so great as Tusitala? What is your love to his love? Our clan was Mataafa's clan, for whom I speak this day; therein was Tusitala also. We mourn them both."

'A meeting of chiefs was held to apportion the work and divide the men into parties. Forty were sent with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep face of the mountain, and the writer himself led another party to the summit—men chosen from the immediate family—to dig the grave on a spot where it was Mr. Stevenson's

wish that he should lie. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than the narrow ledge that forms the summit of Vaea, a place no wider than a room, and flat as a table. On either side the land descends precipitously; in front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left, green mountains rise, densely covered with the primeval forest. Two hundred years ago the eyes of another man turned towards that same peak of Vaea as the spot that should ultimately receive his war-worn body: Soalu, a famous chief.

‘All the morning, Samoans were arriving with flowers; few of these were white, for they have not learned our foreign custom, and the room grew with the many colours. There were no strangers on that day, no acquaintances; those only were called who would deeply feel the loss. At one o’clock a body of powerful Samoans bore away the coffin, hid beneath a tattered red ensign that had flown above his vessel in many a corner of the South Seas. A path so steep and rugged taxed their strength to the utmost; for not only was the journey difficult in itself, but extreme care was requisite to carry the coffin shoulder high.

‘Half an hour later, the rest of his friends followed. It was a formidable ascent, and tried them hard. Nineteen Europeans, and some sixty Samoans, reached the summit. After a short rest, the Rev. W. E. Clarke read the burial service of the Church of England, interposing a prayer that Mr. Stevenson had written and had read aloud to his family only the evening before his death:—

‘We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience.

•

‘Be patient still; suffer us yet a while longer—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle en-

deavours against evil—suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

‘We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

‘Another old friend, the Rev. J. E. Newell, who had risen from a sick-bed to come, made an address in the Samoan language.

‘No stranger’s hand touched him. It was his body-servant that interlocked his fingers and arranged his hands in the attitude of prayer. Those who loved him carried him to his last home; even the coffin was the work of an old friend. The grave was dug by his own men.’

So there he was laid to rest, and in after time a large tomb in the Samoan fashion, built of great blocks of cement, was placed upon the grave. On either side there is a bronze plate: the one bearing the words in Samoan, ‘The Tomb of Tusitala,’ followed by the speech of Ruth to Naomi, taken from the Samoan Bible:—

‘Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.’

At the sides of the inscription were placed a thistle and a hibiscus flower.

Upon the other panel, in English, is his own *Requiem* :—

A	ROBERT LOUIS	Ω
1850	STEVENSON.	1894

' Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me ;
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'

After his death the chiefs tabooed the use of firearms upon the hillside where he lies, that the birds might live there undisturbed, and raise about his grave the songs he loved so well.

The proposal that a memorial pillar should be erected on the hill to serve as a sea-mark was abandoned. Besides the difficulties of transport and of keeping the summit always clear of trees, there was the real danger of the slight but frequent shocks of earthquake by which any kind of column would sooner or later have been overthrown.

In 1897 a monument to Stevenson was erected by public subscription in the Plaza of San Francisco. It is a granite pedestal supporting a bronze galleon, designed by Mr. Bruce Porter, who also with Mr. Gelett Burgess is responsible for the plates of the monument in Samoa.

A large and most enthusiastic meeting was held in Edinburgh in December 1896. Committees were formed in most of the chief cities of Great Britain, and Mr. St. Gaudens was requested to produce a monument on the walls of St. Giles' Cathedral in Edinburgh, which was finally unveiled by Lord Rosebery in 1905.

R. L. S.

‘Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
 Neat-footed and weak-fingered : in his face—
 Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
 Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
 The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
 There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
 A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
 Of passion, impudence, and energy.
 Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
 Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
 Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist :
 A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
 Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
 And something of the Shorter-Catechist.’

A Book of Verses, p. 41, by W. E. Henley,
 published by D. Nutt, 1888.

Of Stevenson's personal aspect and bodily powers it may be fitting here to make mention. Of his appearance the best portraits and photographs give a fair idea, if each be considered as the rendering of only one expression. The frontispiece of this volume is from a charcoal head drawn by Mrs. Stevenson at Grez as long ago as 1877, and redrawn for this book by Mr. T. Blake Wirgman. It will be seen that the eyes were the most striking feature of the face ; they were of the deepest brown in colour, set extraordinarily wide apart. At most times they had a shy, quick glance that was most attractive, but when he was moved to anger or any fierce emotion, they seemed literally to blaze and glow with a fiery light. His hair was fair and even yellow in colour until he was five-and-twenty ; after that it rapidly deepened, and in later years was quite dark, but without any touch of black. When he reached the tropics, and the fear of taking cold was to some extent removed, he wore it short once more, to his own great satisfaction and comfort. His complexion was

brown and always high, even in the confinement of the sick-room; the only phrase for it is the 'rich-hued' used by Mr. Henley in the spirited and vivid lines which he kindly permitted me to quote.

In height he was about five feet ten, slender in figure, and thin to the last degree. In all his movements he was most graceful: every gesture was full of an unconscious beauty, and his restless and supple gait has been well compared to the pacing to and fro of some wild forest animal. To this unusual and most un-English grace it was principally due that he was often taken for a foreigner. We have seen that Mr. Lang found his appearance at three-and-twenty like anything but that of a Scotsman, and the same difficulty pursued Stevenson through life, more especially on the Continent of Europe. 'It is a great thing, believe me,' he wrote in the *Inland Voyage*, 'to present a good normal type of the nation you belong to'; and as he says in the same chapter, 'I might come from any part of the globe, it seems, except from where I do.' In France he was sometimes taken for a Frenchman from some other province; he has recorded his imprisonment as a German spy; and at a later date he wrote, 'I have found out what is wrong with me—I look like a Pole.'

This difficulty, of course, was not smoothed by the clothes he used to wear, which often in early days were extremely unconventional, and of which he then took so little notice that at times they were even ragged. In cool climates he often used a velveteen smoking-jacket; in undress at Vailima he wore flannels or pyjamas, with sometimes a light Japanese kimono for dressing-gown. On public occasions in Samoa he used the white drill that constitutes full dress in the tropics, with perhaps light breeches and boots if he had been riding.

Considering his fragility, his muscular strength was considerable, and his constitution clearly had great powers of resistance. Perhaps what helped him as much as

anything was the faculty he had under ordinary circumstances of going to sleep at a moment's notice. Thus, if he was going to have a tiring evening, he would take a quarter of an hour's sound sleep in the course of the afternoon.

His speech was distinctly marked with a Scottish intonation, that seemed to every one both pleasing and appropriate, and this, when he chose, he could broaden to the widest limits of the vernacular. His voice was always of a surprising strength and resonance, even when phthisis had laid its hand most heavily upon him. It was the one gift he really possessed for the stage, and in reading aloud he was unsurpassed. In his full rich tones there was a sympathetic quality that seemed to play directly on the heart-strings like the notes of a violin. Mrs. Stevenson writes: 'I shall never forget Louis reading Walt Whitman's *Out of the cradle endlessly rocking*, followed by *O Captain, my Captain*, to a room full of people, some of whom had said that Whitman lacked sentiment and tenderness. All alike, men and women, sat spellbound during the reading, and I have never seen any audience so deeply moved.' Nor for my part shall I forget his rendering of the Duke of Wellington Ode on the evening after the news of Tennyson's death had arrived at Vailima.

When his attention was given to objects or persons, his observation was singularly keen and accurate, but for the most part his memory for the faces of his acquaintance was positively bad. In Apia he seldom could tell the name of a native, and on his last visit to Honolulu I remember that he walked the streets in dread lest he should disappoint any who expected to be remembered and to receive his greeting. In a letter speaking of the death of a lady whom he had not met for probably twenty years, he says, 'I partly see her face, and entirely and perfectly hear her voice at this moment—a thing not usual with me.'

His hearing was singularly acute, although the appreciation of the exact pitch of musical notes was wanting. But between delicate shades of pronunciation he could discriminate with great precision. I can give an instance in point. The vowels in Polynesian languages are pronounced as in Italian, and the diphthongs retain the sounds of the separate vowels, more or less slurred together. Thus it can be understood that the difference between *ae* and *ai* at the end of a word in rapid conversation is of the very slightest, and in Samoa they are practically indistinguishable. In the Marquesas Stevenson was able to separate them. At Vailima one day we were making trial of these and other subtleties of sound; in almost every case his ear was exactly correct. Nothing more shook his admiration for Herman Melville than that writer's inability to approximate to the native names of the Marquesas and Tahiti, and in his own delicate hearing lay perhaps the root of his devotion to style.

CHAPTER XVII

R. L. S.

‘Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?’

FOR any who have read the foregoing pages it should be unnecessary here to dwell upon the sources of many qualities which distinguished Stevenson throughout his life, or the degree to which they were called forth in turn or affected by the many variations of his environment. A Scot born, we have seen how Edinburgh and Swanston set the seal upon his nationality, and how from father and mother he drew diverse elements of temperament and character. We have seen the effect of his schooling, such as it was, and the prolonged leisure of his boyhood; of the influence of his friends and his reading; the results of his training as an engineer and as an advocate; of his wanderings in France, his breakdown in America, and the happiness of his married life.

In several respects it must be owned that he was fortunate. His long preludes and painful apprenticeship would clearly have proved impossible, had it been necessary for him to make money at an early age, and even the history of his maturity would have been materially changed if he had been compelled to rely solely upon his writing to meet the expenses of his household. His late beginning had, again, this advantage: tardy in some ways as he was, he had left behind him the ignobler elements of youth before his voice was heard or recognised. The green-sickness of immaturity was over,

at the worst only one or two touches of self-consciousness remained, and even in his earliest published essays there rings out the note of high spirit and cheerfulness which issued from the sick-room of later years, deceived for a time the most penetrating of critics and was perhaps the best part of his message to a world that had fallen on weary days.

In regarding Stevenson both as a man and writer we find that the most unusual fact about him was the coupling of the infinite variety of his character and intellect with the extraordinary degree in which he was moved by every thought and every feeling. Few men are acted upon by so wide a range of emotions and ideas; few men hold even two or three ideas or feel even a few emotions with nearly as much intensity as compelled him under all. When we have considered both number and degree, we shall find other gifts no less remarkable and even more characteristic—the unfailing spirit of chivalry and the combination of qualities that went to make up his peculiar and individual charm. Though it is inevitable thus to take him piecemeal and to dwell upon one side at a time to the exclusion of the others he so rapidly turned upon us, we must never allow this process to efface in our minds what is far more essential—the image of the living whole.

I have spoken of him at once as a man and a writer, for in his case there was no part of the writer which was not visibly present in the man. There are authors whose work bears so little apparent relation to themselves, that we either wonder how they came to write so good a book, or else in our hearts we wish their books more worthy of the men. To neither of these classes does Stevenson belong. His works are ‘signed all over,’ and despite the chameleon-like nature of his style, but few consecutive sentences on any page of his could have been

written by any other person. Authorship provided him with a field for his energies and brought him the rewards of success, but did not otherwise change him from what he was, nor did it even exercise the whole of his faculties or exhaust the supply of his ideas.

I. If I have failed to produce a correct impression of his intense energy, I have quoted him and written to little purpose. The child with his 'fury of play'; the boy walking by himself in the black night and exulting in the consciousness of the bull's-eye beneath his coat; the lad already possessed with the invincible resolve of learning to write, which for the time overcame the desire of all other action: these were but the father of the man. So vehement were his emotions, his own breast was too small to contain them. He paid a visit at nineteen to a place he had not seen since childhood. 'As I felt myself on the road at last that I had been dreaming of for these many days before, a perfect intoxication of joy took hold upon me; and I was so pleased at my own happiness that I could let none past me till I had taken them into my confidence.'¹

It is useless to go on quoting: through life he did the thing he was doing as if it were the one thing in the world that was worth being done. I will give but one more example, premising that its essence lies in its very triviality: the smaller the matter at stake, the more surprising is the blaze of energy displayed. One day he was talking to a lady in his house at Bournemouth, at a time when he was recovering from hemorrhage, and visitors and conversation were both strictly forbidden. A book of Charles Reade's—*Griffith Gaunt*, I think—was mentioned, and nothing would serve Stevenson but that he should run to a cold room at the top of the house to get the volume. His visitor first tried to prevent it, then refused to wait for his return, and was only dissuaded

¹ *Juvenilia*, p. 96.

from her resolve by being told (and she knew it to be true) that if he heard that she had left the house, he would certainly run after her down the drive without waiting for either hat or coat.

'The formal man is the slave of words,' he said; and as a consequence of his own fiery intensity, no man was ever less imposed upon by the formulas of other people. His railing against the burgess, for example, was no catchword, but the inmost and original feeling of his heart. Consequently, whenever he uttered a commonplace, it will be usually found that he had rediscovered the truth of it for himself, did not say it merely because he had heard it from somebody else, and generally invested it with some fresh quality of his own. Perhaps his most emphatic utterance in this respect, and that most resembling his conversation in certain moods, is the *Lay Morals*, all the more outspoken because it was never finished for press. It abounds in sayings such as these: 'It is easy to be an ass and to follow the multitude like a blind, besotted bull in a stampede; and that, I am well aware, is what you and Mrs. Grundy mean by being honest.' 'It is to keep a man awake, to keep him alive to his own soul and its fixed design of righteousness, that the better part of moral and religious education is directed; not only that of words and doctors, but the sharp ferule of calamity under which we are all God's scholars till we die.' 'Respectability: the deadliest gag and wet blanket that can be laid on men.' 'I have only to read books, to think . . . the mass of people are merely speaking in their sleep.'

So when he spoke, he spoke direct from his own reflection and experience, and when he prayed, he did not hesitate to pass beyond the decorous ring-fence supposed to include all permissible objects of prayer; he gave thanks for 'the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful,' and honestly and reverently made his petition that he might be granted

gaiety and laughter. These instances are on the surface, but in spiritual matters he had a rare power of leaving on one side the non-essential and going straight to the heart of the difficulty, that was hardly realised by the world at large. Taine's charge against Scott that 'he pauses on the threshold of the soul' has been renewed against Stevenson. For one thing, in spite of his apparent frankness, he had a deep reserve on the things that touched him most profoundly, and never wore his heart upon his sleeve. So far as the criticism applies to his writings, it is little less untrue than that which called him 'a faddling hedonist,' and its injustice has been shown by Mr. Colvin;¹ so far as it applies to himself, it must be met by a contradiction. He was a man who had walked in the darkest depths of the spirit, and had known the bitterness of humiliation. But in that valley—of which he never spoke—he too, like the friend whom he commemorates,² 'had met with angels'; he too had 'found the words of life.'

To return to his plain speaking, in literature he was equally sincere. Sir Walter Scott was for him 'out and away the king of the romantics.' But if a discerning estimate of Scott's shortcomings, as well as his merits, is desired, it can hardly be found more justly expressed in few words than on the last page but one of *A Gossip on Romance*.

In composition also no one who produced so much has probably ever been so little the victim of the stereotyped phrase as Stevenson. A few mannerisms he had, no doubt—'it was a beautiful clear night of stars'—but they were from his own mint, and it was oftenest he himself who first called attention to them.

For the most part the effect on his writing of the ardour of which I am speaking is to be seen in two ways—in his diligence and in the intellectual intensity of the work produced. If ever capacity for taking pains be

¹ *Letters*, i. p. 18.

² *Memories and Portraits*, p. 121.

accounted genius in literature, no one can deny the possession of the supreme gift to Stevenson. To Mr. Iles he wrote, in 1887: 'I imagine nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in and day out; and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world.' In 1876 he reckoned that his final copy involved ten times the actual quantity of writing; in 1888 the articles for *Scribner's Magazine* were written seven or eight times; the year before his death he told Mr. Crockett that it had taken him three weeks to write four-and-twenty pages. His prose works, exclusive of his published letters, run to nearly eight thousand pages of the Edinburgh Edition—three hundred words to a page. Nine-tenths of this was written within less than twenty years; and there were, besides, more or less completely conceived, many novels, stories, essays, histories, biographies, and plays, which occupied no inconsiderable amount of his attention within that time.

Moreover, besides the matter there was the form, and this from first to last continually engaged him. In the early seventies there were not many writers in this country to whom style was a matter of life or death, or if it were so, their aspirations were mostly hidden and unrealised. But to Stevenson from the beginning the technical problem was always present; with less fire the work of art had been less completely welded into an expression of the whole nature of the man; with less diligence the file-marks would seldom have been so completely removed. His style matured in simplicity and breadth, as the years of labour brought their reward: it varied, of course, with the subject in hand; but not the least excellence of the instrument thus evolved is that it never failed of adaptation to whatever new class of writing its creator essayed.

The present point, however, is the energy and perseverance which prepared and secured the mastery, and

in reviewing the amount of Stevenson's finished work, neither the quantity sacrificed in the process must be forgotten, nor the extreme compression of the remainder. His was not the pen that covers page after page without an effort, unblotted and uncondensed, but the tool of the man who, in Mr. Kipling's phrase 'makes most delicate inlay-work in black and white, and files out to the fraction of a hair.' In his own words, the only test of writing that he knew was this: 'If there is anywhere a thing said in two sentences that could have been as clearly and as engagingly and as forcibly said in one, then it's amateur work.' And the main thing in which he thought his own stories failed was this: 'I am always cutting the flesh off their bones.'

Of such material he produced nearly four hundred pages a year for twenty years, and of the conditions under which most of it was done he wrote to Mr. George Meredith in 1893 :—¹

'For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle.'

But besides the energy spent on the work there is also the intensity of his intelligence. He had no vast memory like Scott's, but he remembered to a most unusual extent his own emotions, and sensations, and the events of his

¹ *Letters* (4th edition), ii. 302.

past life, and what remained in his mind preserved its freshness and a lifelike sharpness of outline.

If Stevenson's claim to genius is to be based upon any single gift, it is this quality that most deserves such recognition, nor can it well be refused, if Baudelaire's definition be regarded as adequate *Le génie n'est que l'enfance retrouvée à volonté*. The paper on *Child's Play*, the *Child's Garden of Verses*, and certain passages quoted in the earlier pages of this book display a power of returning to the ideas and feelings of childhood which has seldom if ever been shown in a higher degree, or has existed except along with intellectual powers of a very considerable calibre.

It related also to the ordinary sensations of maturity. We have all been active and all been tired, but who has given us such pictures of activity and of fatigue as Stevenson? Consider the account of his tobogganing, place beside it the calm of weariness following exercise described in *Walking Tours*, or the drowsy labour of the end of the *Inland Voyage*, and then recall David Balfour. 'By what I have read in books, I think few that have held a pen were ever really wearied, or they would write of it more strongly. I had no care of my life, neither past nor future, and I scarce remembered there was such a lad as David Balfour; I did not think of myself, but just of each fresh step, which I was sure would be my last, with despair, and of Alan, who was the cause of it, with hatred.'¹

It was not only, however, in the recalling of his past life that Stevenson showed this concentration of mind, for the effect of such works as *Jekyll and Hyde* is due to the intense realisation of the situations evoked, by which new life was breathed into worn-out themes.

As in books so in correspondence. Letters were at times to Stevenson an irksome duty, at others a welcome opportunity for the outpouring of himself to his friends,

¹ *Kidnapped*, chap. xxii.

but in haste or in delight it was entirely without calculation that he dictated or wrote. It occurred suddenly to him one day that his letters to Mr. Colvin from Samoa 'would make good pickings' after his death, 'and a man could make some kind of a book out of it without much trouble.'¹ So little have people understood his character and moods, that after this point they have even found in the *Vailima Letters* a self-conscious tone and a continual appeal to the gallery.

To see him was utterly to disbelieve in any regard of ulterior motives. He was his father's son, and with him also, 'his affections and emotions, passionate as these were, and liable to passionate ups and downs, found the most eloquent expression both in words and gestures. Love, anger, and indignation shone through him and broke forth in imagery, like what we read of Southern races.' If he were talking, he was seldom for a moment still, but generally paced restlessly up and down the room, using his hands continually to emphasise what he was saying, but with gestures that seemed purely necessary and natural.

It is very difficult to give the impression of his demeanour and the brilliancy of his talk without falling into the contrary error, and suggesting a self-consciousness full of acting and exaggeration. Nothing could be further from the truth, and it is easily shown. His singleness of mind always, in later days, at any rate, impressed friends and foes alike with his sincerity of purpose. He was no sportsman and no athlete—fragile and long-haired²—yet nobody ever hinted he was unmanly: he was given to preaching, and himself not beyond reproach, yet no one for an instant suspected him of hypocrisy. Whatever he did he did with his whole heart, and it was hard for any one to think otherwise. All the foibles of mysteriousness and secrecy which formed a part of his life in student days fell away from him

¹ *Vailima Letters*, June 1892.

² See, however, *ante*, p. 160.

before the end. The burden of responsibility had diminished, it may be, the gaiety of his temper; but his character shone out the more clearly, as the years showed the man.

II. If Stevenson delivered himself over, heart and soul, as I have said, to the absorbing interest or the ruling passion of the moment, it was assuredly not for the want of other interests or other passions. Of the many-sidedness of his mind the variety of his works is surely sufficient evidence, and even these by no means exhausted the whole of his resources. He wrote novels—the novel of adventure, the novel of character, the novel of incident; he wrote short stories and essays of all kinds—their variety it is impossible even to characterise; he wrote history and biography, fables and moralities, and treatises on ethics; he wrote poems—blank verse, lyrics and ballads, songs and poetry for children; he wrote plays, ranging from melodrama to genteel comedy; books of travel reflective and descriptive; he composed prayers and lay sermons, and even ventured on political speculation.

All were not of equal merit—that is not now to the point—but it would not be difficult to pick out at least ten works differing widely from each other, but all definitely belonging to the highest class of their kind. Only one verdict is possible, and for that it is necessary to lay hands upon a commonplace, and appropriate it to the benefit of the man who has best right to the distinction. It is curious that the saying was first made for Goldsmith, the best loved among our authors of the eighteenth century, the one who, in Professor Raleigh's phrase, shares with Stevenson 'the happy privilege of making lovers among his readers.' But of Stevenson it is even more true to say with Dr. Johnson: *Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*

For this diversity of power and achievement I have

relied on the evidence of his published writings, because it would otherwise appear incredible. But account must also be taken of at least a part of his unfinished and unpublished work, differing again in kind; and to that in turn must be added the indications in his letters of other veins of character or reflection that were never worked at all. Over and above all there was the talk of the man himself, in which the alternations were even more rapid and more striking.¹ Wit, humour, and pathos; the romantic, the tragic, the picturesque; stern judgment, wise counsel, wild fooling, all fell into their natural places, followed each other in rapid and easy succession, and made a marvellous whole, not the least of the wonder being the congruity and spontaneity which gave to it the just effect of being a perfectly natural utterance.

The quality was, of course, not without its defects, the chief of which were an apparent detachment and a sort of fickleness, or want of persistence. It was probably the former of these which led several persons quite independently of each other to give Stevenson the name of 'Sprite,' a being exempt from the ordinary limitations of mankind, an Ariel free to wander through the realms of imagination, turning hither and thither as his fancies prompted him.

Of the abandonment of his inventions I have already spoken. 'He was always full of schemes, and plans, and fancies,' says Mr. Henley. 'You left him hot on one, and the next time you saw him, you found to your distress (having gone all the way with him) that he had forgotten all about it.'

Thus if he saw life on each of its many sides in turn with an intensity denied to a wider range of vision, he was liable at times to see it neither steadily nor whole. For the latter he was somewhat compensated by the fact that he saw so many aspects of it in rapid succession

¹ For the admirable description by Mr. Colvin and Mr. Henley, see *Letters*, I. xxxvii, xxxviii.

that he speedily corrected any narrowness of consideration, his nature further helping him in this—that he never saw it with any narrowness of temper.

Taken together with the kindliness of his nature it also, to a great extent, explains his extraordinary gift of sympathy. He seemed to divine from his own experience how other people felt, and how best they might be encouraged or consoled. I doubt if any one ever remained for long in his company either reticent or ill at ease. Mr. Gosse reminds us of Stevenson's talks at Sydney with a man formerly engaged in the 'blackbirding' trade, who was with great difficulty induced to speak of his experiences. 'He was very shy at first,' said Stevenson, 'and it was not till I told him of a good many of my escapades that I could get him to thaw, and then he poured it all out. I have always found *that* the best way of getting people to be confidential.' We have seen with what success he approached the natives in this manner; in like fashion, no doubt, he inquired of Highlanders about the Appin murder.

But even where he had some set purpose in view, his talk seemed to be a natural and purely spontaneous outpouring of himself. It never seemed to me to be vanity—if it were, it was the most genial that ever existed—but rather a reference to instances within his own knowledge to illustrate the point in hand. He never monopolised the conversation, however eager he might be, but was faithful to his preference for talk which is in its nature a debate; 'the amicable counter-assertion of personality,' and 'the Protean quality which is in man' enabled him, without ceasing to be himself, to meet the temper of his company.

With this multiplicity one might expect to find room in his character for many contradictory qualities or the presence in excess and defect of the very same virtues, and this in truth was so. To reconcile opposites was a task he thought of but little importance, and a

favourite phrase with him was Whitman's: 'Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself.' Consistency was a virtue for which it was easy to pay too high a price, and often it had to be surrendered for matters of greater import. Aspiration and humour, shrewdness and romance, profusion and self-denial, self-revelation and reserve, in him were curiously matched. On his frankness and his reticence I have already dwelt. He speaks of himself, as Professor Raleigh says,¹ 'with no shadow of hypocrisy and no whiff or taint of indecent familiarity'; he tells you *everything*, as you think at first, and so simply and so frankly that it is only gradually you realise that he has not been revealing the things nearest his heart, that you learn no secrets of his home or his religion, nor of anything that it was not for you to know. Self-denial, again, he showed in many ways; in his youth especially, when money was scarce with him, if any one had to go without, he was the first to surrender his claim and sacrifice himself. On the other hand, with 'that virtue of frugality which is the armour of the artist' he was but ill-equipped.

Of his self-restraint in literature there can be no better instance than the very sparing use he makes of the pathetic. In the early essay on *Nurses* it is perhaps a trifle forced; there are hardly two more beautiful or dignified examples of it in English literature than in the essay on *Old Mortality*, and the death of the fugitive French colonel in *St. Ives*. But it was only in conversation that one realised the extraordinary degree to which he possessed the power of moving the heart-strings. It was not that he made frequent or unmanly use of it, but being less upon his guard, the pathetic aspect of some person or incident would appeal to him, and in a moment he would have the least tender-hearted of his hearers hardly less deeply moved than himself. Ordinarily even in con-

¹ *Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Walter Raleigh. Edward Arnold, 1896, p. 77.

versation he used it chiefly as a weapon of chivalry in defence of the neglected and the old; but as Swift 'could write beautifully about a broomstick,' so Stevenson one day described a chair, enlarging upon the hard lot of the legs that had to support the idle seat, until the boy to whom he was talking was almost in tears. On the other side must be set his description of 'Home, Sweet Home' in *Across the Plains*, as 'belonging to that class of art which may be best described as a brutal assault upon the feelings. Pathos must be redeemed by dignity of treatment. If you wallow naked in the pathetic, like the author of "Home, Sweet Home," you make your hearers weep in an unmanly fashion.'

But the supreme instance of diverse elements in him was patience and its opposite. Never have I heard of any one in whom these contradictories were both shown in so high a degree. His endurance in illness and in work we have seen: no pain was too great to bear, no malady too long: he never murmured until it was over. No task was too irksome, no revision too exacting—laboriously, and like an eager apprentice he went through with it to the end.

But on the other hand, when impatience came to the surface, it blazed up like the anger of a man who had never known a check. It was generally caused by some breach of faith or act of dishonesty or unjustifiable delay. The only time I know of its being displayed in public was in a Paris restaurant, where Stevenson had ordered a change of wine, and the very bottle he had rejected was brought back to him with a different label. There was a sudden explosion of wrath; the bottle was hurled against the wall; in an instant the restaurant was emptied, and—so much for long-suffering—the proprietor and his staff were devoting the whole of their attention and art to appease and reconcile the angry man.

Sternness and tenderness in him were very equally matched, though the former was kept mainly for himself

and those nearest to him, of whom he asked nearly as much as of himself: tenderness, on the other hand, was for the failings of others. For like many chivalrous people, he expected but little of what he gave with so much freedom. His tenderness had something feminine, yet without lacking the peculiar strength that distinguishes it in a man. The Roman quality of sternness he so much admired came to himself, no doubt, with his Scottish blood. It is a virtue that for the most part requires exclusive dominion over a character for its proper display, and in Stevenson it had many rivals. But that it was genuine his appreciation of Lord Braxfield and his rendering of it in Lord Hermiston place beyond all doubt.¹

Sternness and pity it is quite possible to harmonise, and the secret in Stevenson's case is perhaps solved in the following letter: 'I wish you to read Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* . . . and to try and understand what I have in my mind (ay, and in my heart!) when I preach law and police to you in season and out of season. What else do we care for, what else is anything but secondary, in that embroiled, confounded ravelment of politics, but to protect the old, and the weak, and the quiet, from that bloody wild beast that slumbers in man?

'True to my character, I have to preach. But just read the book. It is not absolutely fair, for Taine does not feel, with a warm heart, the touching side of their poor soul's illusions; he does not feel the infinite pathos of the Federations, poor pantomime and orgie, that (to its actors) seemed upon the very margin of heaven; nor the unspeakable, almost unthinkable tragedy, of such a poor, virtuous wooden-headed lot as the methodistic Jacobins. But he tells, as no one else, the dreadful end of sentimental politics.'

III. To deal with Stevenson's intellectual qualities alone

¹ Cf. *Vailima Letters*, p. 220.

is to approach his less fascinating side, and to miss far more than half the influence of his charm. I have referred to his chivalry, only to find that in reality I was thinking of every one of the whole group of attributes which are associated with that name. Loyalty, honesty, generosity, courage; courtesy, tenderness, and self-devotion; to impute no unworthy motives and to keep no grudge; to bear misfortune with cheerfulness and without a murmur; to strike hard for the right and take no mean advantage; to be gentle to women and kind to all that are weak; to be very rigorous with oneself and very lenient to others—these, and any other virtues ever implied in ‘chivalry,’ were the traits that distinguished Stevenson. They do not make life easy, as he frequently found. One day, his stepson tells me, they were sitting on the deck of a schooner in the Pacific, and Stevenson was reading a copy of *Don Quixote*. Suddenly he looked up, and, with an air of realisation, said sadly, as if to himself, ‘That’s me.’

In spite of his knowledge of the world and his humour, and a vein of cynicism most difficult to define, many were his quixotries and many the windmills at which he tilted, less often wholly in vain than we thought who watched his errantry. The example remains; and

‘Would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,
And life’s fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill!’¹

Of some of the virtues I have cited it would be superfluous to say more. There is no need to repeat how he faced death in the Riviera or bore the weariness of exile. But I may be pardoned if I dwell upon a few of the more striking instances in which he displayed his open-mindedness, his generosity of temper, his hatred of cruelty, and his readiness to forgive offences.

¹ *At the Sign of the Lyre*, by Austin Dobson, p. 93.

Generosity is a word in sore danger of being limited to the giving of money, but to Stevenson the quality must be attributed not only in this, but also in the widest possible application. It is a virtue that from its nature is easily abused: this did but make Stevenson think the more highly of it, and it can have no more splendid motto than his own aphorism, of which one version runs: 'The mean man doubted, Greatheart was deceived. "Very well," said Greatheart.'

Of Stevenson's own generous temper there is no better illustration than a letter written in early days when he had been called to task by Mr. Henley for some words of depreciation.

'I think the crier-up has a good trade; but I like less and less every year the berth of runner-down; and I hate to see my friends in it. What is ——'s fault? That he runs down. What is the easiest thing to do? To run down. What is it that a strong man should scorn to do? To run down. And all this comes steeply home to me; for I am horrified to gather that I begin myself to fall into this same business which I abhor in others.'

No one ever more eagerly welcomed the success of younger writers, entirely unknown to himself; but of this point the published letters are quite sufficient proof.

Any offence against himself he forgave readily, nor did he find it difficult to make excuses for almost any degree of misconduct on the part of others. There was only one action which I heard him say he could never pardon, and the exception was characteristic. The father of an acquaintance came to Edinburgh one day many years ago to render his son material assistance which he could ill afford. The pair met Stevenson, and the son, introducing his father, did not scruple to sneer at him behind his back. Stevenson's experience of life and of character was very wide; but he looked back on that gesture as the one really unpardonable offence he had ever known.

He could be angry enough and stern enough upon occasion, but never was there any one so ready to melt

at the least appeal to his compassion or mercy. In his political quarrels he found the greatest difficulty in keeping up an open breach with persons whom he liked in themselves, and for whom his sympathy was engaged, although he was convinced that they were ruining Samoa.¹ Truly he might say: 'There was no man born with so little animosity as I.'

But in fact the two kinds of generosity went frequently together. It is impossible for me to give the instances I know, but it is the fact that over and over again, no sooner had any one quarrelled with him, than Stevenson at once began to cast about for some means of doing his adversary a service, if only it could be done without divulging the source from whence it came.

In the narrower sense he was generous to a fault, but was ready to take any amount of personal trouble, and exercised judgment in his giving. When there was occasion he set no limit to his assistance. 'Pray remember that if ever X—— should be in want of help, you are to strain my credit to breaking, and to mortgage all I possess or can expect, to help him.' But in another case: 'I hereby authorise you to pay when necessary £—— to Z——; if I gave him more, it would only lead to his starting a gig and a Pomeranian dog. I hope you won't think me hard about this. If you think the sum insufficient, you can communicate with me by return on the subject.' Of course he received applications from all sorts of people on all manner of pretexts. There was one man who embarrassed him greatly by frequent letters. As far as could be gathered this person desired to abandon entirely the use of clothing, and coming to Samoa with 'a woman I love,' was there to gain his livelihood by whitewashing Stevenson's fences, which, by the way, consisted almost entirely of barbed wire. This individual even presented himself (but in the garb of civilisation) at Stevenson's hotel in Sydney; there,

¹ *Vasilisa Letters*, p. 162.

however, the line was drawn, and he was refused an interview.

But Stevenson's best service was often in the words with which he accompanied his gift. To his funeral only close personal friends were invited, but there appeared a tall gaunt stranger, whom nobody remembered to have seen before. He came up and apologised for his presence, and said he could not keep away, for Stevenson had saved him one day when he was at his lowest ebb. 'I was wandering despondently along the road, and I met Mr. Stevenson, and I don't know whether it was my story, or that he saw I was a Scotchman, but he gave me twenty dollars and some good advice and encouragement. I took heart again, and I'm getting on all right now, but if I hadn't met Mr. Stevenson, and he hadn't helped me, I should have killed myself that day.' And the tears ran down his face.

Of Stevenson's open mind there could perhaps be no better proof than the passage in his last letter to R. A. M. Stevenson, written only two months before his death. If there was a class of men on this earth whom Louis loathed and placed beyond the pale of humanity, it was the dynamiters and anarchists; yet he could write of them in the following strain:—'There is a new something or other in the wind which exercises me hugely: anarchy—I mean anarchism. People who (for pity's sake) commit dastardly murders very basely, die like saints, and leave beautiful letters behind 'em (did you see Vaillant to his daughter? it was the New Testament over again); people whose conduct is inexplicable to me, and yet their spiritual life higher than that of most. This is just what the early Christians must have seemed to the Romans. . . . If they go on being martyred a few years more, the gross, dull, not unkindly bourgeois may get tired or ashamed or afraid of going on martyring; and the anarchists come out at the top just like the early Christians.'

I have never met any one who hated cruelty of any kind with so lively a horror—I had almost said with so fanatical a detestation—from his earliest years.

‘Do you remember telling me one day when I came in,’ wrote the Rev. Peter Rutherford, his tutor, to Mrs. Thomas Stevenson after her son’s death, ‘how it was his eyes were so swollen: tear-swollen? You had found him in the study sobbing bitterly over a tale of cruelty he had been reading all alone.’ At the other end of his life I can remember his own impassioned account, given late one Sunday evening on his return from Apia, of how he had found a crowd of natives watching a dog-fight. He had plunged into their midst and stopped it, and turned to rebuke them. ‘But I found all my Samoan had clean gone out of my head, and all I could say to them was “Pala’ai, Pala’ai!” (Cowards, Cowards!).’ But the most characteristic of all his utterances was at Pitlochry in 1881, when he saw a dog being ill-treated. He at once interposed, and when the owner resented his interference and told him: ‘It’s not your dog,’ he cried out: ‘It’s God’s dog, and I’m here to protect it.’

At the same time it must be laid to the credit of his reason and the firm balance of his judgment that although vivisection was a subject he could not endure even to hear mentioned, yet with all his imagination and sensibility, he never ranged himself among the opponents of this method of inquiry, provided, of course, it was limited, as in England, with the utmost rigour possible.

It is curious now to remember that an early critic of the *Travels with a Donkey* censured him severely for the treatment of Modestine as described by Stevenson himself. Yet woe betide either friend or stranger who appeared at Vailima on a horse with the sore back too common in the tropics: it was well for him if he did not have to return home on foot.

Irksome as ill-health was to Stevenson, it was yet the possible effect on his own character that he most dreaded,

for he suspected that 'being an invalid was a fatal objection to a human being,' and his horror of valetudinarianism was due to its being 'the worst training upon earth.' He felt it hard that he should be judged by the same standard as men to whom the world was still 'full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues.' Moreover, although he always reckoned his life 'as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded,' he could not be altogether unconscious of the insecurity of his tenure. On one of those fragments of paper preserved by chance, on which he used to write down his remarks during the many periods when he was forbidden to speak, these words occur: 'You know the remarks of no doctor mean anything in my case. My case is a sport. I may die to-night or live till sixty.' I can remember his saying to me in Samoa, 'I haven't had a fair chance, I've had to spend nearly all my life in expectation of death.' The chief result with him perhaps was that he sat looser to life, and had grown altogether familiar with the idea of leaving it;¹ for in the words of Sir Thomas Browne: 'He that so often surviveth his expectation lives many lives, and will hardly complain of the shortness of his days.'

The question of Stevenson's ill-health brings one to the consideration which troubled him now and again in his later days: whether he had not after all made a mistake in adopting literature as his profession. With him, as with Scott, 'to have done things worthy to be written was a dignity to which no man made any approach who had only written things worthy to be read.' At times he thought with a passing regret of the life of action he had forsaken, and was struck by the irony that his father, who had opposed his choice of the profession of literature, had come to approve of it before he died, while he whom nothing but that change of life would satisfy, had himself lived to doubt its wisdom.² But in these comparisons it was an ideal life that he contemplated, where he should

¹ *Letters*, ii. 353.

² *Ibid.*, 321.

be always well and always strong, doing his work in the open air. With such health and such conditions, his character and his powers might have attained to other heights; we should then have known a different man, less human and less endeared to us by the frailties of our common nature. But the field on which he fought with sickness and depression was one in which most of us are at times engaged, and where many sufferers carry on a lifelong struggle. Anywhere his example would have been splendid; it could hardly have been more widely seen, or have better helped his fellow-men.

There was this about him, that he was the only man I have ever known who possessed charm in a high degree, whose character did not suffer from the possession. The gift comes naturally to women, and they are at their best in its exercise. But a man requires to be of a very sound fibre before he can be entirely himself and keep his heart single, if he carries about with him a talisman to obtain from all men and all women the object of his heart's desire. Both gifts Stevenson possessed, not only the magic but also the strength of character to which it was safely intrusted.

But who shall bring back that charm? Who shall unfold its secret? He was all that I have said: he was inexhaustible, he was brilliant, he was romantic, he was fiery, he was tender, he was brave, he was kind. With all this there went something more. He always liked the people he was with, and found the best and brightest that was in them; he entered into all the thoughts and moods of his companions, and led them along pleasant ways, or raised them to a courage and a gaiety like his own. If criticism or reminiscence has yielded any further elucidation of his spell, I do not know: it defies my analysis, nor have I ever heard it explained.

There linger on the lips of men a few names that bring to us, as it were, a breeze blowing off the shores of youth. Most of those who have borne them were taken from the

world before early promise could be fulfilled, and so they rank in our regard by virtue of their possibilities alone. Stevenson is among the fewer still who bear the award both of promise and of achievement, and is happier yet in this: besides admiration and hope, he has raised within the hearts of his readers a personal feeling towards himself which is nothing less deep than love.

APPENDIX A.

ADDRESS TO THE SAMOAN STUDENTS AT MALUA, JANUARY 1890.

You are the hope of your race. You stand in a position of so much privilege and so much responsibility, that I myself feel it a privilege and a responsibility to address you. What your race is to become in the future, *that* you carry in your hands: the father and the mother carry and feed the little child; yet a little and the child learns to walk, and to look for and to plant for itself; yet a little longer still, and he is carrying and teaching, and feeding and teaching new young ones. So it is with the generations in a family. So in a far wider sense with them in a country and a race.

You, gentlemen, are now learning to walk: very soon at the swift pace of years—the fast runners, you will be called upon to teach in your turn. And while all are called upon first to learn and then to teach, you are so called particularly; you have been chosen and set apart; you are the elect Levites: you are called upon in a few years to be the fathers and guides of your race: according as you do well, so may our country with God's blessing flourish; according as you do ill, so will it certainly decline.

FIRST, TO LEARN.

I was in an island not very far from here where they are trying to teach them French, for the Government is a French Government: show any of the young men some written French, and they would read it out aloud with a good pronunciation, never stumbling; ask any of them what it meant, and they held their peace; they did not understand one word: they read as parrots speak. Now we may not be quite as stupid as the Marquesans, and yet we may be no better at all.

desperately hard ; with all their hard work, they are still too many of them in their own place ; they flow like water out of a full bucket, and they come, they must come, they have begun to come to your islands. Then the fight will befall, it has begun already ; it is a true fight, although swords are not drawn nor guns fired, for men's lives and men's deaths are on the issue.

Now I will say to you plainly, if you cannot get your own people to be a little more industrious, to make a little money, and to save a little money, you may make all the good laws on earth, still your lands will be sold ; when your land is sold, your race will die, and in these islands, where your children might have lived for a hundred centuries, another race will sit, and they will ask themselves—What were the Samoans ? and only find word of you in ancient books. It is for the king to make the laws ; it is for you to make the people industrious and saving ; which if you do, the laws will be kept ; which if you do not, they shall certainly be broken, and your race finish. And when the traveller comes here perhaps in no such long time, and looks in vain, and asks for the Samoans, and they tell him all are dead ; and, he wondering at the judgment, cries out, 'Where was the fault ?' and we shall say : 'They taught young men in Malua, and it was thought that these would teach the people, and they failed ; and now the wind blows and the rain falls where their roofs once stood, and where their fires once burned.'

Perhaps you think I lay a heavy charge on you ; it is not I that lay it, but the Master you profess to serve. Or that I ask of you a miracle : it is not a miracle, for it has been partly done in another place. In Tahiti I could not see the people were at all hard worked ; the people in my own country work far harder ; yet they work enough. In a village where I lived long, many had fine European houses, and more were building ; many had money laid aside, none had sold his land. What has been done in Tahiti, cannot that be done in Samoa ? I think it can, and I know the duty lies on you.

SECOND, TO TEACH.

The learning part, to learn the spirit of your Master, the helpfulness to others, which he lays down, and to learn his spirit, can

best be applied in your own isle to your own race ; the learning part done, you have to Teach. Upon this I will say only two things.

There was once (or so they tell) a false prophet in Asia who came with a cloth on his face. No man, he said, might look upon his face and live, it was (like Moses') so bright with the effulgence of God's spirit ; and many disciples and an army gathered about the prophet with the cloth. And one fine day the cloth was rent, and behold an old, bald, hideous creature from whom all men shrank ; his friends fled from the tent screaming, his armies fled from their encampment, and in one day his power was fallen.

I am here and speak to you—good words, I think, honest words I am very sure—to-morrow I am gone again, and you cannot tell what manner of man I am : whether good or bad, whether I do what I teach, or whether I disgrace my teaching by my conduct. I am the prophet with the cloth before my face. But you, who are to dwell with your fellow-countrymen, every day will make another hole in the cloth that covers you, and you may be still talking and teaching the bravest lessons, and prating perhaps of the brightness of your countenance, but all the while your hearers see you as you are, and some run screaming and some laugh aloud.

No man can do as well as he teaches. For we are all like Saint Paul in this, that we see better things than we are able to attain to ; we cannot therefore hope to be seen doing what we teach, but we must be seen trying to do it : we shall even only teach it well, in so far as we are trying hard. The man who only talks, I pledge you my word, he will not even do the talking well. This is as much as to say, that if you are going to save your island and your race, you must all make up your hearts constantly to a life of hard toil in the eyes of your disciples. That is the example you must set. You may think this is a hard thing. But did you suppose there is any way in life in which a man is allowed not to be a hero ? You pastors do not go to war ; you must be braver-hearted, then, at home. The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you, when you go out into your daily battlefields ;

and no crowds shout about your coming, when you return from your daily victory or defeat.

I am afraid I wish you to be very stern with yourselves, and that brings me to my last point. How are you to be stern to others? There is love, and there is justice. Justice is for oneself: love for others. It did not require any gospel to teach a man to love himself or to be stern to his neighbours, and the gospel was, in fact, the opposite. Yet there is one thing here in Samoa that I think you will have to fight very hard; or all the toil and the frugality in the world will never make your islands strong enough and rich enough to stand. If I were speaking at home in my own country, I would tell people to be more generous; and it would be the givers and the lenders I would be addressing. I want to ask your countrymen to be more generous too; but I want you to say this to the askers. You will get men to work with difficulty if those that do not work come down like locusts and devour the harvest. For the defence of the workers, you must get these beggars ashamed of themselves, or you must make them so ridiculous in the eyes of others that they shall not dare to come besieging people's houses.

To them I am afraid you must be a little stern, for they lie right in the way that leads to safety for your islands and your race; they are a disease that must be cured; they are a new plague of Egypt.

But to sinners, and to them that fail, and to those that grow weary in well-doing, you must remember rather to be long-suffering: show them the better way, and keep your anger for yourselves when you shall fail to show it. A brawling pastor is the next worse thing to an idle one.

APPENDIX B.

MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

An Address read¹ before the Women's Missionary Association and members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, at Sydney, March 18, 1893.

I SUPPOSE I am in the position of many other persons. I had conceived a great prejudice against Missions in the South Seas, and I had no sooner come there than that prejudice was at first reduced, and then at last annihilated. Those who deblatterate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot. They will see a great deal of good done; they will see a race being forwarded in many different directions, and I believe, if they be honest persons, they will cease to complain of mission work and its effects. At the same time, and infallibly in all sublunary matters, they will see a great deal of harm done. I am very glad to think that the new class of missionaries are by no means so radical as their predecessors. I have spoken to many missionaries, and I have the pleasure to say that the most intelligent among them are of one opinion and that the true one. They incline to think that it is best to proceed by little and little, and not by much and much. They are inclined to spare so far as it is possible native opinions, and set native habits of morality; to seek rather the point of agreement than the points of difference; to proceed rather by confirmation and extension than by iconoclasm. I wish I could say how strongly I feel the importance and efficiency of this new view. People have learned one code of decency from their childhood up. They are prepared to suffer, in some cases to die, for that. There is here a vast reservoir of moral power. It is the business of the missionary not to destroy, but to utilise it. When the missionaries—the earlier missionaries—‘broke the tabus’ in the South Sea Islands, they chose the path of destruction, not of utilisation, and I am pleased to think that these days are over, that no missionary will

¹ Stevenson was unable to be present at the meeting, but the proofs of this article were revised by him for the Sydney *Presbyterian*.

go among a primitive people with the idea of mere revolution, that he will rather develop that which is good, or is capable of being made good, in the inherent ideas of the race, that when he finds an idea half bad and half good, he will apply himself to the good half of it, develop that, and seek to minimise and gradually obliterate the other, thus saving what I may be allowed to call the moral water-power. Because we are, one and all, in every rank of life, and in every race of mankind, the children of our fathers. We shall never do well, we shall certainly never do nobly, except upon the lines marked out for us by our fathers' footprints.

And the true art of the missionary, as it seems to me—an outsider, the most lay of laymen, and for that reason, on the old principle that the bystander sees most of the game, perhaps more than usually well able to judge—is to profit by the great—I ought really to say the vast—amount of moral force reser-voired in every race, and to expand and to change and to fit that power to new ideas and to new possibilities of advancement.

I am saying only that which I have learned from my intercourse with the most experienced of missionaries, though it commends itself to me upon more primitive and abstract grounds. What I have still to say is perhaps more personal to myself as an observer.

We make a great blunder when we expect people to give up in a moment the whole beliefs of ages, the whole morals of the family, sanctified by the traditions of the heart, and not to lose something essential. We make a still greater—or I should say, too many missionaries make a mistake still greater—when they expect, not only from their native converts, but from white men (by no means of the highest class) shipwrecked or stranded at random on these islands, a standard of conduct which no parish minister in the world would dare to expect of his parishioners and church members.

There is here in these despised whites a second reservoir of moral power, which missionaries too often neglect and render nugatory. Many of these despised traders are in themselves fairly decent and more than fairly decent persons. They dwell, besides, permanently amidst the native population, whereas the

missionary is in some cases, and perhaps too often, only there upon a flying visit. The trader is therefore, at once by experience and by influence, the superior of the missionary. He is a person marked out to be made use of by the intelligent missionary. Sometimes a very doubtful character, sometimes a very decent old gentleman, he will almost invariably be made the better by some intelligent and kindly attention for which he is often burning; and he will almost invariably be made the worse by neglect or by insult.

And I am sorry to say that in too many cases I have found these methods to be followed by the missionary. I know very well that, in part from the misdeeds of the worst kind of traders, and in part by the harshness of otherwise excellent missionaries, this quarrel has become envenomed. Well, it is just this quarrel that has to be eliminated. By long-suffering, by kindness, by a careful distinction of personalities, the mission and the traders have to be made more or less in unison. It is doubtful if the traders will change much; it is perhaps permissible in the layman to suggest that the mission might change somewhat. The missionary is a great and a beneficent factor. He is hampered, he is restricted, his work is largely negated by the attitude of his fellow-whites, his fellow-countrymen, and his fellow-Christians in the same island. Difficult as the case may be—and all mission work is eminently difficult—the business which appears to me to be before the missions is that of making their peace; and I will say much more—of raising up a brigade of half and half, or if that cannot be, of quarter and quarter lay supporters among the whites.

If I had not been asked, I should have been the last man in the world to have interjected my lay opinions into your councils. Having been asked, I willingly lay myself open to your censures, and confidently appeal for your indulgence, while I tell you exactly how this matter has seemed to a far from uninterested layman, well acquainted with the greater part of the South Seas.

APPENDIX C.

VAILIMA PRAYERS.

FOR SUCCESS.

LORD, behold our family here assembled. We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell ; for the love that unites us ; for the peace accorded us this day ; for the hope with which we expect the morrow ; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful ; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Let peace abound in our small company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offences. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another. As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind—as children of their sire, we beseech of Thee this help and mercy for Christ's sake.

FOR GRACE.

Grant that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our course without dishonour to ourselves or hurt to others, and when the day comes, may die in peace. Deliver us from fear and favour, from mean hopes and from cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each in his deficiency ; let him be not cast down ; support the stumbler on the way, and give at last rest to the weary.

AT MORNING.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to

perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry, let our laughter rise like a —. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

EVENING.

We come before Thee, O Lord, in the end of Thy day with thanksgiving. Remember and relieve, we beseech Thee, those who are in pain, remember sick children, visit the fathers of destitute families, shine in the house of affliction. Our beloved in the far parts of the earth, those who are now beginning the labours of the day what time we end them, and those with whom the sun now stands at the point of noon, bless, help, console and prosper them.

Our guard is relieved, the service of the day is over, and the hour come to rest. We resign into Thy hands our sleeping bodies, our cold hearths and open doors. Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

ANOTHER FOR EVENING.

Lord, receive our supplications for this house, family, and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them; prolong our days in peace and honour. Give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavours. Cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered. Let us lie down without fear, and awake and arise with exultation. For His sake, in whose words we now conclude.

IN THE SEASON OF RAIN.

We thank Thee, Lord, for the glory of the late days and the excellent face of Thy sun. We thank Thee for good news

received. We thank Thee for the pleasures we have enjoyed and for those we have been able to confer. And now when the clouds gather and the rain impends over the forest and our house, permit us not to be cast down ; let us not lose the savour of past mercies and past pleasures ; but like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness. If there be in front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage ; if any act of mercy, teach us tenderness and patience.

ANOTHER.

Lord, Thou sendest down rain upon the uncounted millions of the forest, and givest the trees to drink exceedingly. We are here upon this isle a few handfuls of men, and how many myriads upon myriads of stalwart trees ! Teach us the lesson of the trees. The sea around us, which this rain recruits, teems with the race of fish ; teach us, Lord, the meaning of the fishes. Let us see ourselves for what we are, one out of the countless number of the clans of Thy handiwork. When we would despair, let us remember that these also please and serve Thee.

BEFORE A TEMPORARY SEPARATION.

To-day we go forth separate, some of us to pleasure, some of us to worship, some upon duty. Go with us, our guide and angel ; hold Thou before us in our divided paths the mark of our low calling ; still to be true to what small best we can attain to. Help us in that, our Maker, the dispenser of events—Thou, of the vast designs in which we blindly labour, suffer us to be so far constant to ourselves and our beloved.

FOR FRIENDS.

For our absent loved ones we implore Thy loving-kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honour ; and for us, grant that we remain worthy of their love. For Christ's sake, let not our beloved blush for us, nor we for them. Grant us but that, and grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life.

FOR THE FAMILY.

Aid us, if it be Thy will, in our concerns. Have mercy on this land and innocent people. Help them who this day contend in disappointment with their frailties. Bless our family, bless our forest house, bless our island helpers. Thou who hast made for us this place of ease and hope, accept and inflame our gratitude ; help us to repay in service one to another the debt of Thine unmerited benefits and mercies ; so that when the period of our stewardship draws to a conclusion, when the windows begin to be darkened, when the bond of the family is to be loosed, there shall be no bitterness of remorse in our farewells.

Help us to look back on the long way that Thou hast brought us, on the long days in which we have been served not according to our deserts but our desires ; on the pit and the miry clay, the blackness of despair, the horror of misconduct, from which our feet have been plucked out. For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank Thee, O God. Help us yet again and ever. So order events, so corroborate our frailty, as that day by day we shall come before Thee with this song of gratitude, and in the end we be dismissed with honour. In their weakness and their fear the vessels of Thy handiwork so pray to Thee, so praise Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY.

We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof ; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still ; suffer us yet a while longer ; with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil, suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies ; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends ; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest ; if any dream, be their dreams quiet ; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching ; and when the day returns, return to us our sun and comforter, and

416 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee ; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

Lord, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's. Let us feel our offences with our hands, make them great and bright before us like the sun, make us eat and drink them for our diet. Blind us to the offences of our beloved, cleanse them from our memories, take them out of our mouths for ever. Let all here before Thee carry and measure with the false balances of love, and be in their own eyes and in all conjunctions the most guilty. Help us, at the same time, with the grace of courage that we be none of us cast down. When we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness or our integrity, touch us with fire from the altar that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city : In the name and by the method of Him in whose words we now conclude.

Lord, the creatures of Thy hand, Thy disinherited children, come before Thee with their incoherent wishes and regrets. Children we are, children we shall be, till our mother the earth has fed upon our bones. Accept us, correct us, guide us, Thy guilty innocents. Dry our vain tears, delete our vain resentments, help our yet vainer efforts. If there be any here, sulking as children will, deal with and enlighten him. Make it day about that person, so that he shall see himself and be ashamed. Make it heaven about him, Lord, by the only way to heaven, forgetfulness of self. And make it day about his neighbours, so that they shall help, not hinder him.

We are evil, O God, and help us to see it and amend. We are good, and help us to be better. Look down upon Thy servants with a patient eye, even as Thou sendest sun and rain ; look down, call upon the dry bones, quicken, enliven ; recreate in us the soul of service, the spirit of peace ; renew in us the sense of joy.

APPENDIX D.

SAMOAN AFFAIRS.

It is obvious that if the Berlin Treaty were to prove a success, the two chief officials appointed under its provisions should have been men of the world, conversant with ordinary business, perfectly straightforward, accustomed to criticism, free from red tape, prompt to act, ready to conciliate, and willing to undertake responsibility. Moreover, they should have been sent out to their posts as soon as the news of their appointment reached Samoa.

The following note will show that none of these conditions were fulfilled. I take my facts (with one single exception) from the reports of the British Consul and the American Consul-General, for, after several efforts, I have failed to procure a copy of the German White-book for use in writing these pages. I read it when it came out, and would refer to the leading article in the *Times* for January 17th, 1893, to show that it directly supported Stevenson's contentions. But it would be useless to refer my readers to an authority so inaccessible. The American White-book is likewise not easily obtained, and I have principally quoted the British Blue-book, C 6973, which may be purchased by any one for the sum of two shillings from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 32 Abingdon Street, London, S.W. As to the impartiality of the Blue-book, the British Consul during this period was never at any time suspected, justly or unjustly, of being friendly to Stevenson.

The actual facts are as follows:—The Treaty was signed at Berlin on July 14th, 1889: the President did not reach Apia till 26th April 1891 (Letter No. 85), and though the Chief-Justice arrived in the end of December 1890 (No. 61), he did not open his court for hearing cases till July 15th, 1891 (120).

The Chief-Justice from the beginning refused to pay any custom or other duties as a private individual (125); he delayed the proceedings of the Land Commission, by disclaiming all authority to give the necessary formal sanction to their appointment of a secretary, and the hire of a safe for the custody of the

numerous title-deeds produced before their court (97); he appointed two Swedes to the only two offices in his patronage, and procured or created two more posts which they held simultaneously with the others (73, 239); and he refused to register any land-titles until a heavy fee had been paid to his Registrar—a stroke by which that officer, in addition to his salary, would within a couple of years have pocketed three thousand pounds (239, 305). Then, when troubles were beginning, he started on September 5th, 1891, on an expedition of several months' duration to study the land systems of Fiji and Victoria (123, 179).

The President for his part chose as the first work of the new Government a large prison, on which £1500, being half the sum collected by the Government up to the time of his proposal, was expended (127), and which, when finished, was not used (278). At the same time he issued an advertisement calling for tenders for 'Capitol Buildings,' 'which proved to be mainly a dwelling-house for Baron Senfft von Pilsach' (127), a residence for which it is fair to add that he duly paid rent.

On September 4th, 1891, five Samoan chiefs, who had surrendered voluntarily to a political charge of having destroyed some houses on the island of Manono were, no doubt with complete justice, condemned to six months' imprisonment by a native judge, just before the Chief-Justice left for his colonial studies. Two days later, on rumour of an attempt to rescue the men, the Swedish jailor, acting presumably on instructions, placed dynamite under the prison, connected the charge with an electric battery, and threatened to blow the whole of the prisoners sky-high, if any such attempt were made.¹

Yet two days later, there having been no sign of trouble, the king, with the assent of the British Consul, and acting pre-

¹ This is the only statement unsupported by any of the official publications, but it was made deliberately by Stevenson upon the information received by him at the time and on the spot; the three Powers publish not one single word of denial or incredulity, and when the Government editor tried to meet the accusation, he did not for a moment question the fact, but endeavoured to explain it away. (*The Times*, 11th Jan. 1893.)

If the charge were untrue, it would have been denied with indignation in two lines. If it were admitted to be true, what could be said? Let us take a recent analogy: what *would* have been said if dynamite had been placed under the huts at Nooitgedacht or St. Helena, where the prisoners were prisoners of war, or under the Tombs or Holloway Jail?

sumably under the direction of his official adviser, altered the sentence and deported the five chiefs to an island entirely out of his jurisdiction three hundred miles away.¹

Up to the middle of March 1892, the Customs dues of Apia had been appropriated without question to the Municipality, which had been administering its income with the full consent of its chairman, the President, who regularly published its accounts (213, encl. 4). Suddenly, without a word of warning, the President made an entirely secret reference to the Chief-Justice, who thereupon, without giving any notice to the persons most interested, or any opportunity for arguing the question before him, made an official declaration that the whole of these dues, past, present, and future, belonged to the Samoan treasury, and that the Municipality was bound to refund the arrears. The Council was thus rendered bankrupt, and its future revenue reduced to £1600 a year, on which the President's own salary of £1000 was a first charge. The income of the Chief-Justice was paid by the Samoan Treasury, which had been nearly empty until it received this accession of £5000 (188, 213, 213, encl. 1).

It was to do them little good. On the strength of this wind-fall the President (263) proceeded with the utmost secrecy to buy up the local newspaper! For this he paid £650 in cash, entered the purchase as a 'special investment ordered by the king' (306), and suppressed the fact as long as possible. The Government advertisements had hitherto been the mainstay of the paper, which had nevertheless maintained a creditable independence. Four months later the Government started at additional cost a *Royal Gazette*, which henceforth contained the advertisements given formerly to their own newspaper, 'thereby reducing the selling value of the *Samoa Times* from £650 to about £200.' By this time the Samoa Government, which could collect few or no native taxes, was almost bankrupt again (263). A rival paper was naturally started in a few months, still further reducing the value of the *Samoa Times*, which, within a couple of years, wholly emancipated itself from Government influence.

Meanwhile the sanitation, lighting, policing, road-making, and all necessary works of the Municipality were at a standstill (213),

¹ American White-book, p. 104. The British Blue-book does not refer to the incident of the prisoners at all.

and the monthly service of mail-steamers, on which the prosperity of the place largely depended, was seriously imperilled by a refusal to give the company more than half the very moderate subsidy for which it asked (263). And as far as the natives were concerned, the Government, to all intents and purposes, was non-existent.

It is mere weariness to add that the President, having combined the funds of the Government and of the Municipality, and lodged the balance in his own name in a bank in Sydney, denied the right of either the Samoan Government or the Municipality to interfere, on the ground that the whole sum belonged to neither one of them, nor would he allow the auditors of the Municipal accounts to verify the Municipal balance (265, encl. 1). 'The Berlin Act,' he said, 'contained certain provisions adapted to the purpose of securing the selection of conscientious persons to my office' (243).

These facts, I must repeat, are not drawn from any statement of Stevenson; they are not due to any imagination of my own: they are taken from the matter-of-fact reports of the Consuls, who forwarded them to their Governments as material for negotiations between the Great Powers concerned. There are many ludicrous details I have omitted, there are many other disputes on all sorts of petty questions. But into these and the other charges contained in the letters to the *Times* it is unnecessary to go; they require more explanation, they would be more tedious to narrate, they are equally futile, more ridiculous it is hardly possible for them to be.

The criticism with which Stevenson summed up one of these gentlemen might equally be applied to the other. 'Such an official I never remember to have read of, though I have seen the like from across the footlights and the orchestra, evolving in similar figures to the strains of Offenbach.'

As to the question of Stevenson's deportation, which occurs occasionally in his letters, and was at one time constantly present before his eyes, he firmly believed what is probably the truth—that it had been demanded by Chief-Justice Cedercrantz and President von Pilsach on account of his letters to the *Times*, and that the captains of various ships, having been sounded upon the subject, had refused their co-operation. The only fact

which is quite certain is that the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, the Governor of Fiji, issued on December 29th, 1892, a notice entitled 'The Sedition (Samoa) Regulation, 1892,' which rendered any British subject guilty of 'sedition' against the 'Government of Samoa' liable, on conviction, to imprisonment for not more than three months. It placed the right of defining the words 'Government of Samoa' in the hands of the British Consul at Apia, and explicitly included in the word 'sedition' 'all practices, whether by word, deed, or writing, having for their object to bring about in Samoa discontent or dissatisfaction, public disturbance, civil war, hatred, or contempt toward the King or Government of Samoa, or the laws or constitution of the country, and generally to promote disorder in Samoa.'

At the time of its publication, no British subject had, so far as is known, been guilty of fomenting sedition in Samoa, and if it were necessary to find a pretext for putting it in force, Stevenson's letters to the *Times* were the only existing printed utterance which would have fallen within the sweep even of that all-embracing net.

Had the Regulation been put in force generally, it would probably have resulted in the imprisonment of the entire British population of Apia, for there was none so poor as not to hold up to contempt that pitiable Government; had it been put in force against Stevenson, there was obviously no jail in Samoa fit to receive him (certainly not the President's new prison), and he must have been deported to Fiji or the Colonies. But as soon as the first copy of this document reached the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and even before a question could be asked in Parliament, it was amended by Lord Ripon into something more in conformity with the usual rights of British subjects.¹ Its teeth having been drawn, the Regulation dragged out an idle existence, and I believe that nobody was ever punished under its provisions.

The High Commissioner had neither visited Samoa himself during the term of Stevenson's residence, nor sent any other officer there from outside; this Regulation must therefore have

¹ Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*: Fourth Series, vol. x. pp. 1596, 1710.

422 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

been issued either with the approval of the British Consul (who was the local Deputy-Commissioner), or else without inquiry from, or the approval of, any British official on the spot having cognisance of the facts, and upon the bare word of the President and the Chief-Justice. But it is hardly to be wondered at that Stevenson, after this, was confirmed in his distrust of the British Consul, and never applied to him in any matter, except where he was the necessary and only possible channel of negotiations.

It may be convenient to summarise briefly the whole course of native affairs during Stevenson's residence.

Malietoa Laupepa, the King of Samoa, having been deported by the Germans in 1887, the high-chief Tamasese was then set up in his stead, but his pretensions were opposed by the greater part of the Samoan people under the leadership of the high-chief Mataafa. The Berlin Treaty was signed, and Laupepa was reinstated on the throne in 1889. But after a time jealousy arose between the two leaders; Mataafa retired to the village of Malie (which has the right to confer the title of Malietoa when vacant), and he there remained for two years, committing no overt act of hostility, but gradually drifting towards a state of rebellion. In July 1893 a fight was precipitated between his men and the royal forces, in which the latter were victorious. The losers fled to the island of Manono, where a few days later they surrendered to the men-of-war of Great Britain and Germany. Mataafa and a dozen of his chiefs were deported, first to the Tokelaus and then to Jaluit; others were imprisoned in Samoa, and fines were inflicted. In 1894 young Tamasese (whose father was dead) fomented trouble against the king. There was some fighting between the two parties along the coast, the royalists being aided as far as possible by the guns of the men-of-war. Peace was patched up, some old rifles were confiscated, and nobody was really punished.

Besides the matters mentioned in his letters to the English papers, Stevenson's only interference in politics was in the following cases:—

He was once voted to the chair at a public meeting in Apia, and signed and forwarded to the President the resolutions then passed. He made two attempts to bring about an interview and

reconciliation between the king and Mataafa, and this, had it been successful, might have laid the foundation for a lasting peace. But Malietoa was held back, and it came to nothing. Stevenson paid three visits and three only to Mataafa, when that chief had retired to the village of Malie as a rebel *in posse*. He also twice went within his outposts a fortnight before the fighting of 1893, but neither saw nor tried to see the chief, who was miles away, nor did he have any serious conversation with anybody upon those occasions. A month afterwards he sent him a letter by the hands of the British Consul.

Apart from these occasions, almost too trivial to mention, Stevenson, to the certain knowledge of his wife, Mr. Osbourne, and myself, took no action whatever.

APPENDIX E.

Much has been said of the pains taken by Stevenson, and of the number of times he wrote and rewrote his work, until it satisfied him. It may be interesting to compare four drafts of the beginning of his last and greatest novel—*Weir of Hermiston*. There is none but internal evidence of the date or order of the first three of these versions. The story however, was begun in October 1892, resumed in the summer of 1893, and taken up for the last time in September 1894. To the notes given by Mr. Colvin there may be added the fact that, as early as 1869, Stevenson had written a rough unfinished ballad of a girl meeting her outlawed lover at the Cauldstaneslap, from which the poem was to take its name.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH LORD HERMISTON IS WIDOWED.

When the Court rose, and the family ^{returned} ~~came back~~ to Hermiston, it was a common remark that the lady was sore failed. She had

been always what you would call an elderly body: there was no blood of youth in the woman, ~~and little that was efficient~~ ~~nothing but piety and anxiety.~~

Her house in George Square (people said) was exceedingly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance except the cellar, and that was my lord's own concern and a place always to be mentioned with respect. When things went wrong, as they continually did, 'Keep me!' she would cry, with a little fluttering way she had, and clasp her hands. As for my lord, he would look down the table at her with his 'hanging face,' as they called it in the Parliament House. 'I think ye must have given over to the Grumbletonians, Mrs. Weir,' he would say; 'I think these broth would be better to sweem in than to sup.'

no grasp or force, nothing but piety and anxiety: a mixture of the hen, the angel, and the mouse, with perhaps most of the hen, she fled through life with a sound of whimpering and psalms.

CHAPTER I.

When the Court rose in the year one, and the family returned to Hermiston, it was a common remark in ^{all} _Λ that part of the country, that the lady was sore failed. She was known there, ~~in that~~ from a child; and her folk before her, the old 'Riding Rutherfords of Hermiston,' of whom she was the last, the men ^{ill husbands to their wives} had been famous of yore, ~~Λ all husbands to their wives, and famous~~ ^{in the country;} ill neighbours; _Λ their exploits, now that they were happily ended, had begun to be recalled with complaisance, and ^{to make} ~~made~~ a part of the local ^{legend} ~~mythology~~; and ~~people saw with~~ ^{the} it was with a sense of ~~the~~ instability and _Λ decay of things, that men beheld the high-~~handed~~ and heavy-handed race die out in the incongruous person of their last descendant. She had not been wholly without ^{at first} charm _Λ; neighbours recalled in her, as a child, a strain of elfin

wilfulness

~~gaiety~~, gentle little mutinies, sad little gaieties, even a promise of frail beauty that was not to be fulfilled. In the long generations past, while a male Rutherford was riding at the head of his spears or tossing pots and brawling in taverns, there had always been a whitefaced and silent wife immured at home in the old peel or the later mansion-house.

CHAPTER I

The Lord Justice-Clerk was a stranger in that part of the country; but his lady wife was known there from a child, ^{as} ~~and~~ her ^{had been} folk [^] before her. The old 'riding Rutherfords of Hermiston,' of whom she was the last, had been famous men of yore, ill husbands to their wives, ill neighbours in the country, ~~a blackguard~~ a high- and heavy-handed race ~~blackguard~~. Tales of them were rife in twenty miles about; ^{even found their way} ~~and some of them had sneaked into the chronicles of Scotland little enough to their repute;~~ one was hanged at his peel-door by James the Vth Fifth; one had fallen dead in a carouse with Tam Dalyell; a third, and that was Jean's own father, died at a sitting of a Hell-fire Club he had founded in Crossmichael. At that very hour he had ten pleas going, eight of them oppressive and three before the inner house.

(Final Version as printed.)

CHAPTER I.

LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. WEIR.

The Lord Justice-Clerk was a stranger in that part of the country: but his lady wife was known there from a child, as her race had been before her. The old 'riding Rutherfords of Hermiston,' of whom she was the last descendant, had been famous men of yore, ill neighbours, ill subjects, and ill husbands to their wives, though not their properties. Tales of them were rife for twenty miles about; and their name was even printed in the page of our Scots histories, not always to their

credit. One bit the dust at Flodden; one was hanged at his peel-door by James the Fifth; another fell dead in a carouse with Tom Dalyell; while a fourth (and that was Jean's own father) died presiding at a Hell-fire Club, of which he was the founder. . . . In all these generations, while a male Rutherford was in the saddle with his lads, or brawling in a change-house, there would be always a white-faced wife immured at home in the old peel or the later mansion-house. It seemed this succession of martyrs bided long, but took their vengeance in the end, and that was in the person of the last descendant, Jean. She bore the name of the Rutherfords, but she was the daughter of their trembling wives. At the first she was not wholly without charm. Neighbours recalled in her, as a child, a strain of elfin wilfulness, gentle little mutinies, sad little gaieties, even a morning gleam of beauty that was not to be fulfilled. She withered in the growing, and (whether it was the sins of her sires or the sorrows of her mothers) came to her maturity depressed, and, as it were, defaced; no blood of life in her, no grasp or gaiety; pious, anxious, tender, tearful, and incompetent. . . .

The heresy about foolish women is always punished, I have said, and Lord Hermiston began to pay the penalty at once. His house in George Square was wretchedly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance but the cellar, which was his own private care. When things went wrong at dinner, as they continually did, my lord would look up the table at his wife: 'I think these broth would be better to sweem in than to sup.' . . .

When the Court rose that year and the family returned to Hermiston, it was a common remark in all the country that the lady was sore failed.

APPENDIX F.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THIS catalogue is not in any sense a bibliography, but is intended to show as completely as possible the sequence of all Stevenson's printed writings. When any piece had been written or even begun long before it was printed, both dates have been given; otherwise it must be assumed that the manuscript went to press without delay. For obvious reasons no unprinted work has been included, nor have I cared to include ephemeral articles of no importance or trivial letter to newspapers.

I have used a table drawn up by Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, and am also under special obligation to Mr. Colvin's invaluable notes prefixed to the volumes of the Edinburgh Edition, but in every case where it was possible, I have verified the references anew. I have also, after my list was completed, seen the bibliography by Mr. E. D. North in the (New York) *Bookman* for September 1896: and since the second edition of this book was published I have had the advantage of the full *Bibliography of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Col. W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I., published by F. Hollings, 1903.

Capital letters denote the first publication in book or pamphlet form; italics the place of first magazine or periodical publication, and also the collected volume in which the piece was afterwards included.

1866.

THE PENTLAND RISING. Anonymous. Published by Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh. Dated 28th November 1866. 22 pp. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

† Published or republished in Great Britain in the limited Edinburgh Edition only, and in the case of *Miscellanea in A Stevenson Medley*. Chatto & Windus, 1899. Limited edition of 300 copies only. •

H. In collaboration with Mr. W. E. Henley.

O. In collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

428 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1868.

The Charity Bazaar : an Allegorical Dialogue. 4 pp. Privately
'printed. *Miscellanea*,† 1898.

1869.

VERSE.

The Lightkeeper. *Miscellanea*,† 1898.
To Minnie. No. VIII. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1870.

A Retrospect. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

VERSE.

The Lightkeeper. Another copy of verses. *Miscellanea*,† 1898.

1870-71.

Five Sketches: The Satirist, Nuits Blanches, The Wreath of
Immortelles, Nurses, A Character. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

1871.

Cockermouth and Keswick. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Six Papers. *Edinburgh University Magazine*, January-April
1871. One of these, An Old Scots Gardener, was repub-
lished in a revised form in *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
The other five are reprinted in *Juvenilia*,† 1896. Edin-
burgh Students in 1824, The Modern Student considered
Generally, The Philosophy of Umbrellas (with J. W. Ferrier),
Debating Societies, An Old Scotch Gardener, The Philo-
sophy of Nomenclature.

On a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses. Printed
in the *Transactions of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts*,
1871, and in *Miscellanea*,† 1898.

1873.

Memories of Colinton Manse. See vol. i. p. 40 *sqq.*

The Thermal Influence of Forests. *Proceedings of the Royal
Society of Edinburgh*. *Miscellanea*,† 1898.

On Roads. *Portfolio*, November. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

1874.

Ordered South. *Macmillan's Magazine*, May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

Lord Lytton's 'Fables in Song' (review). *Fortnightly Review*, June. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Victor Hugo's Romances. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

Movements of Young Children. *Portfolio*, August. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places *Portfolio*, November. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

1875.

AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.
Pamphlet published by Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons,
dated 12th February 1875; set up September 1874. 11 pp.
1896.†

Béranger. Article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by J. H. Ingram
(review). *Academy*, 2nd January 1875.

An Autumn Effect. *Portfolio*, April, May. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

John Knox and his Relations to Women. *Macmillan's Magazine*, September, October. *Familiar Studies*, 1887.

Two Essays on this subject also read before the Speculative Society on 3rd November 1874 and 19th January 1875.

VERSE.

'Ille Terrarum.' No II.: In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1876.

A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway. *Illustrated London News*, Summer Number, 1896. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Salvini's Macbeth. *Academy*, 15th April. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Forest Notes. *Cornhill Magazine*, May. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Walking Tours. *Cornhill Magazine*, June. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

Virginibus Puerisque, Part I. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

430 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Charles of Orleans. *Cornhill Magazine*, December. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

Jules Verne's Stories (review). *Academy*, 3rd June.

Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'; selected and arranged by John Skelton (review). *Academy*, 22nd July.

Some Portraits by Raeburn. Exhibition held in Edinburgh, October 1876. First published in *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

VERSE.

The Blast. No. VII.: In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1877.

On Falling in Love. *Cornhill Magazine*, February. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

An Apology for Idlers. *Cornhill Magazine*, July. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

Francis Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

A Lodging for the Night. *Temple Bar*, October. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.

1878.

Will o' the Mill. *Cornhill Magazine*, January. *The Merry Men*, 1887.

The Sire de Malétroit's Door. *Temple Bar*, January. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.

Crabbed Age and Youth. *Cornhill Magazine*, March. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

Aes Triplex. *Cornhill Magazine*, April. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

A Plea for Gas Lamps. *London*, 27th April. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

Pan's Pipes. *London*, 4th May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

El Dorado. *London*, 11th May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

The English Admirals. *Cornhill Magazine*, July. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

Child's Play. *Cornhill Magazine*, September. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

- New Arabian Nights.** *London*, 8th June—26th October. Book form, 1882.
- The Gospel according to Walt Whitman. *New Quarterly Magazine*, October. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- Providence and the Guitar. *London*, November 2nd—23rd. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.
- AN INLAND VOYAGE.** Published in May by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co.
- PICTURESQUE NOTES ON EDINBURGH.** *Portfolio*, June-December. Published by Seeley & Co., December.
- H. Deacon Brodie.** Rewritten in collaboration with Mr. Henley from other drafts, the earliest of which dated from 1865. Printed 1880, acted 1883, published 1892.
- Sam Bough. *Academy*, 30th November (obituary notice).
- Reflections and Remarks on Human Life (?) *Miscellanea*,† 1898

VERSE.

- A Song of the Road. No. II. *Underwoods*, 1887.
- Our Lady of the Snows. (?) No. XXIII. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1879.

- Lay Morals (written in March). *Juvenilia*,† 1896.
- Truth of Intercourse. *Cornhill Magazine*, May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES.** Published in June by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co.
- A Mountain Town in France (visit to Monastier, September 1878). Published (with sketches) in *The Studio*, Winter Number, 1896. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.
- Some Aspects of Robert Burns. *Cornhill Magazine*, October. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- The Story of a Lie. *New Quarterly Magazine*, October. Edinburgh Edition,† 1895.
- The Pavilion on the Links. *Cornhill Magazine*, next Autumn. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.
- The Amateur Emigrant. Abridged and revised, 1894. Edinburgh Edition, January 1895.†

432 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Across the Plains. Abridged and recast. *Longman's Magazine*, 1883. Book form, 1892.

Autobiography. See pp. 44*n*, 83, 86.

1880.

The Forest State : } a Romance. Published as *Prince Otto*,
The Greenwood State : } 1885.

Yoshida Torajiro. *Cornhill Magazine*, March. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

Henry David Thoreau: his Character and Opinions. *Cornhill Magazine*, June. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

The Pavilion on the Links. *Cornhill Magazine*, September, October. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.

The Old Pacific Capital (Monterey). *Fraser's Magazine*, November. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Dialogue on Character and Destiny between Two Puppets. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

H. Deacon Brodie. Privately printed.

VERSE.

'It is not yours, O mother, to complain.' (In California.)
No. xxv. *Underwoods*, 1887.

'Not yet, my soul.' *Atlantic Monthly*, October. No. xxiv.
Underwoods, 1887.

In the States. No. xxix. *Underwoods*, 1887.

The Scotsman's Return from Abroad. *Fraser's Magazine*, November. In Scots. No. xii. *Underwoods*, 1887.

To Dr. John Brown. In Scots. No. xv. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1881.

Health and Mountains. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 17th February.

Davos in Winter. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 21st February.

Alpine Diversions. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 26th February. (See page 186.)

The Stimulation of the Alps. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 5th March. (See page 180.)

Morality of 'the Profession of Letters. *Fortnightly Review*, April. *Later Essays*. † 1895.

- VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE. Published in April by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.: including the second essay and 'Some Portraits by Raeburn,' not before published.
- Samuel Pepys. *Cornhill Magazine*, July. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- Thrawn Janet. *Cornhill Magazine*, October. *The Merry Men*, 1887.
- Treasure Island. *Young Folks*, 1st October 1881—28th January 1882. Book form, 1883.
- The Merry Men. Written June, published 1882.
- The Body Snatcher. Written June, published 1884.

VERSE.

- Et tu in Arcadia vixisti. *Cornhill Magazine*, February. No. xv. *Underwoods*, 1887.
- In Memoriam F. A. S. No. xxvii. *Underwoods*, 1887.
- Not I, and other Poems. The Davos Press. *Miscellanea*,† 1898.
- First seventeen numbers of A Child's Garden of Verses. Published 1885.

1882.

- Talk and Talkers, I. *Cornhill Magazine*, April. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
- Talk and Talkers, II. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
- Byways of Book Illustration. Bagster's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' *Magazine of Art*, February. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.
- The Foreigner at Home. *Cornhill Magazine*, May. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
- Byways of Book Illustration. Two Japanese Romances. *Magazine of Art*, November. (See p. 263.)
- FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. Published in March by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.
- NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. 2 vols, published in August by Messrs. Chatto & Windus (written 1878). 2nd edition, November.
- A Gossip on Romance. *Longman's Magazine*, November (written in February). *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
- The Silverado Squatters. Written in the beginning of the year.

434 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Merry Men (written 1881). *Cornhill Magazine*, June, July.
Book form, 1887.

VERSE.

The Celestial Surgeon. No. XXII. *Underwoods*, 1887.

Moral Emblems: Second Collection. Osbourne Press. *Miscellanea*, 1898.

The Graver and the Pen. Osbourne Press. *Miscellanea*, 1898.

Moral Tales. Osbourne Press. *Miscellanea*, 1898.

1883.

The Treasure of Franchard. *Longman's Magazine*, April, May.
The Merry Men, 1887.

A Modern Cosmopolis (San Francisco). *Magazine of Art*, May.
Edinburgh Edition, 1895.† Written 1880?

The Black Arrow, a Tale of Tunstall Forest, by Captain George
North. *Young Folks*, 30th June—20th October. Book
form, 1888.

Across the Plains (written 1879). *Longman's Magazine* (condensed), July, August. Book form, 1892.

A Note on Realism. *Magazine of Art*, November. *Later Essays*, 1895.†

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. *Century Magazine*, in part,
November, December. Published in book form in December
by Messrs Chatto & Windus.

TREASURE ISLAND. Published in December by Messrs. Cassell
& Co. (Written 1881; serial form, 1881-82.)

1884.

The Character of Dogs. *English Illustrated Magazine*, February.
Memories and Portraits, 1887.

A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured. *Magazine of Art*,
April. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

Old Mortality. *Longman's Magazine*, May. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

Fontainebleau. *Magazine of Art*, May, June. *Later Essays*,
1895.

A Humble Remonstrance. *Longman's Magazine*, December.
Memories and Portraits, 1887.

The Body Snatcher. *Pall Mall Gazette*. Christmas Number.

The Ideal House. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

H. Beau Austin. } Privately printed. Published by David
H. Admiral Guinea. } Nutt, 1892; and W. Heinemann, 1896.

VERSE.

Requiem. No. XXI. *Underwoods*, 1897.

No. IV. : In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.

No. XLI. *Child's Garden. Magazine of Art*, March. Nos. XVI.,
XXV., XXIII., July. Nos. VIII., X & VII., September.

Nos. VI. IV. *Underwoods. Magazine of Art*, November,
December.

1885.

PRINCE OTTO. *Longman's Magazine*, April-October. Published
by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in November. (See 1880.)

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. In collaboration with Mrs.
Stevenson. Published by Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.
in May.

On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature. *Con-
temporary Review*, April. *Later Essays*, † 1895.

Markheim: *The Broken Shaft*. Unwin's Annual, Christmas
Number. (Written in 1884.) *The Merry Men*, 1887.

Olalla. *Court and Society Review*, Christmas Number. *The
Merry Men*, 1887.

The Great North Road (February). *Illustrated London News*,
Christmas Number, 1895. Edinburgh Edition, 1897. †

Fleeming Jenkin. *Academy*, 20th June (obituary notice).

H. Macaire. Privately printed. Published *New Review*, 1895;
and W. Heinemann, 1896.

VERSE.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. Published in March by Messrs.
Longmans, Green & Co. (Written by degrees since 1881.)

1886.

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. Published in
January by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

KIDNAPPED. *Young Folks*, 1st May—1st July. Published in
July by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Some College Memories. Printed in *The New Amphion*, being
the Book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair,
December. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

436 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VERSE.

- No. II. *Underwoods. Magazine of Art*, January.
 The Counterblast. No. VIII. : In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 To Will H. Low. No. XI. *Underwoods*, 1887. *Century Magazine*, May.
 To Mrs. Low. No. XII. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 No. VII. *Underwoods. Magazine of Art*, June (written 1884).
 Two Sonnets in William Sharp's *Sonnets of this Century*.

1887.

- THE MERRY MEN, AND OTHER TALES. Published in February by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.
 Pastoral. *Longman's Magazine*, April. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 The Day after To-morrow. *Contemporary Review*, April. *Later Essays*,† 1895.
 Books which have Influenced Me. *British Weekly*, 13th May. *Later Essays*,† 1895.
 The Manse. *Scribner's Magazine*, May. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 Thomas Stevenson. *Contemporary Review*, June. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. Including A College Magazine, Memories of an Islet, A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas; not before published. Published in December by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.
 Misadventures of John Nicholson. *Yule-Tide* (Cassell's *Christmas Annual*). Edinburgh Edition, 1897.†
 Fables. Begun.
 The Master of Ballantrae. Begun December.

VERSE.

- A Mile and a Bittock. *Leisure Hour*. January. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 A Lowden Sabbath Morn. } *The Scottish Church*, April. *Under-*
 Ille Terrarum. } *woods*, 1887.
 UNDERWOODS. Published in August by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. • 2nd edition, October.
 Ticonderoga. *Scribner's Magazine*, December. *Ballads*, 1891
 No. XLII. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

Winter. *Court and Society Review*, December 1887. No. xvii.
Songs of Travel, 1895.

1888.

Twelve Articles in *Scribner's Magazine*.

A Chapter on Dreams. January *Across the Plains*, 1892.

The Lantern Bearers. February *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Beggars. March. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Pulvis et Umbra. April. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Gentlemen. May.

Some Gentlemen in Fiction. June.

Popular Authors. July.

Epilogue to an Inland Voyage. August. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Letter to a Young Gentleman who proposes to embrace the
 Career of Art. September. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Contributions to the History of Fife. October. *Across
 the Plains*, 1892.

The Education of an Engineer. November. *Across the
 Plains*, 1892.

A Christmas Sermon. December. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

MEMOIR OF FLEEMING JENKIN. Published in January by Messrs.
 Longmans, Green & Co. (Began in 1886.)

THE BLACK ARROW. Published in August by Messrs. Cassell
 & Co. (Serial, 1883.)

The Master of Ballantrae. *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1888
 —October 1889.

H. Deacon Brodie. Revised version: privately printed.

VERSE.

The Song of Rahero. Published in *Ballads*, 1891.

The Feast of Famine. Published in *Ballads*, 1891.

Christmas at Sea. *Scots Observer*, 22nd December. Published
 in *Ballads*, 1891.

'Home no more Home to Me.' xvi. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

To an Island Princess. xxviii. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

1889.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. Published in September by
 Messrs. Cassell & Co.

438 LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

O. THE WRONG BOX. Published in June by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

First Letter to the *Times* on Samoan Affairs. The *Times* of March 11th.†

O. The Wrecker begun.

VERSE.

No. xvi. *Songs of Travel*. *Scots Observer*, 19th January. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

In Memoriam E. H. *Scots Observer*, 11th May. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

Nos. xxix.-xxxvii. *Songs of Travel* written.

1890.

FATHER DAMIEN: an Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu. Pamphlet privately printed at Sydney, 27th March; in the *Scots Observer*, May 3rd and 10th; and afterwards by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

The Vailima Letters to Mr. Colvin begun. Published by Messrs. Methuen, 1895.

THE SOUTH SEAS: a Record of Three Cruises. Privately printed. (The first fifteen of the five-and-thirty letters afterwards published as *In the South Seas*. Edinburgh Edition, 1896. Messrs. Chatto & Windus, 1900.)

VERSE.

No. xxxv. *Songs of Travel*. *Scots Observer*, 5th April.

The Woodman. No. xxxviii. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

Tropic Rain. No. xxxix. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

No. xxxvii. *Songs of Travel*. *Scribner's Magazine*, July.

1891.

O. The Wrecker. *Scribner's Magazine*, August 1891—July 1892.

In the South Seas. *Black and White*, February—December.

The Bottle Imp. *Black and White*, 28th March, 4th April. *Island Nights' Entertainments*, 1893.

Second Letter on Samoan Affairs. The *Times* of 17th November.

VERSE.

BALLADS. Published in January by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

1892.

ACROSS THE PLAINS, WITH OTHER MEMORIES AND ESSAYS.

Published in April by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

O. THE WRECKER. Published in July by Messrs. Cassell & Co.
 A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY. Published in August by Messrs.
 Cassell & Co.

The Beach of Falesa. *Illustrated London News*, 2nd July—6th
 August, as 'Uma.' *Island Night's Entertainments*, 1893.

The Young Chevalier. Begun in May. Edinburgh Edition, 1897.†

Weir of Hermiston. Begun in October. Published in 1896.

An Object of Pity. Privately printed.

H. THREE PLAYS. Deacon Brodie Beau Austin: Admiral
 Guinea. Published by D. Nutt.

Letters on Samoan Affairs. The *Tin's* of 4th June, 23rd July,
 19th August, 17th October.†

1893.

CATRIONA. *Atalanta*, January—May. Published in September
 by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

The Isle of Voices. *National Observer*, 4th-25th February.
Island Nights' Entertainments.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Published in April by
 Messrs. Cassell & Co.

O. The Ebb Tide. *To-Day*, November 1893—February 1894.

St. Ives. Begun January.

Heathercat. Begun in December. Edinburgh Edition, 1897.†

A Family of Engineers. In course of writing. Edinburgh
 Edition, 1896.†

Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Random Memories: 'Rosa quo Locorum.' *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

Letter on Samoan Affairs. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 4th September.†

Vailima Prayers. *Juvenilia*,† 1896. See *ante*, p. 196.

VERSE.

'God, if this were faith.' No. xxv. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

1894.

O. THE EBB TIDE. Published in September by Messrs Heine-
 mann.

My First Book: Treasure Island. The *Literary Digest*, August. *Juven-
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Letters on Samoan Affairs. The *Times* of 2nd and 30th June.†

Vailima Prayers. *Juvenilia*,† 1896. See *ante*, p. 196.

INDEX

- ACADEMY, The*, 125, 135, 140, 192 *n.*, 429-31.
 Academy, Edinburgh, 52.
 Accidie, 195
Across the Plains, 166, 432, 434, 438.
 Adams, H., 340.
 Adirondacks, *The*, 244-52.
Admiral Guinea, 219, 220, 435, 439.
Admirals, The English, 430.
Aes Triplex, 430.
 Ah Fu, 272, 281, 299.
 Ala Loto Alofa, 323, 341, 367.
 Allen, Grant, 152.
 Alps, *The*, 180.
Amateur Emigrant, The, 161, 164-6, 172, 178, 431.
 Anderson, Dr., 370.
 Antwerp, 127.
 Apemama, 294-98.
 Apia, 299, 310, 322, 332, 339, 344.
Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, 140, 429.
 Appin Murder, 194, 200, 391.
 Appleton, Dr., 125.
Arabian Nights, 48.
 Archer, William, 136, 220, 224, 226.
 Arnold, Matthew, 233.
Art, Young Gentleman proposing to embrace the Career of, 437.
 Arts, Royal Scottish Society of, 85, 104, 428.
Atalanta, 439.
 Athenæum Club, 244.
Atlantic Monthly, 432.
 Atolls, 258 *n.*, 273, 290, 307.
 Auckland, 307, 366.
 'Auntie' (see Balfour, Miss Jane).
 Australia (see Sydney).
 Autobiography (see Stevenson, R. L.).
Autumn Effect, An, 126, 140, 429.
- BARINGTON, Professor and Mrs. Churchill, 111.
 Baden, 159.
 Baden Baden, 106.
 Baden Powell, W., 143.
 Baildo, H. Bellyse, 53, 54, 62, 67.
 Balfour, David, 10 *n.*, 11, 356, 387.
 BALFOUR, Family, 10, 11, 13.
 — meaning of name, 15.
 — I. George W., 178, 240.
 — Inspector-General John, 247.
 — Miss Jane ('Auntie'), 12, 44-7, 53, 63.
 — Rev. Dr. Lewis (grandfather of R. L. S.), 10-13, 44, 46, 48.
Ballad, 278, 436, 437, 438.
 Ballantree, 127.
 — *The Master of*, 239, 246, 250, 277, 280, 437.
 Balzac, 102, 124.
 Bancroft's *History of the United States*, 166.
 Barbey d'Aureville, 358.
 Barbizon, 129-132, 169, 188.
 Barclay, T., 123.
 Barge voyage, proposed, 153.
 Barker, Mrs. Sale, 192.
 Bartie, J. M., 29 *n.*, 76, 189, 340, 341.
 Baudelaire, 100, 387.
 Baxter, Charles, 76; friendship, 88, 121, 172, 212, 215, 248, 364, 368; letters to, 29 *n.*, 174, 175, 195, 232, 282, 306.
 — Edmund, 122.
 Baxter's Place, 9, 18, 19, 342.
 'Beach, The,' 299, 300.
Beach of Falesa, The, 298, 354, 365, 439.
Beau Austin, 219, 220, 435, 439.
 Beethoven, 124, 250.
Beggars, 437.
 Bell Rock, 7, 8, 10.
 Bentley, Messrs., 193.
Béranger, 140, 429.
 Berlin Treaty, 347, 356, 417, 422.
 Bernhardt, Sarah, 135, 154.

- Besant, Sir Walter, 227.
 Bishop, Mrs., 285.
Black Arrow, The, 207, 434, 437.
Black and White, 438.
Blackwood's Magazine, 142.
 Blair Athol, 177.
 Board of Northern Lighthouses, 3, 7, 21, 85 n.
Body Snatcher, The, 188, 221, 433, 434.
 'Bogue', 178, 185, 187, 223.
 Boodie, Miss A., 224, 360.
 Books (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).
 — written by R. L. S., 427.
Bottle Imp, The, 325, 346, 438.
 Bournemouth, 217-39, 241.
 Boycotting, 237, 238.
 Braemar, 191.
 Brash, 187.
 Braxfield, Lord, 394.
 Brenner Pass, 61, 159.
 Bridge of Allan, 31.
 British Museum, 217, 235.
British Weekly, 436.
 Brohan, Mme, 154, 267.
 Broisat, Mlle, 154, 267.
 Brown, R. Glasgow, 151, 156.
 — Rev. George, 342.
 — Horatio F., 61, 196, 231.
 — Dr. John, 187.
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 100, 400.
 Browning, Robert, 100, 104, 236.
 Brussels, 127.
 Buckinghamshire, 126.
 Buckland, Jack, 306.
 Bunyan, 33, 98, 215, 433.
 Burford Bridge, 152, 154, 200.
 Burgess, Gelett, 375.
 Burlingame, E. L., 243.
 Burne-Jones, Sir E., 125, 236.
 Burns, Robert, 98 n., 139, 141.
Burns, Some Aspects of Robert, 431.
 Butaritari, 292, 298.
 CAERKETTON, 74 n., 122.
 California, 79, 162, 166-176, 252-256.
 Californian newspapers, 170.
Calliope, H.M.S., 282, 321.
 Cambridge, 106, 111, 124, 126, 142, 234.
 Campagne Defii, 203-5.
 Canoeing, 76, 122, 142.
 Carlyle, Thomas, 125, 318.
Carrick and Galloway, A Winter's Walk in, 127, 429.
Casco, The (yacht), 253-280; masts rotten, 276.
 Cassell and Co., Messrs., 206, 232, 434-37, 439.
Cassell's Family Paper, 36.
 Catboats, 252, 253, 274.
Catriona, 13, 169, 189, 250; written, 356, 439.
 Cauldstaneslap, 423.
 Cavalier, Jean, 190.
Celestial Surgeon, The, 195, 434.
 Celtic Race, 15, 23, 24, 238.
Century Magazine, 206, 243, 434, 436.
 Cernay la Ville, 128, 132, 162, 169.
 Cevennes (*see* *Travels*).
 Chalmers, Rev. James ('Tamate'), 343.
 Champneys, Basil, 124.
Charity Bazaar, The, 428.
Charles of Orleans, 140, 430.
 Chatto and Windus, Messrs., 201, 433-36, 438.
 Chaucer, 100.
 Children, 116, 429.
Child's Garden of Verses, A, 34 n., 35, 40, 43 n., 192, 206, 214, 228, 387, 435.
Child's Play, 49, 55, 387, 430.
 Chismore, Dr. G., 255.
Christmas at Sea, A, 437.
Christmas Sermon, A, 437.
Church of Scotland, An Appeal to the Clergy of the, 140, 429.
 Clark, Sir Andrew, 113, 178, 201, 202.
 Clarke, Rev. W. E., 300, 301, 303, 342, 371, 373.
 Clemens, S. ('Mark Twain'), 252.
 Clifford, W. K., 124 n.
 Clough, A. H., 114.
 Cockburn, Lord, 9, 74 n.
Cockermouth and Keswick, 104, 428.
 Cockfield Rectory, 111.
 Colinton Manse, 10, 12, 31, 40-8, 53, 59, 67, 104, 428, 436.
 Collaboration (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).
College Memories, Some, 435.
 Colvin, Sydney, first meeting, 111; with R. L. S., 115-7, 124, 146, 176, 191, 201, 205, 217, 223, 234, 235, 241; services, 111, 115, 128, 193, 217, 232, 364; quoted, 48, 239, 390, 430.
 Congreve, 89, 100.
Contemporary Review, 435, 436.
 Copra, 292.
Cormorant, H.M.S., 283, 341.
 Cornford, L. Cope, 152 n.

Cornhill Magazine, 138, 139, 141, 142,
151, 172, 201, 429-34.
Cornwall, 152, 153.
Country Dance, A, 141.
Court and Society Review, 435, 436. ✓
Covenanters, The, 35, 36, 55, 67, 68,
78, 104.
Crabbed Age and Youth, 430.
Critical Kitts (Gosse), 146-8.
Crockett, S. R., 281, 385.
Croquet, 286, 336.
Cummie (*see* Cunningham).
Cunningham, Alison (Cummie, his
nurse), 33, 34-7, 39, 46.
Curaçoa, H.M.S., 340.
Curtin family, 238.

DAMIEN, Father, 283-5, 305.
Damien, Father, An Open Letter, 306,
438.
Damon, Rev. F., 342.
Dancing (*see* Stevenson, R. L.)
Davos, 179-87, 193-200, 202, 215,
432.
— Press, 199, 200, 433.
Day after To-morrow, The, 436.
Deacon Brodie, 67, 161, 162, 215, 218,
243, 431, 432, 439.
de Coetlogon, Colonel, 300.
de Mattos, Mrs., 223, 236.
Defoe, 64, 100.
Delaunay, 136, 154.
Devonia, s.s., 164.
Dialect (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).
Dialogue between Two Puppets, 173,
432.
Dobson, Austin, 140, 395.
Doctor Jekyll (*see* *Strange Story*).
Dogs, 23 (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).
Dogs, The Character of, 434.
Dreams, A Chapter on, 437.
Dreams, Stevenson's use of, 228-31.
Duddingston Loch, 76, 122.
Dumas, A., the elder, 63, 75, 98 n.,
101.
— the younger, 136.
Dumas, A Gossip on a Novel of,
436.
Dunoon, 104.
Dynamite in Samoa, 348, 350, 418.
Dynamiter, The, 214, 221, 228, 435.
Dynamiters, 398.

EARRAID, 72, 189, 358.
Ebb-Tide, The, 249, 359, 439.
Edinburgh, 3-162, 177, 192, 239.

Edinburgh Academy, 52.
— Edition, 368.
— Royal Society of, 21, 104, 428.
Edinburgh University, 5, 6, 69, 72,
77-8.; 190, 435.
— — Magazine, 103, 189, 428.
Edinburgh, Picturesque Notes on, 74,
126, 144, 151, 158, 431.
Eeles, Commander, 340.
El Dorado, 330.
Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne,
The barge, 153.
Encyclopedia Britannica, 140, 141.
Engineer, The Education of an, 70,
437.
Engineering, 69-73, 79, 85, 400.
Engineers, A Family of, 2-9, 16, 353,
439.
English Admirals, The, 430.
Equalizer, The (schooner), 288, 291-
99.
Examinations (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).
Exeter 234.

FABLES, 359, 436.
Fables in Song (review), 429.
Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 243.
Fakarava, 273.
Familiar Studies of Men and Books,
194, 433.
Family of Engineers, A, 2-9, 16, 353,
439.
Feast of Famine, The, 278, 437.
Fergusson, Robert, 84, 141.
Ferrier, J. W., 89, 103; death of, 208,
209, 212.
— Miss, 213, 223.
Fielding, 98 n.
Fife, Contributions to the History of,
437.
First Book, My (Treasure Island),
192, 439.
Fontainebleau, Forest of, 118, 128-
31.
Fontainebleau, 129-32, 434.
Footnote to History, A, 355, 439.
Foreigner at Home, The, 53, 111,
433.
Forest Notes, 429.
Forests, The Thermal Influence of,
104, 428.
Fortnightly Review, 429.
Four Great Scotsmen, 139.
France, 59-61, 128-37, 143-6, 149-58,
162, 188, 203-15, 234-35, 240.
Frankfurt, 106.

- Franklin, Benjamin, 173.
Fraser's Magazine, 177, 432.
 French colonies, 258, 273, 275, 305, 310.
 — language (see Stevenson, R. L.).
 — literature, 140, 151.
 — metres, 140.
 — poetry, 140.
 Funk, Dr., 370.
- GÆLIC, 187, 281.
 Galapagos, 255.
 Galloway, 127.
Gas Lamps, A Plea for, 430.
Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae, 246, 439.
 German (see Stevenson, R. L.).
 Germany, 59, 106, 127.
 Gilbert Islands, 283, 290-8, 307.
 Gilder, R. W., 206, 235.
 Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., 81 n., 152, 211, 222, 237.
 Glencorse, 107.
 Glenogil, 76.
 Goethe, 102, 106.
 Gordon, General, 237, 343.
 Gordon-Cumming, Miss, 276.
 Gosse, Edmund, reminiscences, 36, 146-9, 318; quoted, 174, 221, 318, 321, 391; services, 179, 190, 194.
Gossip on a Novel of Dumas, 98 n., 436.
Gossip on Romance, A, 195, 384, 433.
Graver and the Pen, The, 200, 434.
Great North Road, The, 222, 435.
 Greek (see Stevenson, R. L.).
 Greek Islands, projected visit to, 210.
 Greenaway, Miss Kate, 192.
 Grey, Sir George, 366.
 Grez, 132, 145.
- HACKSTON of Rathillet, 67, 104.
 Haggard, Bazett M., 339, 345.
Hair Trunk, The, 142.
 Halkerside, 75.
 Hamerton, P. G., 113.
Hanging Judge, The, 219.
 Hardy, Thomas, 234.
 Hawaii, island of, 283.
 Hawaiian Kingdom, 279-89.
 Hawthorne, 100, 159, 173.
 Hazlitt, 98 n., 100, 193, 195.
Heathercat, 439.
 Heine, 98 n., 106, 193.
 Henderson, A. (publisher), 192, 207, 232.
- Henderson, H. (of Sydney), 306, 308.
 — (schoolmaster), 52, 54, 55.
 Henley, William Ernest, first meeting, 123; services, 151, 152, 215; with R. L. S., 212, 223, 224, 234; quoted, 88 n., 376, 390; influence, 136; collaboration, 160, 162, 219, 427, 435; letters to, 170, 208, 228; music, 124, 225.
 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, 30, 33, 73, 119, 197.
 Highlands, 70, 177, 188, 191, 201, 264.
 — History of, projected, 180, 187, 194.
 Hird, B., 306, 308.
 Homburg, 59, 127.
 'Home no more home to me,' 278, 437.
 Honolulu, 279-89, 366.
 Horace, 98 n., 184.
 Hoskyns, Dr., 340.
Hugo's Romances, Victor, 139, 429.
Humble Remonstrance, A, 227, 434.
 Hume, 139.
 Hunter, Robert, 122.
 Hyde, Rev. Dr., of Honolulu, 305.
 Hyères, 205-15.
- IDDLESLEIGH, Lord, 233.
 Ide, Chief-Justice of Samoa, 339.
Ideal House, The, 324, 434.
 Idler, 439.
Idlers, An Apology for, 102, 151, 430.
 Iles, G., Letter to, 357, 385.
Illustrated London News, 435, 439.
In the South Seas (see *South Seas*).
 Indian Mutiny, 249, 268, 360.
 Initials R. L. S., 29 n., 141, 201.
Inland Voyage, An, 126, 127; taken, 142, 144, 151, 155; published, 158; bought back, 211, 387, 431.
 — *Epilogue to*, 127, 437.
 Ireland, 237, 238.
 Irving, Sir Henry, 135.
Island Nights' Entertainments, 306, 439.
Isle of Voices, The, 439.
- 'JACK,' 328, 337.
 James, Henry, 224, 227.
Janet Nicoll, s.s., 306-9.
 Japanese, 172, 263.
 Japp, Dr. A. Hay, 191.
Jekyll and Hyde (see *Strange Story of*).

- Jenkin, Fleeming, meeting, 94-6, 119, 124, 127, 223; secretary to, 76, 154; acting, 76, 121, 135, 136, 154; death, 209, 225.
 — Mrs., 95, 96, 127, 223, 225, 236.
Jenkin, Memoir of Fleeming, 96, 225, 236, 437.
 Jersey, Lady, 340, 366.
 'Jink,' 91-4.
 Joar of Arc, 140.
 Journalism (*see* Stevenson).
 KALAKAUA, King, 282, 289.
 Kanaka, 264 n.
 Kava, 333, 336.
 Keats, 98 n., 100, 101, 108, 154, 314.
 Kegan Paul, Messrs. (*see* Paul).
King Matthias' Hunting Horn, 141.
 Kingsley, Charles, 32 n., 270.
 — Mary, 265.
 Kingussie, 201.
 Kipling, Rudyard, 340, 386.
 Knox, John, 125, 139-40, 194, 429.
 Kriegspiel, 196.
 LAFARGE, J., 340.
 Lakes, the English, 59, 104.
 Lamb, Charles, 100.
 Lang, Andrew, first meeting, 117; quoted, 136, 211, 233, 357; help, 124 n., 221, 356; poems, 50 n., 140; devil-box for, 296.
Lantern Bearers, The, 57, 437.
 Latin, 4, 22, 55, 317.
 Law student (*see* Stevenson).
 Lawes, Rev. F. E., 342.
Lay Morals, 81, 114, 162, 209, 383, 431.
Ledger, New York, 248.
 Leith, Water of, 30, 39, 40, 86.
 Lemon, Arthur, 326.
 Lepers, 283-6, 288.
Letter to a Young Gentleman, etc., 437.
Letters, Morality of the Profession of, 432.
Light, On a New Form of Intermittent, 69, 85, 104, 428.
 Lighthouses, 4, 7, 9, 21, 59, 71, 72.
 L. J. R., 90, 113.
Lodging for the Night, A, 144, 151, 430.
 Loing, 126, 153.
 Loire, 143.
 London, 59, 113, 118, 124, 146-9, 154, 160-2, 178, 192, 215, 233, 235, 241.
 London, 151, 430, 431.
 Longman, C. J., 230.
 — Messrs., 230, 359, 435, 437, 438.
Longman's Magazine, 228, 433-6.
 Loti, P. erre, 265, 276.
Love, On Falling in, 430.
 Low, Vill H., 132 n., 135, 210, 234, 236, 43, 253.
 — M. s., 234, 243.
Lowden Sabbath Morn, 436.
 Lowell, J. R., 236.
Ludgate Hill, s.s., 241.
 Lytton, Lord, 231, 429.
 MACA. RE, 219, 220, 435.
Macbet, 63, 135, 429.
 M'Clui, S., 248, 254, 309.
 Macgregor, clan, 14.
 Mackay, Sheriff Aeneas J. G., 190, 281 n.
Macmillan's Magazine, 139, 151, 429.
 Madeira, 283, 304.
Magazine of Art, 211, 433-6.
 Mahetoi Laupepa, King of Samoa, 347, 349, 422.
 Malua, Address given at, 301; text of, 403.
 Manasquan, 253.
Manse, The (Colinton), 12, 39, 436.
 Manua, 312, 340.
 Markheim, 221, 435.
 Marquesas, The, 255, 258, 261-3.
Marquis de Villemer, 154, 267.
Master of Ballantrae, The, 239, 246-50, 277, 280, 437, 439.
Memories and Portraits, 12, 34 n., 39, 72, 77, 98, 103, 244, 436.
 Mentone, 59, 113-7.
 Meredith, George, visits, 154, 162, 200; correspondence, 228, 386; poems, 211.
Merry Men, The, 188, 189, 358, 433, 434, 436.
 Micronesians, 291.
Misadventures of John Nicholson, 436.
 Missionaries, 35, 269, 292, 293, 295, 300, 342, 403, 409.
Missions in the South Seas, Address by R. L. S., 268, 301; text of, 409, 437.
 Moe, Princess, 276, 277.
 Mohr, James, 357.
 Molloy, J. L., 143.
 Molokai, 283-8, 308, 343.

Monastier, 128, 157, 158, 199.

Monterey, 166-70, 432.

Montpellier, 203.

Moors, H. J., 300.

Moral Emblems, 199, 433.

— *Tales*, 434.

Morality of the Profession of Letters, 432.

More New Arabian Nights, 214, 220, 227, 435.

Moret, 153.

Morris, William, 100.

Moses, History of, 39.

Mountain Town in France, A, 431.

Murder-book, proposed, 194.

Music (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).

My First Book (Treasure Island), 192, 439.

NAMES, importance attached to, 189.

Napier, Mrs., reminiscences, 60.

National Observer, 439.

Naval Officers, 283, 340.

Navigator Islands (*see* Samoa).

Nemours, 133, 153.

New Arabian Nights, origin, 152; 144, 151, 157, 201, 431, 433.

— *More*, 214, 220, 228, 435.

New Form of Intermittent Light, A, 69, 85, 104, 428.

Newell, Rev. J. E., 301, 375.

New York, 166, 176, 243, 252, 253.

Nice, 59, 63, 212.

Noctes Ambrosiana, 430.

'North, Capt. George,' 193, 208.

North Berwick, 31, 57, 169.

Northern Lighthouses, Board of, 3, 7, 21, 85 n.

Noumea, 310.

Nukahiva, 261-271.

Nurse (*see* Cunningham).

Nurses, 35, 392, 428.

OA, Bay of, 314.

Obermann, 98 n., 100.

Object of Pity, An, 439.

Oise, 127, 153.

Olalla, 232, 435.

Old Mortality (essay), 27, 89 n., 208, 434.

Old Scots Gardener, An, 75, 103, 428.

Ordered South, 114, 180, 429.

Ori a Ori, 277-9, 294.

Osbourne, Mrs. (*see* Stevenson, Mrs. R. L.).

Osbourne, Lloyd, with R. L. S., 145, 176, 183, 199, 218, 229, 271, 291; collaborates, 248, 291, 353, 359, 360, 427, 438, 439; quoted, 61, 197, 229, 230, 235, 249, 279, 337, 341, 362, 369-74, 395; at Vailima, 326, 327, 328, 337, 345, 346.

Otis, Capt., 254, 274, 276.

Owl, The, 359.

Oxford, 117, 126.

PACIFIC, 253-375.

Paget, Right Rev. Dr., 195 n.

Pagopago, 312.

Pall Mall Gazette, 142, 180, 186, 221,

432, 434, 439.

Pan's Pipes, 430.

Paris, 117, 128, 133, 149, 154, 188, 203, 235.

Parnassiens, Les, projected article on, 140.

Paston Letters, 207.

Pastoral, 75, 436.

Pater, Walter, 318.

Paul, Messrs. Kegan, & Co., 155, 211, 431, 433.

Paul, Sir James Balfour, 280.

Paumotu, The, 272-4, 279.

Pavilion on the Links, The, 169, 431.

Payn, James, 201, 211, 284.

Peebles, 54, 56.

Peiwar, 196.

Pembroke, Earl of, 354.

Penn, William, 173.

Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured, A, 48, 50, 434.

Penny Whistles (*see* *Child's Garden*).

Penrhyn Island, 308.

Pentland Hills, 74, 75, 122, 162.

— *Rising*, The, 67, 68, 104, 427.

Pepys, 62, 98, 187, 433.

Pharos, s.s., 71, 251.

Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh, 74,

85, 126, 144, 151, 158, 431.

Pilsach, Baron Senfft von, 348, 417-22.

Pitlochry, 188, 247.

Plea for Gas Lamps, A., 430.

Poe, Edgar Allan, 173, 429.

Politics (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).

Pollock, W. H., 125, 211.

Polynesians, 262, 287, 291.

Porter, Bruce, 375.

Portfolio, The, 113, 120, 139, 428, 429.

- Prince Otto*, 101, 173, 207, 211, 212, 228, 435.
Providence and the Guitar, 152, 210, 431.
 Publishers, 155, 206, 211, 230, 244, 427-39.
Pulvis et Umbra, 437.
- QUEENSFERRY, 76, 122.
 Quiller Couch, A. T., 365.
- RAEBURN, *Some Portraits by*, 143, 187, 430, 433.
Rahero, The Song of, 278, 437.
Rajah's Diamond, The, 152, 431, 433.
 Raleigh, Prof. Walter, 389, 392.
Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, projected, 141.
Random Memories, 70, 437, 439.
Realism, A Note on, 211, 434.
Reflections and Remarks on Human Life, 431.
 Reid, Capt. D., 288, 291, 294.
Requiem, 214, 375, 435.
Retrospect, A., 104, 428.
 Rhone, 61, 235.
 Richmond, 218.
 Riviera, 59, 113-7, 128, 203-15.
 Road of the Loving Heart, 323, 341, 367.
Roads, On, 9, 112, 113, 139, 428.
Rob Roy, 64.
 Roch, Valentine, 206, 241, 245, 281.
 Rodin, 235, 326.
Romance, A Gossip on, 433.
 Rome, 59, 60, 61, 318.
Rosa quo Locorum, 48, 65, 432.
 Ross, Dr. Fairfax, 366.
 Royal Society of Edinburgh, 21, 104, 428.
 Royat, 208, 215.
 Runciman, James, 152.
 Russian friends, 60, 116, 117.
- ST. GAUDENS, A., 243.
 St. Germain, 188.
St. Ives, 74, 358, 369, 439.
 St. Marcel, 203-5.
 Salvini, 135, 154, 429.
 Samoa, 142; first arrival, 282, 299; return, 310; life in, 320.
 — advantages and drawbacks, 365.
 — climate, 334.
 — hurricane, 282.
 — mails, 305.
- Samoa natives, 301, 326, 334, 337, 351, 371.
 — products, 332.
 Samoan language, 299 n., 345.
 — politics, 347, 417, 438, 439.
 Sand, George, 64, 114.
 San Francisco, 166, 170-5, 253-6, 375, 434.
 Saranac, 244, 252.
 Sargent J. S., 224, 325.
Saturday Review, 112, 125, 139, 211.
 Savile Club, 124-5, 146, 148, 161.
 Schmid, President, 339.
Schoolboy's Magazine, The, 65.
 Schooners, 123, 253, 288.
 Schwob Marcel, 151.
Scots Observer, 306, 437, 438.
Scotsman's Return from Abroad, A, 177, 32.
 Scott, I. R. T. Bodley, 224, 240.
 — St. Walter, 9, 63, 64, 77, 98 n., 105, 15, 139, 384, 386.
 Scribner, Charles, 243.
 — Missis., 206, 248.
Scribner's Magazine, 243, 280, 385, 436-8.
 Seed, Hon. J., 142.
 Seine, 143, 153.
 Servants, 311, 326, 329.
 Sewall, Harold, 311.
 Shakespeare, 63, 98 n., 249.
 Shelley, Sir Percy, 224, 370.
 — Lady, 224.
 Shetland, 71.
Shovels of Newtown French, The, 355.
Silverado Squatters, The, 171, 176, 195, 206, 434.
 Siméon, Père, 269.
 Simoneau's, 168.
 Simpson, Sir Walter, described, 89; canoeing, 76, 127, 142, 143; yachting, 123; with R. L. S., 106, 126, 128, 145, 152; presents Woggs, 178.
Sire de Malétroit's Door, The, 152, 430.
 Siron's, 129-31.
 Sitwell, Mrs., 111, 114, 187.
 Skelt, 50, 56.
 Skene, W. F., 105.
 Skerryvore house, 222-41.
 — reef, 9.
 Smith, Rev. G. (of Galston), 11.
 — Thomas (grandfather), 3-5.
 Solitude, La (Hyères), 205-15.
Song of the Morrow, The, 360.

Songs of Travel, 438, 439.

Sophia Scarlet, 355, 357.

Sosimo, 327, 370, 371.

South Seas, 253-375.

South Seas, In the, 254, 258, 309, 311, 352, 438.

Speculative Society, The, 77-9, 81 n., 103, 140.

Spencer, Herbert, 94, 97, 98 n.

Spring, 141.

Spring Grove School, 52.

Stanilao, Prince, 266-8.

Stephen, Leslie, 123, 125, 139, 141, 201.

Sterne, 98 n., 193.

STEVENSON, family, 2-10, 14, 15.

— Alan (great-grandfather), 2.

— (uncle), 353.

— David (uncle), 7, 21.

— 85 n.

— J. Horne, 14.

— Robert (grandfather of R. L. S.), 3-10, 15, 251, 290, 325.

— Robert Alan Mowbray, described, 86-8; with R. L. S., 49, 106, 108, 117, 128, 135, 137, 149, 196, 203, 212, 223, 224, 225, 325; letters to, 152, 160, 353.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS—

accessibility, 226, 337.

acting, 37, 76, 121, 153.

— appreciation of, 135, 136, 154.

adoption by natives, 271, 278.

Advocate, 119, 120.

ancestors, chapter i.

appearance, 62, 96, 376.

art of writing, 39, 98, 138, 227, 357, 384, 385.

autobiography, 44 n., 86.

bathing, 55, 123, 277, 318.

beginning to write a book, 247, 358.

Bible, 36, 80, 81, 94, 97, 156.

birds, love of, 149, 188, 375.

books, influence of, 80, 81, 97, 325.

— bought back, 178, 211.

borrowings, 192, 231.

'burn,' 188, 201.

canoeing, 76, 122, 142.

card-games, 36, 204, 336.

Catholics, 343, 371.

charm, 401.

chivalry, 136, 237, 350, 381, 395.

Christianity, 81, 155.

collaboration, method of, 248-50.

courage, 136, 213, 226, 380, 395.

cousins, 48 n.

cruelty, hatred of, 399.

dancing, 55, 344, 345.

deportation, 420.

dialect, Scots, 233, 318, 377.

diary quoted, 107-9, 259, 263, 269, 270, 301, 312.

disproportion, sense of, 34.

diversity, 381, 389-94.

dogs, 178, 185, 223, 399, 434.

drawing, 55, 72, 158, 199.

dreams, 34 n., 228-9.

dress, 76, 112, 121, 161, 188, 377.

early compositions, 39, 45, 65.

— reading, 36, 45, 47, 48, 63, 97.

earnings, 151, 206, 228, 244, 250, 366.

Edinburgh, love of, 50, 364.

engineering, 69-73, 79, 85.

examinations, 105, 119.

fishing, 76.

French, 55, 61, 105, 107, 128, 236.

friends, 86-96, 111, 112, 116, 123,

125, 135, 145, 146, 190, 223-4, 366.

gaiety, 147, 390.

games, childish, 33, 38, 41-50, 104, 339-40.

— out-of-door, 55, 56.

generosity, 127, 150, 256, 334, 366, 392, 396.

German, 55, 106.

gracefulness, 377.

Greek, 70, 318.

'green-sickness,' 84, 380.

hearing, 378.

houses, 29, 30, 192, 203, 205, 222, 245, 323.

ill-health, 31-3, 52, 113, 166, 170, 174, 192, 204, 212-15, 218, 241, 275, 362.

impatience, 184, 393.

inconsistency, 391.

indolence, 102, 194.

industry, 99, 195, 385.

intensity, 226, 242, 270, 331, 381-9.

journalism, 138, 169, 170.

justice, love of, 87, 330, 398.

kindness, 122, 165, 227, 391, 401.

knowledge of Pacific, 255, 319.

Latin, 55, 318.

Law, 86, 105, 107, 113, 119, 120.

letters, 364, 387.

list of writings, 427.

love of the sea, 251, 290.

marriage, 175.

memory, 235, 248, 378, 386-7.

mode of life in Samoa, 335.

- money, received, 103, 118, 127, 150, 175, 184, 380.
 — lack of, 83, 150, 153, 172, 206, 366, 392.
 monuments to, 243, 375.
 music, 124, 225, 250, 336, 366.
 name, 29 *n.*
 — Tusitala, 301.
 nurse (*see* Cunningham).
 natives, attitude towards, 262, 271, 337.
 — influence among, 351.
 officialism, horror of, 134, 351.
 only child, an, 48, 62.
 open-mindedness, 398.
 painting, 33, 50.
 parents, chapter ii.
 past, love of his, 62, 89 *n.*, 191.
 pathos, 392.
 patience, 214, 226, 393.
 personal appearance, 62, 96, 376.
 physical faculties, 376.
 plays, 67, 100, 160, 218, 219, 220.
 politics, 77, 81 *n.*, 237, 351, 355, 422.
 poverty, 83, 150, 172, 206, 366, 392.
 prayers, 38, 60, 209, 338, 412.
 printing, 183.
 problems of conduct, 160, 165.
 projects, 67, 104, 140-2, 173, 177, 193, 194, 219, 248, 277, 299, 353, 355, 360, 365, 390.
 quixotry, 238, 395.
 reading aloud, 55, 378.
 religious difficulties, 80, 110, 113, 118.
 restlessness, 148, 388.
 reticence, 157, 176, 384, 392.
 riding, 55, 76, 337.
 romantic, 10, 24, 72, 222, 226, 401.
 Samoan language, 346.
 scenery, effect of, 50, 61, 75, 185, 188, 201, 205, 210, 302, 312-14, 317.
 scholarship, 97, 317.
 schoolmasters, 52, 54.
 Scotland, knowledge of, 281.
 — love of, 364.
 sea, love of, 251, 264.
 shell-hunting, 270.
 signature, 29 *n.*
 skating, 76, 186, 246.
 sleep, power of, 377.
 Socialism, 81.
 soldiers, 38, 46, 196.
 'songstry,' 32.
 'Sprite,' 148, 149, 231, 390.
 sternness, 394.
 style, 138, 139, 317, 318, 381, 385.
 — love of, 39, 379.
 sympathy, 147, 391.
 tall, 388, 390.
 ten lerness, 25, 27, 122, 394, 395.
 test monial, 190.
 tobogganing, 186.
 tolerance, 398.
 travels, 59, 60, 61.
 — places visited, 126 *n.*
 Tusitala, 301.
 unreasonable, 184.
 unduly, 79.
 'vanity,' 391.
 verses, 101, 206, 354.
 voice, 378.
 walls, 106, 122, 126-8, 161, 183.
 wargame, 196.
 wedding, 311.
 win, 234, 330, 363.
 wood-cutting, 199, 204.
 women characters, 66, 160, 222, 357.
 writing—learning, 65, 79, 98-104.
 — necessity of an interval, 357.
 yachting, 123, 251-5, 366.
 Stevenson, Mrs. R. L. (Fanny Van de Grift), first meeting, 145; return to California, 157, 162, 170-4; marriage, 175-370, especially 177, 205, 213-5, 307, 311, 349, 370; quoted, 184, 215, 229, 233, 255, 276, 278.
 Stevenson, Thomas (father of R. L. S.), 16-25, 30-216, 217-33; especially 60, 73, 80, 113; death, 239, 241, 253.
 — Mrs. Thomas (Margaret Isabella Balfour, mother of R. L. S.), 25-8; diary, 37, 63, 137, 223, 224, 239, 247, 276, 283, 311, 319, and many other references.
Stimulation of the Alps, The, 180, 432.
 Stinchar, 87.
 Stobo, 201.
 Stoddard, Charles Warren, 171.
Story of a Lie, The, 165, 431.
 Stour, 161.
Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 211; written, 229-31, 242, 243, 387, 435.
 Strathpeffer, 177.
 Strong, Austin, 319, 336.
 — Mrs. Isobel (daughter of Mrs. Stevenson), 45 *n.*, 145, 280, 281, 305, 319, 336, 344, 358, 369.
 Stuebel, Dr., 300, 301.

- Style (*see* Stevenson, R. L.).
Style, Technical Elements of, 227, 435.
 Suffolk, 111, 161.
 Sully, James, 224.
 Swanston, 74-5, 112, 122, 162, 177.
 Swinburne, 100, 127.
 Sydney, 305-6, 310, 311, 366.
 Symonds, John Addington, 179, 193, 196, 231.
 TA'ALOLO, 327, 367.
 Taboos, 409.
 Tahiti, 274-9, 305.
 Tait, Professor, 179.
 Taine's *Origines*, 394.
Talk and Talkers, 87, 122, 195, 196, 201, 433.
 Tamasese, 301, 422.
 Tauchnitz, Baron, 356.
 Tautira, 275-9.
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 224.
 — Lady, 224, 232.
 — Miss, 224.
 — — — Una, 225.
Technical Elements of Style, 227, 435.
 Tembinok', King of Apemama, 294-8, 307.
Temple Bar, 151, 185, 430.
 Teriitera, 278.
 Thackeray, W. M., 64, 65.
 — Miss, 125.
 Théâtre Français, 135, 136, 154.
 Theophrastus, 193.
Thermal Influence of Forests, 104, 428.
 Thistle Club, 367.
 Thomas Aquinas, 137.
 Thomson's school, 52-4.
 Thompson, Prof. D'Arcy, 17, 52.
 Thoreau, 172, 173, 191, 432.
Thrawn Janet, 188, 189, 433.
Ticonderoga, 436.
Times, The, 162, 230, 417, 418.
 — Letters to, 237, 348, 420, 421, 438, 439.
 Tobogganning, 186.
To-day, 439.
 Torquay, 59.
 Traquair, Ramsay, 189.
 — family, 43 n., 48.
Travelling Companion, The, 211.
Travels with a Donkey, 226, 144; taken, 158; written, 160; published, 162, 211, 389, 431.
Treasure Island, begun, 191; serial, 193; book, 206, 208; success, 211, 217, 433, 434.
Treasure of Franchard, The, 201, 210, 434.
 Tree, H. Beerbohm, 219.
 Trudeau, Dr., 245.
Truth of Intercourse, 431.
 Tulloch, Principal, 177.
 'Tushery,' 207.
 Tusitala, meaning, 301.
 Twain, Mark, 252.
 Tweed, 55, 56, 73.
 UMA (*see* *Beach of Falesa*).
 'Under the Wide' (*see* *Requiem*).
Underwoods, 75, 132 n., 244, 436.
Union, History of the, projected, 177, 180.
 University (*see* Edinburgh).
 VAEA, 322, 323, 324, 373.
 Vackehu, Queen, 265-7.
 Vailima, estate, 304, 322; house, 310, 323; garden, 333; situation, 324; meaning, 322.
 — Letters, 310, 330, 368, 388, 438.
 — Prayers, 60; text, 412, 439.
 Vallings, H., 185.
Vendetta in the West, A, 169.
 Venice, 59, 60, 61.
 Verne, Jules, 430.
 Villon, François, 140, 151, 430.
 Virgil, 315-18.
Virginibus Puerisque, 186, 211, 433.
WALF WOMAN, The, 360.
 Waikiki, 280, 367.
Walking Tours, 387, 429.
 Webster, John, 100.
Weir of Hermiston, 59, 78; written, 357-8, 369; versions of, 423, 439.
 Wellington, Duke of, proposed life, 223, 237.
 Weybridge, 200.
When the Devil was Well, 140.
 Whitman, Walt, 86, 94, 97, 112, 140, 173, 378, 392.
Whitman, The Gospel according to Walt, 140, 431.
 Whitmee, Rev. S. J., 346, 352.
 Wick, 70.
 Wiesbaden, 127.
 Williams, Virgil, 171.
 — — Mrs. 171, 174, 175, 255.
Will o' the Mill, 61, 159, 160, 430.

- Windbound Arethusa, In the*, 142.
Winter's Walk in Carrick and Gal-
loway, A, 127, 429.
 Wirgman, T. Blake, 146 n., 376.
 Wise, B. R., 366.
 Woggs (*see* 'Bogue').
 Wood-cutting, 199, 204.
Woodman, The, 354, 438.
 Wordsworth, 100.
 Worthington, Capt., 340.
Wrecker, The, 134, 149, 171, 239 n.,
 249, 250, 255, 291, 306, 353, 438.
- Writings of R. L. S., chronological
 list, 427.
Wrong Box, The, 248, 250, 438.
 Wyllie, C. W., 200.
- YACHTING, 123, 251-5 (*see Casco*).
 Yeats W. B., 210.
Yoshi la Torajiro, 172, 432.
Youn Chevalier, The, 356, 439.
Youn Folks, 192, 207, 208, 232, 433-5.
 Yule, Sir Henry, 281.
Yule-Tide, 436.

